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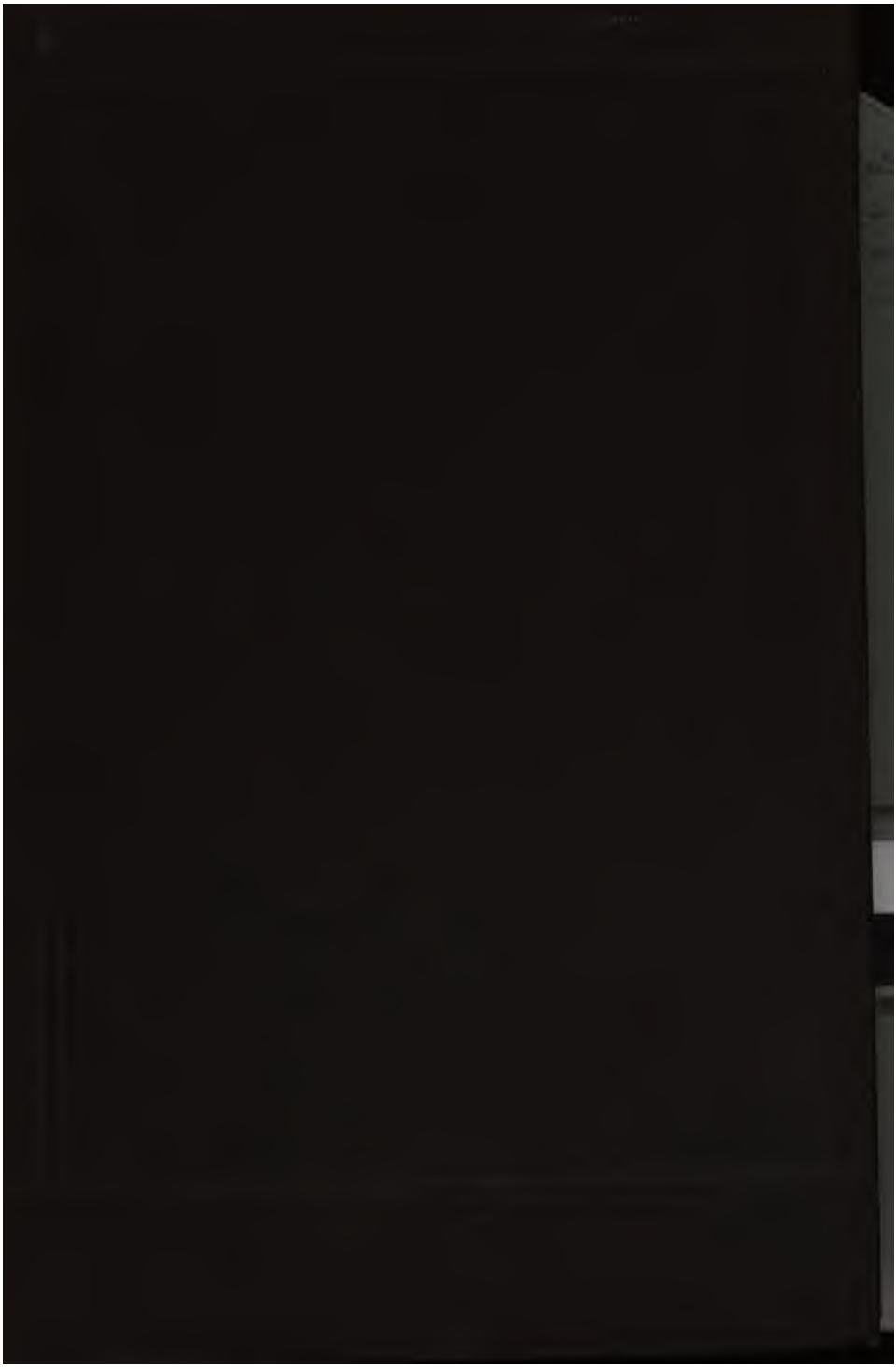

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

PHILIP PEARSALL CARPENTER.

Philip P. Carpenter

Philip P. Carpenter

MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF

PHILIP PEARSALL CARPENTER,

B.A., LONDON, PH.D., NEW YORK,

CHIEFLY DERIVED FROM HIS LETTERS.

EDITED BY HIS BROTHER,

RUSSELL LANT CARPENTER, B.A.

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SECOND EDITION.

C.
LONDON:
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1880.

PREFACE.

WHEN I informed Dr. Martineau of my intention to prepare a Memoir of my brother, whom he had known from a child, he wrote: "I am truly glad that you propose to draw some more durable portrait of your dear brother Philip, than the slight sketches which have hitherto appeared. His rare goodness, and even the eccentricities of his thought and conscience, gave an originality and freshness to his life, which entitle it to an exceptional immunity from oblivion." To the Secretary of the Warrington Memorial he afterwards wrote of him, as "a man to whose eminent gifts and goodness it is a privilege and delight to pay a heartfelt homage. Among all the best men I have known, I can find no better." He similarly impressed others in very different circles.

In his early ministry, he was quickened by "that spirit which roused him to great moral enterprises, and made him trample upon impossibilities." He thought it "easier to be a whole Christian than a half-Christian:" and insisted on the practical character of precepts of Jesus which Christendom usually ignores. He had singleness of aim: and, not being double-minded, he was not half-hearted. He had little regard for the opinion of the world in questions of morals: and he

often slighted it in matters of usage: so he seemed frequently to err in judgment, and in taste. But while he sometimes suffered from thus leaving the beaten track, he reached a much wider sphere of usefulness. Like his Lord, he was among us "as one that serveth;" and his chief services were in ways that had been neglected or despised. Many are following, where he was a pioneer, and it is no longer unusual to strike out new paths of duty. Much therefore that is related of him may seem commonplace, though it once awakened surprise and criticism. If he helped to make singular and devoted services common, it may be hoped that this record may help to make them still more common.

"The only thing I feel specially my own," he wrote (p. 306), "is the very poor low work of shell-science." To this he gave much of his time and thought during the last twenty-five years of his life. It brought him distinction that he had not coveted; for it was his principle that "every naturalist ought to start with a feeling that it is of no consequence what becomes of his reputation." My ignorance, where he was full of knowledge, prevents me from attempting any adequate description of what he did for science, into which he carried his Christian love of truth and well-doing. Little mention is made of his fellow-labourers in this and other fields; because the book is already longer than I wish.

These Memoirs are, for the most part, in his own words. The great number of his letters and papers led me to adopt this course; yet I found in them such evidence that he strove for self-renunciation, and was more willing for his faults to be exposed as warnings, than for his good actions to be praised, that I could not have continued my work, but for the hope that it might help the objects he had at heart. In addition to letters preserved by his family and friends, I have read several

volumes of duplicates in his "manifolds." It was rare for him to correct or to transcribe a letter, or to take any pains in its composition. He wrote "straight on," and was often vexed to find that he had given a wrong impression by "photographing" a transient condition; but the great variety of those photographs may keep us from being misled. He liked to regard familiar letters as "written talk." When under pressure, he not only *wrote* in shorthand to those who could decipher it; but *expressed himself* in it (so to speak), concisely and symbolically, in a way that might seem odd and startling to staid readers. Though often very reserved as to his inner life, he sometimes let it flow out as a flood. His descriptions of his travels, etc., reveal his intense interest in nature, and his powers of observation. Some may wish that I had copied more of them, instead of painful details of loathsome evils which it was his life-work to remove or abate; but neither the pleasure of my readers, nor my own, has been my chief object in recording the life of one who sacrificed pleasure to duty. Since he was loved for what he was, even more than for what he did, it seemed best to relate his doings in his own words, if possible. Omissions and a few trifling alterations have been made in his letters; but I have not wished, for the sake of style, to prune down his characteristic and off-hand expressions. In his English ministry, he was always known as "Philip," according to the usage of the people in that part of the country, which was very congenial to him; and it would not have been natural for me to write of him, nor of his family, in any more formal way.

In relating the painful controversy at Warrington, which ultimately led to his separation from his old "household of faith," it has been my aim to pass over mere personal disputes, and to show the working of principles which are still on their

trial. Those sentiments and convictions of his which he adopted in later life are, I trust, fairly stated.

This book is chiefly written for those who knew him in part, and wish to know more of him. Their living remembrance must help to give it life. For their sakes I have added an engraving from a photograph taken just before he left England, and pictures of his homes.

R. L. C.

BRIDPORT, *December*, 1879.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE misgivings which naturally attended the publication of a biography that must clash with many prejudices, and reveals so much of the inner life, have been dispelled by the kindness and sympathy with which it has been received. It is recognized by those who knew my brother well as a truthful portraiture, bringing him "most vividly before one, *as he was:* it gives the very *expression* of his character;" and in the belief that it is carrying on his work, I have reprinted it with a few slight corrections. It had been my intention, if a second edition were called for, to have abridged it materially; but some readers have desired that I had told them more: and those who wished it shortened do not agree as to what should be omitted. Things, in themselves not worth the telling, help to give "a lively and life-like impression" of a character that was not commonplace. While some care little for the record of his conchological work, and regret the time in which he "enslaved himself to shells," others think that there should have been a fuller account of the important scientific writings, to which he devoted so much labour (see p. 351, note, etc.). The reputation he acquired in this field greatly increased his influence as a philanthropist; while in none of his works was his desire for "truth above all things" more strikingly manifested.

As he has been frequently described by Reviewers as a "Unitarian Minister," it may be well to state that he rejected this title, from the beginning of his ministry; because it was his principle, from which amidst his changes of opinion he never swerved, to preach Christianity "as a spiritual influence, irrespective of sectarian distinctions." His life of self-sacrifice was not that of a "professional man," but of a devoted servant of Christ. Some who disapproved of his uncompromising efforts, have supposed that he effected little by them: and those who have such cravings as he had for the welfare of others must needs be disappointed; but whether he saw it or not, there was ample fruit from his labours. The memory of them in Lancashire is still fresh: and English readers may be interested in the testimonies contained in the Canadian reviews of these Memoirs. The "Montreal Gazette" states that "his labours in the cause of sanitary reform during the fourteen years of his residence in Montreal, were no doubt the means of saving thousands of lives" (see p. 296): and the "Daily Witness" thus concludes a long article entitled "A Montreal Saint:"—"Montreal owes him Dominion Square [see p. 309]. Our sanitary department is largely the result of his work. The Scott Temperance Act, which secures, throughout the Dominion, Local Option to prohibit the liquor-trade, was based in principle on his suggestions [see pp. 336, 349, etc.]. . . . McGill College has, as a free gift from him, perhaps the most perfectly arranged collection of shells in the world, all the result of his own work, at which he persevered without cessation till the end of his life [see pp. 287, 350, etc.]. His beneficent footsteps are everywhere among us; the only return we can make is to walk in them."

July, 1880.

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CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD: 1819–36. ÆT. 1–16.

PHILIP PEARSALL was the youngest of the six children—three daughters followed by three sons—of Lant and Anna Carpenter. He was born at 2, Great George Street,* Bristol, November 4, 1819—the anniversary of the landing of William III.; so his father wrote, "One thing is clear, that he is born a Whig; and if it were not for William Benjamin, we must have called him King William." His first name was that of his eldest uncle; his second commemorated the friend by whom his father had been adopted. The Memoirs of Dr. Lant Carpenter, and the grateful tributes that have been paid to his

* The vignette is from a sketch taken when the house was occupied as a school for young ladies. "The wing" was added by Dr. L. Carpenter in 1820, and soon after his death it was made a separate residence.

memory by friends and pupils, render any further delineation of *his* character superfluous. His mother's influence was less wide, but no less deep. She was the daughter of James and Bridget Penn, of Kidderminster, and niece of the Rev. T. Laugher, of Hackney; and she inherited from her maternal ancestors superior mental endowments, as well as strong religious feelings and principles. When Robert Hall called on her (1828), he spoke of *her* mother as "the most excellent woman he had ever known, and said it must be a blessing to be her child." Mrs. Penn died September 25, 1800, and for the remainder of her life (more than half a century) Anna hallowed the anniversary, as the time when she was quickened to an earnest desire after holiness.

Philip was the only one of the family who was born at Bristol. The others were natives of Exeter, where Dr. Carpenter had resided from 1805 to 1817; and the sisters fondly remembered the early days, when they were in a smaller house, with fewer pupils, and had more intercourse with their father.

Philip had always a strong affection for *his* native city. When he was fifty, he wrote: "All my life appears unreal to me, except my boy's life in Bristol." Of that life there is little to record, except some of the influences which moulded his character. As a minister he preferred the poor; but the companions of his childhood were rich. The terms of his father's school were high, and the pupils, many of whom afterwards entered Parliament, were chiefly from affluent families; but though no expense was spared which health and comfort demanded, frugality and simplicity prevailed. Dr. Carpenter was a minister of the Lewin's Mead congregation: little of the wealth for which it was then noted had been bestowed on religious objects; but, greatly owing to his efforts, Sunday Schools were established, school-rooms were built, and, in addition to the old endowed Charity Schools, with their quaint costumes, three new Day Schools were opened. Faith was shown by works, and a spirit of life animated the congregation; but, first, many difficulties had to be overcome, for his senior colleague and many of his friends opposed what they regarded

as his restlessness. His strength, overtaxed by his excessive exertions, at length entirely gave way. On June 11, 1826, he preached for the last time for two years. He subsequently resigned the ministry, which he did not resume till 1829. Change of scene was recommended for him; and he spent some time with friends, mostly in France. He suffered much from depression, and his recovery was very slow. At midsummer, 1827, the Rev. James Martineau, formerly his attached pupil,* who had just completed his college course, arranged to take the superintendence of his school for a year, before settling with a congregation.

It was then that Philip began his school-life: in a letter to his sister Mary (March, 1828) he writes: "I am now down in the monitor's book, and I say some of my lessons to Mr. Martineau, and I go on pretty well in the school-room." As an infant he had been healthy; but he soon became a very delicate child, needing great care. In the years when his mother was often laid by from illness, and only by great strength of resolution could undergo the strain upon her, from the additional duties and anxieties arising from Dr. Carpenter's illness, Mary, his eldest sister, was "a mother to him," as she fondly recorded when she heard of his death. His sister Susan (Mrs. R. Gaskell) writes: "I trust I shall ever retain the remembrance of the love and pride with which his bright, innocent, transparent childhood filled me. In his long and trying illnesses, I never remember any restless impatience. Though not what is called a pretty child, the sweetness of his smile, his pretty dimples, and clear complexion made him very interesting to all who knew him. Frequently, when his mother and sisters were engaged in sewing, while one read aloud, he (unknown to them) would be quietly under the table, until some remark in the book aroused him, and he joined in the conversation which always accompanied the reading. He always was attractive to friends, and in parting was not satis-

* Dr. Martineau contributed to the "Memoirs of Dr. L. Carpenter" a very striking and beautiful delineation of him as he remembered him at school.

fied with putting out one hand to shake: his loving nature made him put out both." This loving nature was characteristic of him through life. His manner was warm, as well as his heart. He showed twice as much affection as most men, and made "friends" where others made "acquaintances."

When his father resumed the ministry, prudence required that he should relinquish the boys' school, and in 1829 Mrs. Carpenter and her daughters commenced a school for girls. Considerable alterations were made in the house, and Philip and his brothers resided in "the wing." For some little time he was taught by his father; but in January, 1833, he joined his brother Russell at the Bristol College, a proprietary institution opened in 1831 to supply the want of a superior day-school in Bristol. (The Grammar School, which is now so efficient, had sunk to nothing, under the management of the old corporation.) The College occupied a large house, since taken down to give place to the Jews' Synagogue, opposite to the Red Lodge in Park Row, then the residence of the eminent Dr. Prichard, whose sons were among the first students. The celebrated geologist, Dean Conybeare, was the Visitor; the Principal was Dr. Jerrard, subsequently a Fellow and Examiner of the University of London, to which this college was one of the first to be affiliated. Philip was a very painstaking scholar, and was much liked both by his teachers and class-fellows. It was an advantage to him to be associated with youths of various Denominations, and to have the stimulus of numbers. The lectures were chiefly confined to classics and mathematics; but these lessons formed only part of his education.

In later life he described himself as a "born teacher, a naturalist by chance." His father had shown an early love of science, and the elements of it were part of the regular instruction of his school, which he illustrated with a large and costly collection of apparatus; but, unless the structure of the human frame be an exception (to teach which he had a skeleton and various anatomical preparations), he had paid comparatively little attention to natural history. In 1823, however, the Bristol Institution was opened, in the management of which

he took an influential part; various courses of lectures were delivered by eminent men, which his family and pupils regularly attended, and a very valuable museum was formed, peculiarly rich in fossils and shells. The first curator was Mr. Miller, a scientific naturalist, chiefly known by his work on the Crinoidea; he was succeeded in 1831 by Mr. S. Stutchbury, a very zealous and able zoologist. Among the lecturers was Mr. Samuel Worsley, who devoted the proceeds of his course on geology (nearly £100) to the benefit of the Institution. He and his brothers had been pupils of Dr. Carpenter's, and it was at school that an accident led to his gradual loss of sight. He bravely resolved to make the most of his opportunities, and before he became blind had studied geology at Edinburgh; subsequently he gave special attention to fossils and shells, which he could distinguish by the touch. The families at the Fort, where he resided, and at Great George Street were very intimate, and it was a great enjoyment to Philip to visit there, and afterwards at Arno's Vale,* to study conchology, and to clean the fossils which they had gone together to collect † from the quarrymen of Dundry and Keynsham. In January, 1832, Philip wrote for his sister Mary,‡ then visiting at the Fort, a report of the committee (probably himself alone!) for the arrangement of the cabinet, signed "P. P. Carpenter, chairboy," in which he mentions "that the arduous task of setting

* The house at the Fort is now the Children's Hospital, and that at Arno's Vale was taken down when the grounds were converted into the Bristol cemetery.

† Part of this valuable collection was subsequently bought by the School of Mines, Jermyn Street, and part by the Natural History Society of Philadelphia.

‡ His sister at this time heard him his Greek lessons, and in a letter to their aunt, Mrs. Fisher (authoress of "The Legend of the Puritans," and other poems), she wrote, November 26, 1832: "Philip is such a merry-hearted fellow, and he takes so much pleasure in arranging his shells. To be sure, this taste of his does show itself rather *mal-à-propos* sometimes. He persists in translating χιτων (tunic) *chiton* (the same word), an ugly little shell like a woodlouse [the *chitons* afterwards became Philip's chief study: see the concluding chapter]; and when he read in Homer of Achilles weeping on the sea-shore, he said, 'What a pity it is that Achilles was not fond of conchology: he would have had such a nice opportunity of gathering shells while he was in dudgeon with Agamemnon!'"

to rights the geological portion of the cabinet is at length completed; and that the specimens, to the number of about 340, have been divided into 7 grand orders, and these again into 40 compartments, etc. . . . the whole has been ticketed." Two years later, Mary seems to have suggested a partnership as regarded shells; but he cautiously remarks, "If we unite our shells we cannot unite our tastes: this is the principal objection. You stick to Lamarck; I like Sowerby. You like the poor little things to quarrel about in pans; I like to prevent all broils by a little gum. You do not like exchanges; I do." She liked to give to her friends, and was also willing to receive; but her spirit rebelled against barter! His taste for shells was also cultivated by his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, then of Dalston, who made him frequent presents of specimens and money for his collection. Mrs. Wright also sent him beautiful pen-and-ink drawings of remarkable shells, which he learnt to copy. She preserved a number of his letters at this time, which, with a half-playful recognition of his good and innocent nature, she labelled "San Philippo." They abound in references to shells: and two of them contain long and careful lists of names, with their derivations. He told her that, in the Easter holidays (1833), he went down for three or four hours every day to help Mr. Stutchbury at the Institution, washing the chitons, and then, after Mr. Stutchbury had sorted them into species, putting them on the tablets. Mr. Stutchbury gave his young friend a great deal of interesting information, and let him look at the beautiful books belonging to the Institution.

His two chief tastes through life were for shells and music. To devotional music, especially, he was extremely sensitive, and he afterwards played and sung with great feeling and expression. His sister Susan taught him to play on the piano, and as he could not stretch his fingers sufficiently, she recommended him to open them out when he had nothing else to do. His class-fellows were surprised to find his fingers continually at work, under his desk, when he was not using the pen, till they learnt what he was doing with so much perseverance! Before 1831, the only instrument in the "singing gallery" of

Lewin's Mead Meeting was a violoncello (played by the venerable Mr. Percival) which was said to have belonged to Handel. In that year, however, a new hymn-book was introduced, and an organ, not without serious misgivings: and the old Presbyterian habit of sitting during the hymns was discontinued. The organ was played gratuitously by the Rev. S. C. Fripp, B.A. (father of the eminent artists, George and Alfred Fripp), formerly a clergyman of the Church of England. His exquisite taste * soon reconciled those who had dreaded the innovation. Mr. Fripp had planned the organ, which was built by Smith, of Bristol. Philip was much interested in watching its progress; it was one of his amusements to draw designs for organs, and by degrees he found the means of trying most of the organs in Bristol.

His chief delight was the service at the Cathedral: it was not far from his home, from which there was a fine view, through the trees, of its massive and beautiful tower. In sending his subscription to the restoration fund a few years ago, he wrote: "I feel that the Cathedral played a very important part in my education, and therefore it probably will in that of others." He hoped that a Montreal clergyman, whom he had introduced to his sister Mary, would go "to the Cathedral service as often as possible, especially to the Litany." Mr. Corfe (who died in 1876) was then the organist, and the Bristol choir had a high reputation: it had some musical traditions of rare beauty. On those week-days on which the Athanasian Creed is to be said or sung, it was a great treat to hear it chanted. The chant is a very simple one (Philip afterwards introduced it in his Collection of chants and hymn tunes, "Athanasian"), but the organ accompaniment was remarkably fine and varied. Perhaps a keen sense of the absurdity of the cursing creed added a zest to our pleasure in the performance. When we were at York, we found that it was not sung, but read, at the Minster, and its fascination was gone.

* Ten years later, after Philip was familiar with York Minster, he wrote: "Every organist I hear makes me think more highly of Mr. Fripp's playing."

The chief influences in the formation of his character were, of course, in his home. Of his father, Dr. Martineau wrote: "I have never seen in any human being the idea of duty, the feeling of right, held in such visible reverence. . . . There was no such thing as a dead particle in his faith; it was instinct with life in every fibre. . . . Of the discipline enjoined upon his house—its early rising, its neatness, its courtesy, its golden estimate of moments—he was himself the model." The mother and sisters were moved by the same spirit: none of them lived to themselves. Some boys might have been discouraged by so high a standard; but Philip was dutiful and eager to do well from a child.

His father was eminently a public-spirited man, and entered with great fervour into those movements which made the period from 1828 to 1833 the five most fruitful years in the history of British freedom. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, followed by Catholic Emancipation, were the first instalments of religious equality; then came the Reform Act and West Indian Emancipation. The enthusiasm of the country has never again mounted so high as at the Reform era. At Bristol, the Tory member who had been long accustomed to head the poll did not even stand as a candidate. All reforms seemed possible and hopeful, if this was carried. Philip lived to see that moral reforms were of more importance than political ones; and the scenes he witnessed at the Bristol riots, October 29 to 31, 1831, were never effaced from his memory. In his study there was a picture of Bristol by night, when lighted up with the flames of the gaols, the Custom-house, the Mansion-house, the Bishop's Palace, and nearly fifty dwelling-houses in Queen's Square and the neighbourhood. These riots commenced in indignation with the Recorder, Sir C. Wetherell, for his vehement opposition to Reform; but when it proved that the magistrates could not maintain order, the way was open for a reckless mob. Dr. Carpenter, who had friends in the Square, more than once exposed his life there. His family remained in their home; most of them had gone to rest, and had little idea of the conflagration on that terrible Sunday night, which

was too apparent to the watchers at the windows. But when the riot was crushed, those who went to the Square could see not only the smoking ruins, but evidences that buried in them were the wretched victims of drink, who had remained too long in the houses they had set on fire. Philip became one of the most earnest preachers of peace, and he often referred to these horrors, as they gave him a vivid conception of what happens in war. The riots were followed by courts-martial on officers; a special commission for the trial of prisoners, of whom four were hanged; and the trial of the Mayor (at Westminster), at which Dr. Carpenter gave important testimony. Good came out of evil. The incompetency of a self-elected corporation was so signally proved that these riots prepared the way for the Municipal Corporation Act of 1834. (Philip copied his father's correspondence with Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and others. His obliging disposition, and his readiness to learn shorthand, made him a useful little secretary.) If possible, his hatred of slavery was in after life a more striking feature of his character than his abhorrence of war; and no doubt it was stimulated by his father's ardent love of freedom, which was not abated by the circumstance that some of the most influential and esteemed members of his congregation were large West Indian proprietors.

Philip fondly remembered that his father called him "my little Mercury." One of his sisters described him as "the matter-of-fact gentleman;" and his accuracy, as well as his good nature, was often called out in the family service. Dr. Carpenter published a good deal, and Philip in after days wrote: "I have been connected with printing and editing from my boyhood." The workshop, with its carpenter's tools, was not used when the boys' school had ended; but we had a book-binder's press, etc., and practised the rudiments of that trade! Philip's help was frequently sought by his sisters on behalf of the Sunday School. Anna was the librarian, and took good care to keep the soiled books in the best possible order, patching, covering, and mending them; this used to be the employment of Saturday evening, when her home-school work was over.

In the year 1833 his uncle Philip died, who a few years before had removed from Birmingham, where he was a manufacturing optician, to 24, Regent Street, London. He was a man of scientific attainments, and had done much to popularize science by his improvements in what used to be little better than a toy—the magic lantern, and by his exhibition of the solar microscope. He was unmarried; and his sister Mary, who was carrying on the business, invited her young nephew, then nearly fourteen, to come and learn it. It seemed a congenial opening for him. Dr. Jerrard, in parting with him from the Bristol College, wrote of him with cordial commendation, and specified that he was "of considerable talents, especially for scientific pursuits;" but, in 1847, Philip wrote to Brooke Herford, who was thinking of exchanging trade for the ministry:—

"My father never said a word to Russell or me urging us to the ministry: and as Russell from his boyhood decided for it, I supposed there could not be two in one family, and gave up all idea of it:* and my constructiveness, etc., were well pleased with the optician's business; so after being at college six months, I was taken away, to my great inward regret, and sent to London. There I stayed behind the counter, properly aproned, etc., for six months, when something led to my brother's finding out my real wishes, who stated them to my father, and he at once consented, sent me back to college, and here I am."

Before he returned home, he was very busy preparing a stock of slides—enough for a gross of microscopes! His occupation was, no doubt, of practical benefit to him, and his experience of life was enlarged. While at Regent Street he became acquainted with Dr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum,

* Like other ministers' children, he was fond of playing at preaching when a little child. His mother, with the little ones around her, writes (October, 1823, when he was nearly four): "Philly is now preaching, and M. is his audience; but I perceive he is a sad heretic already, for, so far from preaching the doctrine of original sin, he says, 'Mankind is very good; so nobody would speak to Cain: and he was obliged to go away and live by himself.'"

who introduced him to one of the private meetings of the Zoological Society. At the beginning of 1834, he re-entered the Bristol College, where he remained for two years and a half. Though his studies were sometimes interrupted by ill health, his steady perseverance enabled him to make good progress, especially in mathematics, in which he attained the highest place. Professor F. W. Newman, at that time one of the masters, writes to the editor: "You are quite right in thinking that your brother Philip was my pupil, first in Bristol, afterwards in Manchester. Naturally I did not see much of him out of class; but he certainly made unusual advances to me, and I soon gained a perception how very transparent was his nature—guileless and ardent—a nature with which I had warm sympathy, even while (as I must confess) I had a tender sorrow and pity that he was being educated for the Unitarian ministry. But by the time of my going to Manchester, this had evaporated with me. I there saw him without any refracting or distracting medium, and much admired the earnest purpose, solid character, sweetness and gentleness of temper, combined with originality, free from eccentricity or juvenile arrogance." On another occasion Mr. Newman wrote: "When I heard of his eminence in natural history, I thought it to be a natural result of his youthful tendencies. . . . From very early years he possessed the highly valuable quality of minute and persevering diligence, with great love of order and precision."

In the year 1836, the British Association for the Promotion of Science visited Bristol, and Philip was very useful in helping to arrange the valuable conchological collection at the Institution, his judgment in the discrimination of species being highly estimated by the very able curator. The meeting was an occasion of intense enjoyment to him, to which he often referred. His father had aided in the preparations for it with his usual enthusiasm, and at his breakfast-table were assembled some of its most distinguished members, who did not forget Philip when they met him in after years.

With all his love of natural history, the ministry was his

heart's desire: and he could have had no better training for it than he had at home. This was, perhaps, the happiest period of his father's life: his colleague, the Rev. R. B. Aspland, M.A., lightened his burden by efficient help; his plans of usefulness were now cordially appreciated, and were bearing fruit; and he was able to devote himself more uninterruptedly to the study of the Gospels in which he delighted. The first edition of his "Apostolical Harmony" was published in 1835, and the "Dissertations" bore evidence of his long study of everything relating to the Holy Land that was accessible to him. "He seemed almost as familiar with the respective places, as if he himself had visited them: and this gave a peculiar vividness to his details. He found the morning the most uninterrupted time for his labours, and often rose between four and five, spending the hours before eight o'clock in close but refreshing study. This was to him the most delightful portion of the day; and when he joined his family at breakfast, his face would wear an expression not easy to be forgotten, as he would say, 'I have been with the Lord in Galilee this morning.' Those who saw him might indeed take 'knowledge of' him that he 'had been with Jesus'" ("Memoirs of Dr. L. Carpenter," p. 394).

The unfeigned faith that was in the father characterized the son, who was sharing his spirit, and was deeply interested in his work. It was in the summer vacation of this year (August 3, 1835) that Dr. Carpenter wrote to his sister: "We have been very happy in our family meeting. The children have been to each other, and to us, as their parents would desire; and there is a good spirit among them, and manifestation of stable principle, which it is a great comfort to witness. To-day we have had the singular satisfaction of all—parents and six children—uniting together at the Lord's Supper. . . . As to Philip, on conversing with him in family council on Saturday, I find, as I expected, that his bias is very decided towards the ministry."

When Philip left home the following year, he wrote a letter to the superintendent of the Sunday School, testifying to the interest he had taken in it, since he began to teach there, when twelve years old. Throughout life, boys had his love; and to

bring them to God was his chief delight. "Are we not," he writes, "most happy when we are doing good? Are we not truly happy in the hope of teaching the children what may lead them nearer to the happiness of heaven? And are we not happy in exchanging with them that love which savours of the spirit of Christ? . . . What if the children are sometimes impatient and discontented? Are we never to endeavour to follow Him, who was 'firm, yet mild'? I speak my own narrow experience when I say that, when the children are most troublesome, it is because I have not sufficiently walked with them in the spirit of love." He concludes with expressing his gratitude for all the kindness he had experienced from his fellow teachers.

In October, 1836, his brother William was entering his last session at Edinburgh, and it was resolved that Philip should accompany him, that he might benefit by the great advantages which that university offered to a lover of science: and it was felt to be a good thing that the two brothers, who had many of the same tastes and pursuits, should be together. His mother writes: "Philip has been everything to us, and exceedingly beloved by every one, as well as a great cheerer of our grave circle by his cheerfulness." His sisters were then working hard at an exhausting profession—that from which home seems no refuge; for in a boarding-school the responsibility is always pressing—and his lively, sportive ways, as well as his ready helpfulness and sympathy, made his company very refreshing to them. Their letters show in how many ways he was missed.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE: 1836–1841. ÆT. 17–21.

In the early days of Reform, Dr. Carpenter hoped that he might send his younger sons to Oxford or Cambridge; but a generation elapsed before these universities were open to Non-conformists. Many of their class-fellows at the Bristol College obtained scholarships and high university honours, and Philip, from his perseverance and mathematical talent, would have distinguished himself at Cambridge; his session at Edinburgh had, however, its peculiar advantages. The two brothers arrived before the commencement of the session. William had arranged to deliver some lectures to the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, and he writes: "Philip has been working very hard for me, in stencilling a set of tables, etc., with brass letters." Philip attended the classes of Professor Pillans—Latin; Professor Forbes—Natural Philosophy; Professor Wilson—Moral Philosophy; and Dr. Reid's lectures on Chemistry. He seldom referred to Professor Wilson's lectures, which did not sustain a reputation won in other fields; but he and his brother enjoyed their visits to the hospitable house of this distinguished writer, who had been their father's fellow-student. In Professor Pillans's class he was appointed inspector, which obliged him to give three or four hours a week to looking over exercises. He much enjoyed Professor Forbes's lectures, and as he and a few other students had studied the calculus, the professor had an extra class a week, to which he gave lectures upon it, and on the higher branches of astronomy, etc. These were "extremely interesting." Among his class-

fellows were some from the Bristol College: they obtained the first "general competition prizes," Philip ranking third. He felt the pleasant stimulus of belonging to a body of a thousand students: "You know I was always 'Jowler, my dog, a social beast.'"

The brothers attended the Unitarian chapel (St. Mark's), and the minister, Rev. B. J. Stannus, asked Philip, who was nothing loth, to take his youngest catechetical class; and soon afterwards he became the morning organist, delighting to play voluntaries from the works of the great masters. On the close of the session, at the end of April, he returned to Bristol.

In September, 1837, Philip accompanied the writer to Manchester College, York. This college, which, since 1853, has been established near University College, London, "is the successor and representative of a long series of academical institutions" which English Presbyterians maintained to provide university learning for their future ministers and others, who were excluded as Nonconformists from Oxford and Cambridge. It was founded at Manchester in 1786, soon after the dissolution of the celebrated Warrington Academy; and was removed to York in 1803, to be under the charge of the Rev. C. Wellbeloved. Mr. Wellbeloved was a man of profound learning, and a devoted student. His principal publication was a translation of the Pentateuch and the devotional and didactic books of Scripture, with notes. In 1823–24 he engaged in controversy with Archdeacon Wrangham, who had animadverted on Unitarianism, and many of his students were kindled with proselytizing zeal: such discussions, however, were not to his taste, and at this later period he rebuked one of his students who had been distributing Unitarian tracts in a neighbouring village, on the ground that he was compromising the character of the College—as an institution at which no doctrinal opinions were inculcated. Old age, and the Chancery suit then pending against the trustees of Lady Hewley (who had been a member of the congregation to which he ministered), had rendered him somewhat desponding. In earlier days he had taken a leading part in local institutions, and no one was

held as a higher authority on the antiquities of York. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. Kenrick, M.A., F.S.A. (who died May 7, 1877, in his ninetieth year), was tutor in classics, history, belles lettres, and German. He had studied at Göttingen and Berlin, as well as at Glasgow, and as a scholar was second to none in the country. All that he wrote was distinguished by "thoroughness of knowledge, with the highest finish of execution." He conferred great benefit on scholars by his translation of Zumpt's Latin Grammar, and by his editions of Matthiæ's Greek Grammar. Amongst his works may be mentioned "Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs" (two volumes), "Phœnicia," and a Memoir of the Rev. C. Wellbeloved. We were very proud of such a tutor, and those whom he taught felt his moral and intellectual influence. Unfortunately, he was suffering from a complaint in the eyes most of the time that Philip was at York, and his lectures were read to the students by others—in this year by Dr. W. C. Perry, a recent student, who had just returned from Göttingen. With the resident tutor, the Rev. W. Hincks, F.L.S., who lectured on mathematics and philosophy, Philip found a bond of sympathy in his ardent love of natural history; his son, the Rev. T. Hincks, B.A., F.R.S., was one of the senior students when Philip entered, and was his predecessor at Warrington. His successor there, the Rev. J. N. Porter, was also then at York; and so were the Rev. W. Mountford, M.A. (who, in 1850, went to Boston, U.S., where he had obtained a high reputation by his "Martyria," "Euthanasy," etc.), and the Rev. Dr. Vance Smith (one of the committee for revising the translation of the New Testament). There were then sixteen divinity students. Mr. Kenrick wrote to Dr. L. Carpenter, July 14, 1838:—

"The actual decline and extinction of many of our congregations, the threatened wholesale loss of chapels and endowments by Calvinistic usurpation, make the prospects of students for the ministry more unpromising, and their lot more unattractive than ever. And beside these causes, which make parents destine their sons to other professions, there seems a tendency in Unitarians at present to refine away everything

that is tangible and influential in the creed of Unitarians of the old school; so that a young man who hears their statements may well ask himself what sort of a gospel it is of which he is to be the minister, and be at some loss to discern in what some of our preachers differ from German anti-supernaturalists. These are things which we cannot check."

The senior students, with Mr. Hincks, met to hear Dr. Perry translate, from the German, Strauss's celebrated "Life of Jesus"; and no doubt many felt at this period of their lives a great uncertainty as to much which they had once taken for granted. Mr. Wellbeloved was imbued with the opinions of his learned predecessor, Rev. N. Cappe: he applied many of the prophecies supposed to relate to the last judgment, etc., in the New Testament, simply to the destruction of Jerusalem, and laid more stress on the natural arguments for a future life than the Priestley school. In his abhorrence of dogmatism, he was much addicted to the words "probably" and "perhaps:" he refused in any important matter to bias us by announcing his own opinion; though we used to give special heed when he spoke of any view as "little known and less regarded!" His Devotional Exercises (which reached the eighth edition), and the Reflections in his Family Bible, testify to his deep religious feeling; but at this period there was little to stimulate zeal, either in the college or in the congregation. Many of those who attended the chapel in St. Saviourgate then considered that the large endowments relieved them of its support; whilst, except the Sunday services, they could not expect much from their minister, overburdened as he was with his duties* as sole Theological Tutor. The Sunday School was in a very languid condition, and the students took little interest in it. In after days, Philip deeply regretted the "deadening influences" of his life at York; and yet we shall see that it had its advantages, especially to one who had so much of the quickening spirit.

* "He never addressed his flock with greater energy and effect" than after he was relieved from these duties, in 1840; though he had reached his 72nd year. In 1842, he published his learned work, "Eburacum, or York under the Romans." He died in his 90th year, August 29, 1858.

In his first session, Philip was hindered in his studies by inflammation of the eyes, a complaint to which he was then liable. He attended most of the lectures, without being able to work for them. What he wrote to his sister Mary, of the Evidence course, is characteristic: "I am glad to have Natural Religion done with, as it is to me very unsatisfactory in many things. However . . . the methodized references he gives us are very useful: though I cannot read many of them now. Revealed Religion, which we are now doing, I find more interesting." Some of his fellow-students were ready to read to him; he taught what we called a "gamut club" to practise the scales—for a time he treated himself to a piano; and backgammon often shortened the evenings. The great treat of the year was his Christmas vacation at Leeds. Part of the time he spent with the family of his fellow-student, Mr. Arthur Lupton, junior, whose excellent mother was an enthusiastic teetotaler; and part with the Buckton family, who were very musical, and to one of whom, Mr. George Buckton, who was younger than himself, he felt specially drawn. They retained their affectionate friendship to the last. He wrote to him on his return: "Everything I play, I try to think whether you would like it or not; and every glee the students sing recalls to my mind days—now, alas! past—of sweet singings and flutes and pianos: and (last but not least) people. Excuse sentimentality. . . . I am very happy, *very;* but of course I could not expect to be *so* happy as I was in your house, and with my other Leeds friends."

The chapel organ was undergoing repairs, and Philip soon made acquaintance with the organ-builder, who invited him to see the Minster organ, which he was "voicing." Of this he sent a full description to his brother William. To Mary he wrote (March, 1838): "My own situation is curiously different from what it was last year. . . . Then I was in the midst of a very large world, with beautiful and romantic scenery, and everything suited to keep me in a state of gentle excitement. Now my ideas are exceedingly confined; there is nothing (leaving the Minster out of the question) to call me out: my acquaint-

ance exceedingly limited, the scenery in general the very acme of straight-road, flat-country stupidity. I feel extremely uninterested about most things: science is buried in oblivion; mollusca* are hardly recovered from their winter torpidity; Greek, Latin, and Hebrew engage little attention, and altogether I am extremely placid. But the Minster is enough to make up for any deficiencies: there the mind can expand as much as it likes, and I would not change it for Edinburgh with its society, university, and scenery. I am too, for the first time, in a set whose views are like my own—a very remarkable situation. . . . The dulness of the country leads us to see beauty and admire, where, in a place like Bristol, we should pass by without anything to notice."

He longed "to see a decent Sunday School," and to refresh his spirit in the vacation: this he did, and returned with good heart, though there was much to depress in the condition of the college. Eight senior students (including the writer) had finished their course, and only three juniors entered. It was voted "a very stupid session;" but he wrote, "I am happy, having so many extraneous things to interest me." He was trying to stir up the congregation to build a room for the Sunday School, and was teaching the children singing; "and there is 'York's redeeming place' still!" As, in later life, he became an attendant on the Church of England, it is interesting to note now susceptible he was from his youth to its attractions, and how strong must have been the convictions which kept him from its communion.

The following extract from a letter to his father (October 22, 1838) shows not only his feeling for Cathedral music, but his pleasure that others could share it:—"I do not know what made me so stupid yesterday. I think it was going to the Minster, where I was more excited by the music than ever I was before. It was the 'Creation:' the second time of my hearing it. As I was now prepared for everything, I entered into it more fully: and yet, though I was prepared, when it came to

* When he found how flat the country was, he had comforted himself on learning that it was a particularly favourable place for fresh-water shells.

the burst at 'Let there be light,' I was completely carried away, and a very little more would have made me fall down: for I felt exactly as I did after I was bled. However, I made a vigorous effort, and after a time recovered myself. I cannot imagine anything more perfectly sublime than this. Persons talk of a full orchestra, but give me the Minster organ with its pedals. The Chaos was most grand, terrible, and powerful, and here and there most sweet and delightful. Then after the recitative, the beautiful way in which the brooding of the spirit is represented by the sweet subdued tones of the choristers: then the tremendous burst: and afterwards 'The heavens are telling:' and to think that all this music is open to all, and that most must be deriving influences of good from it—it is most delightful! Luckily I was by myself: I could not have borne to speak. I cooled myself down, walking about the Minster till all had gone out: and every Sunday now brings new effects of lights and shadows. The dusky dimness had a very solemn effect, and harmonized well with the anthem; and just as the last note of the voluntary was dying away, the sweet clear tones of the clock slowly thrilled through the aisles: altogether it was too beautiful."

Mr. Wellbeloved had mentioned his love of music to the Rev. W. Taylor, the able, humorous, and genial secretary of the Blind School, who had a similar taste: he called on him and invited him to dinner. As at that time the sectarian lines were strictly drawn in Bristol, Philip was much surprised at the sociable way in which he was received by his host and his clerical guests. Among his other friends at York were the late Professor Phillips and his sister. Mr. Phillips, the eminent geologist, and secretary of the British Association, was then curator of the York Museum.

One of the great drawbacks at York was the dearth of society. Outside the college, we had scarcely any companions of our own age; but within its walls we were remarkably social. We took an early tea in our own rooms, and often visited each other, our parties breaking up in an hour or so, as evening was our time for study; but when it was

a "club," we remained till prayers, at nine. These clubs, as we called them, were for debating, Shakespeare-reading, glee-singing, and the College Repository (or "Poz."). The Repository was an old institution, and the early volumes contain a record of college adventures and jokes. In 1832, however, a new series was commenced; the papers were more carefully written, and each member was required to insert a paper, or a shilling, in the censor's box every month, and to take his turn as secretary, whose duty it was to copy the papers, invite the club to tea, and then read the number. They were very lively, pleasant, good-humoured meetings; and part of the fun was, afterwards, to guess the authors. Philip threw himself heart and mind into the "Poz.;" when many senior students had left, he resolved that this should not decline. He hardly ever wrote less than two papers, and no doubt the practice in composition was of service to him. He used to keep me fully informed of the contents and quality of each number, and when it was his turn to be secretary, he impressed me and some other friends: "You will say I am very exorbitant; but I don't care: I am like a shark for the Poz.!"

He worked with equal energy, though with less delight, for the Sunday School; for he found few to help him, or to appreciate his high standard. He visited the children at their homes, never allowing himself to be baffled by difficulties in finding them. The plan of building the school-room was given up: when the Lord Chancellor had given judgment against the Lady Hewley trustees, there was a fear of adding to property that might pass into other hands.* A space in the chapel was arranged for the school; and the school library and other effects were to be removed there from the room that had been rented. The teachers "wanted to hire a man; however, I caused them to assemble one Monday night, and we made a removal by candlelight. If I had not been a bit of a carpenter,

* Rooms were erected, in 1878, at a cost of about £900, called the Kenrick Rooms, in memory of the Rev. J. Kenrick, one of the chief contributors.

and told them what to do, I believe we should not have done till midnight!"

One of his fellow-students was Mr. W. H. Herford, B.A., of Manchester, his life-long and intimate friend. He writes to the editor: "We first met on, or about, the last Friday of September, 1837, when he entered York as a divinity student of the second year, and I as one of the first year. I do not recollect precisely the first impression he made upon me: other of my new comrades were photographed on my memory the very first day. At first, and more or less during the whole of my first session, my liking or involuntary acknowledgment of Philip's goodness was balanced, sometimes threatening to topple over into dislike, by his assuming somewhat more with me the character of guide and philosopher than friend. Totally free himself from boyish mischief or youthful idleness, he impressed my duties upon me more energetically than I could well endure. When in his opinion I neglected my class work, to boat or to stroll, as the spring evenings lengthened, I should occasionally find my room 'turned up,' as it was called: that is to say, every movable thing—boots, books, tea-things, etc. —arranged in some artful pattern on the floor. On my remonstrating against this unfriendly treatment, Philip replied that 'as I had so much time, it could not do me any harm to put my things in their places again.' Still we were always drawn together; the kindness and purity of his mind one could not help loving: and he must have taken an interest in me, however oddly shown; for while provoked by and resenting this sort of management, I never for a moment doubted its sincerity. From the beginning, he was always delighted to speak of his father (especially), and of other members of his family also; and I never saw affection and veneration more plainly marked than in his way of speaking of his parents. Perhaps everything belonging to his family and home was valued to a degree which seemed somewhat exaggerated. I well remember that the beauties of the West of England, and of Bristol itself, were celebrated in pæans so exalted, that I at the time firmly believed the whole to be utterly beyond the

fact; and never till twenty years later, when I had lived long on the Rhine and seen Switzerland, did I acknowledge the real beauties of the Avon and Clifton Down.

"He wished much to get us to work with him at the Sunday School of St. Saviourgate Chapel; but I helped, if at all, very little and very irregularly. He persevered and made friends with the family of Hopkinson, the precentor of the chapel, two of whose sons * sung like cherubs in the boys' division of the Minster choir. I believe that from the very beginning of my acquaintance with Philip, I esteemed him one of the children of light: I could see that he lived, or meant to live, on a higher level than we—to follow duty and not inclination, really and steadily, from the first; while we intended, some day, when we had finished our college course, or when we got a congregation, or at some other 'convenient season,' to go in for duty and doing good. This difference, not asserted at all by himself (unless that playing of Nemesis, to which I alluded above, in any degree asserted it), but seen by us, has made the deepest impression on my memory. In all our lighter moments, our jokes and our nonsense, he was one of us; but while, on the whole, a pure and harmless tone reigned among us, so that any indelicacy of expression, unless lighted up by unusual wit, was discouraged by general consent, with Philip no wit or humour was sufficient to condone indecency.

"I well remember his anxiety and pain at the second fire of York Minster, May 20, 1840. He must, I think, have helped when most of the students stood in the row of bucket-bearers and handed along the water, which, unable to reach the roof and towers, was usefully, if humbly, applied to quenching a bonfire of burning beams which lay on the floor of the nave."

The conflagration raged for about seven hours; and at two, and again at half-past three o'clock, a.m., Philip wrote a graphic description of it to "The Bristol Mercury." In a second letter, he speaks of the apathy, laziness, and stupidity of the crowd; but says that many gentlemen exerted themselves to the utmost. The great lantern tower checked the flames from reaching the

* He gave them lessons in thorough bass. In his second session, he became the organist at the chapel.

choir, care being taken to extinguish the burning fragments which fell on it. About five, a.m., it was ascertained that the organ, with its great exposed wooden pipes, was uninjured; and Dr. Camidge "played 'God save the Queen' on the full organ, in the midst of the smoking ruins. The effect of this was grand in the extreme." Philip had picture-frames made from the Minster oak saved from the burning.

Before this event a sad stroke fell on his home. In the summer of 1839 his father's health gave way, and he was again afflicted with the distressing malady from which it had taken him two years to recover, in 1826–28. He left home, July 22, and the next month set out on that journey on the continent from which he was not to return. I remained in Bristol to take his share of pulpit duty. Knowing how deeply Philip loved him, it is striking to find scarcely any allusion to him in his letters; but what he does write about him shows that he could not bear to write more. He once said that he had little "hope" in his nature, and found it best "quietly to wait;" and while waiting, he threw his mind into his college pursuits, and did not reject the gaiety of college jests. "In my last session" (he wrote to Brooke Herford, in the letter already quoted *) "I had a very pressing invitation to go back to my old work [at 24, Regent Street]: I soon should have had £200 a year, and a good chance of making my fortune. For a little time I thought I ought to accept it, for the sake of the family; but they have been sufficiently provided for, and I have never regretted declining it." He wrote to me at the time (November 10, 1839): "My aunt's letter was to me no temptation, for when I reflect on the life of a minister, . . . I cannot fancy myself happy in any other employment; . . . but I thought whether it was right that I should deliberately choose a mode of life in which I could not hope to be of much assistance to the family, when another was offered in which I might. . . . When this was settled, right glad was I to find that Aunt M. was satisfied, as well as the people at home." It is touching to think how anxious this youngest son was, not only to

* p. 10.

save his family every possible expense, by the strictest economy, but to help to bear their burdens; but he saw how his sisters were spending their strength and energy in their school, and the spirit of that home was strong within him.

It was a rare thing for him then to enter in his letters on religious subjects; but on my next birthday he expressed his earnest hope that we might become "better and better Christians: there may be excuses for others, but there is none for us, for it is our *business* to learn to be good, so as to teach others. I think we ought to consider this one of our greatest talents; God grant that it may, to both of us, gain ten other talents. How much more difficult everything seems to be, when you think of it. I wish I understood things so as to believe them. What is meant by the pardon of sin? Can any sin be pardoned in the human sense? Will not the effects of it remain for ever? If so, it is not pardoned. On God and a future life I don't like to think, because it makes me have doubts which I cannot remove, but which yet I know are groundless. But enough of this." And then he fills a long letter with more gaiety and college jokes than usual.

The students in their fourth year (into which he had now entered) commenced preaching at Welburn, a village then without a church, where a zealous General Baptist, J. Mason, had collected a congregation which was afterwards "supplied" by the college. It was close to Castle Howard Park, about twelve miles from York. A little chapel* was built there (1825) in the days of Dr. Beard and Dr. Martineau. Mr. Wellbeloved told us that, though he did not approve of "mushroom preachers," he wished us to do what the committee desired. We did not preach in his pulpit till our fifth year. This session, however, was an exceptional one, as Mr. Wellbeloved wished to hear the senior students before the removal of the college to Manchester. Philip's first sermon was on "Watchfulness" (Mark xiii. 37); his next on "Brotherly love" (Heb. xiii. 1). His first visit to Welburn (February 2, 1840) happened to be

* When the college was removed, the congregation declined; a church has since been built, and in 1878 the chapel was sold.

just after the death of one of the leading members of the congregation; and though the funeral sermon was to be the following Sunday, the people were in a right mood for his earnest teaching. His letter to me tells all the little events of the day, often with much humour, and those who did not know him would little dream from it what his real feeling was; but, in the dread of cant or display, it was the college fashion—not altogether out of nature—for light trifles to come to the surface, and to let the weightier matters sink out of sight. His friend who accompanied him wondered at his delivering his sermon, as though he thought he was saying something important! "Which I did," adds Philip. They argued on their way home whether they were to say anything that could be misunderstood. His friend did not believe in "the day of judgment;" Philip thought it right to use Scripture language, which people could interpret according to their light. A fortnight later, he preached at the chapel in St. Saviourgate. This service was in the afternoon, when the congregation was scanty; but it contained many critics. He preached on a characteristic theme—"The connexion between the love of God and of man" (1 John iv. 20). He felt "perfectly disgusted" with his sermon, though he had taken great pains with it, and he had complied with Mr. Wellbeloved's wishes in many little particulars.* He was rewarded by the cordial approval of his venerable friend. "I am glad I pleased him, as I was preaching for him. . . . I then went to the Minster, and heard the *Et incarnatus est*—exquisite thing! What shall one do without the Minster?† How do you manage to live?" His appreciation of this glorious music did not damp his efforts to improve the choir at St. Saviourgate: he was organist there, and induced the congregation to consent to have some

* "I arranged the prayers in the homiletic way; and got an *us* benediction [be with *us*—not, be with *you*], and did not say, 'in whose words,' before the Lord's Prayer."

† Earlier in the session, he wrote that he had not been able to go to the Minster for three weeks, and "one sweet little boy, who used to open his mouth, and sing out, when he saw me looking at him, has died of typhus fever."

additions made to the organ; but, as he found that it was their habit to pay for repairs, etc., out of the fund that would else go to the minister, he went about collecting subscriptions. He had the pleasure of opening the instrument, a few Sundays before he left York, free from debt.

In March, the exciting intelligence reached him that the college (first of the Dissenting colleges) was affiliated to the new University of London; and that students, duly certificated, might take the B.A. degree without matriculating, at the next examination in June. He urged me to go up: and said that as he was not twenty-one, and a dutiful son, he would go up if we required it; but he greatly desired to defer it, as he wished the last examination at York to be a creditable one.

While corresponding on this subject, the news reached us of our father's death, on his voyage from Naples (April 5, 1840); and Philip came to Bristol, where he remained two or three weeks. We took long country walks together, bringing home flowers for our mother: I never felt more grateful for the beauty of the spring. Our bereavement called forth the living reality of faith, and made the doubts which our college inquiries had suggested appear merely speculative. The mystery of his death seemed to clear up the mystery of his life. We knew nothing as to his mortal end, and immortality seemed brought to light. He had "walked with God; and he was not, for God took him"—took him from the cloud and the burden under which of late he had been walking, to the Father's house. When we all met that Easter Sunday in our mother's room, she saw how clearly "the visioned glories all appeared" to us, and warned us that, if we were on the Delectable Mountains, we might yet again have to traverse the Valley of Humiliation. But deeply, tenderly, sadly, as we felt our loss—a loss we could never forget—we felt that with him it must be well. It was a time of holy communion for the family. On the Sunday after the funeral sermon, I went to preach at Frenchay, a village five miles from our home. Philip accompanied me, and we walked back together, enjoying the beautiful sunset, and the songs of

the birds, and the loveliness of the foliage. We were very happy as we poured forth our hearts to each other, and conferred on the highest themes.

The feeling how little can be known from letters is increased as I read those which I next received from Philip. No one could guess from them what had happened. He wrote in the highest spirits, expressing the delight of the college that three former students had taken their degrees at the University of London.* Before 1839, no strict Dissenter could obtain an English degree. He was working hard for his examinations, and was "drenching" himself "with Platonism" for about a fortnight, for his oration "On the influence of Platonism on Christianity." His studies this year had much interested him. He had purchased Scholz's Greek Testament, having already Griesbach, Lachmann, etc.; he could not think of any book he more desired, for Scripture criticism was a great deal to his taste. As the last examination at York drew near, he was very urgent that I should attend it, and meet other old students who would be there to show their respect for Mr. Wellbeloved, to whom a handsome testimonial was to be presented. When I consented, he wrote, "Your letter fills me with the UTMOST joy." What he felt, as well as what he did, was with all his heart. It was his turn to take the afternoon service on the previous Sunday: at his request I took it for him, and had the melancholy honour of being the last to preach before the students of York College.

Mr. W. H. Herford says, "Philip's strong regret at leaving York was not shared by myself, and the wider and deeper interests provided by Manchester soon cured his regrets." The change was a complete one. The students no longer lived together, and the lectures were delivered in a house in Grosvenor Square. In place of Mr. Wellbeloved, there were three theological professors—the Revs. R. Wallace, J. G. Robberds, and J. J. Tayler; there were five professors in the Literary and Scientific Department, including Revs. J. Kenrick

* The Revs. J. Robberds, T. Hincks, and R. L. Carpenter took their B.A. degree in the first division, May, 1840.

and J. Martineau, and F. W. Newman, Esq. The number of divinity students was only eleven; but seventeen lay students were attracted by these distinguished men.

Philip wrote to his friend Mr. G. Buckton (November 22, 1840): "I don't at all like being here, in comparison with York, and regret the old place very much. . . . About our present college: I am sorry to say we live in lodgings, which takes away all the fun we used to have. We are now a disconnected body, only meeting at lectures, and obliged to turn our thoughts to the melancholy task of thinking how to provide eating and drinking in the cheapest way possible. I guess that if I were to tell you what my living costs me per week, you would be a little bit astonished. . . . They are working us most uncommonly hard." He found what it was to have so many professors, each desirous that his subject should receive full attention, and wrote to his brother: "I feel it the worst part of my stay here, that I am hurried on from one thing to another, and have not a single hour to think. So I suppose my mind must be content to digest, which is perhaps not so very bad a thing, as I had more than a year's thought last year." To my remonstrance at his overwork, he replied, "I take my regular exercise, and sleep, and eat *lots*. What I mean by working hard, is *not wasting* any time: I like to work steadily while I do work; but keep regular hours. I am not one of those who go and read papers at the Athenæum, and then sit up late to make up, and say they are overworked!" He had felt it a duty, as a senior student, to keep up the old York clubs—the Shakespeare, the Debating, and, above all, the Repository. He would naturally have been elected censor of the "Poz.;" but, for various reasons, he thought it better that his friend, W. H. Herford, should have the appointment. "Somehow or other," he writes, "such is the weakness of human nature, though it was my own deliberate doing, yet I felt an agitation and struggle at it, though I have pretty well reconciled my mind to it now." His friend fully appreciated his disinterestedness, and remembers thinking the honour conferred on him greater, relatively, than any he was ever likely

to earn! Instead of having a party when he came of age, Philip resolved that his special entertainment should be when, as secretary, he invited the members to his room; and he copied out his number with unusual care, to set a high standard for the new series.

He had to preach almost every Sunday, and though he expresses great disgust at having to repeat his old sermons, the change, no doubt, did him good, and he benefited by his varied experience. When he was preaching at the Strangeways chapel, for his friend Mr. Mountford, his sister Mary heard him for the first time, and relates that his manner may be well described in Cowper's lines beginning, "Simple, grave, sincere," etc. He noted, when he preached at Bradford for a fee, that it was his first "hiring out." He always felt some repugnance at being paid for religious services; yet he was now glad to earn a little: and when he was again at Bradford, on Easter Sunday, he visited Leeds, and spent the rest of his holiday at York, where he was the guest of his old tutors. He "worked very hard at enjoying" himself; he called on all his friends (especially on Stout, the old college porter, with whom he spent two hours), had a pull on the Ouse, fished for shells, went before breakfast to botanize, and, above all, attended three services at the Minster. He had written beforehand to bespeak a favourite anthem ("Plead thou my cause," Mozart's Twelfth Mass), which his musical friends kindly arranged for him. "I had you in spirit with me at York," he wrote, "and was too busy to feel myself alone there. I shall probably be the last student to see the old place before it is applied to its new purpose—Normal School." (Except the common hall and lecture-room, the buildings consisted of old dwellings round two courts, opposite the York Hospital in Monkgate; the college library was in Mr. Wellbeloved's house, across the street.) He "went into every hole and corner of the dear old place, rung the two college bells, and did many other sentimental things!"

On the following Sunday, April 18, he walked over from Manchester, six miles, to preach at Stand, where the minister, Rev. T. May, had resigned through ill health. He spent the night

at Mr. Philips's, The Park, and walked back to his lectures the next morning. In a few days, Mr. Philips called on him, with a unanimous invitation from the congregation. He accepted it with some reluctance, as he "did not feel fit to begin," and wished to continue his studies.

While his thoughts were much occupied with the new duties before him, he had to work hard for his B.A. examination in London, at the end of May. When it was over, he wrote: "I went to the opera for the first, and I suppose the last, time. I reflected that it was not often that I should have an opportunity of hearing one of Mozart's best operas ['Don Giovanni'] performed in the best way, and of course I should not care for any one except Mozart. You know I had never been to a theatre before, and never heard first-rate singing, so you may imagine how much I was delighted. . . . There was some dancing afterwards, which showed me the reason why people object to the stage."

Dr. Jerrard, who was one of the examiners, told him that he stood first in all the papers except one, and was generally considered to have done the best. Soon after his return to Manchester, there was the college examination, which was immediately followed by the university voluntary theological examination in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures.

"I am happy to tell you," he wrote, July 2, "that Smith [Dr. G. Vance Smith] and I have passed in the first class. It was curious, we three Units being examined in theology by two clergymen! I certainly deserved to pass in the first class, for I have been working *very* hard." He and Mr. Smith were each awarded a £5 prize for books.

Though this chapter of his life now closes, he did not sever his connexion with the college; since, for two years after his settlement at Stand, he attended Mr. Tayler's lectures on ecclesiastical history.

CHAPTER III.

MINISTRY AT STAND: 1841–1846. ÆT. 21–26.

"You must not think that Stand is a village; no, nor even a hamlet, or even a collection of houses: it is only a populous neighbourhood." Even now, its name is not in the "Postal Guide." The chapel is on high ground, as the name *Stand* implies, about half a mile from the road between Manchester and Bury; it was built in 1819, on the site of one erected in 1693 for "Protestant Dissenters," without any limitation as to articles of faith. In front of it is a large burial-ground; on one side is a school-room, on the other were two cottages and then "an infirm house [the parsonage] in a nice garden." As is not unusual in chapels erected where no church was near, there is a bell to summon the people. Since Philip's time, the parsonage has been greatly improved, the cottages (represented

in the view) have been taken down to add to the burial-ground, and a handsome school-house has been built. The windows of the chapel (which would be crowded with three hundred persons) still look out on the fields.

On September 5 he entered in his preaching-journal, "My last time of irregular preaching, D.V.;" and the next Sunday found him at Stand. He would have liked to settle in the parsonage; but found it most prudent to husband his resources, till a sister could join him, the next year; and he found comfortable though primitive lodgings. "It was a very curious feeling to think that I was come to *live* in this country place. . . . It seemed a great responsibility; but there is an immense pleasure in forming plans of doing good. It was a lovely morning—so bright and green and cheerful. I felt as if I could not be happy enough, but an unaccountable dread came now and then. I went to the Sunday School, and talked a little to the children; the bell called me to chapel. I was not particularly excited, but had a quiet feeling of homeness. . . . It was so delightful to hear the wind rustling among the trees, and see the sun shining in. The music was better than might be, and the people were very attentive. They stayed to shake hands with me, and were very cordial. Respect must be gained by character here, not so much by manner. Mr. Howorth told me so, and I see it completely. After dinner I went to the school, and gathered a class round me in the open air. . . . I thought much of all of you, and like to put in *and all ours* in the benediction. [His father used to say, 'The blessing, etc., be with us and all ours,' etc.] After service, two or three of the old folk took me a walk. I was quite astonished at the two panoramic views they have here; the day was exquisite, and the country most beautiful. I have two homes now, and I try to cultivate a feeling of home here. I think I very easily attach myself to places and people."

The next day he visited the Rev. Franklin Howorth at Bury, who remained through life one of his most loved and valued friends. He attended a united meeting of teachers.

"It is very pleasant to see Mr. Grundy, one of the chief men of the town, a magistrate, with them. He made a most touching speech, and it was delightful to see how fatherly he was amongst them. Not only did they all call each other John, Thomas, etc., but Mr. Grundy did so." He was glad to find, in calling round at Stand, that though the people seemed conservative about changes, they had a salutary horror of the "Old Unitarian coldness."

Although he had preached nearly seventy times before his settlement, he had only eleven sermons, and he had stipulated that he should preach those of others when he wished. On his second Sunday he preached one of his brother's; but he had been interrupted in his preparation of it: "I did not read the writing well, and got flurried, bungled, blushed; altogether did my work very badly—and it was thought so." He entered in his journal, "This is a thorn in the flesh, to teach me humility, diligence, and prayer." It was some time before he could deliver the sermons of others quite readily. On the whole, he found it best, after a distinct announcement of his practice, not to mention the author in each case. He kept in the vestry a record of the sermons on each Sunday, entering when a stranger preached, or the writer of the sermon he employed; but he did not invite inspection of it, as he wished his hearers to join in the prayers and listen to the discourse without thinking who wrote them. Sometimes, however, he was glad from the special character of the sermon to say whose it was.

It was arranged that his friend Travers Madge,* who was then a student at Manchester, should come on Saturday evenings and spend the Sundays with him. "You cannot think what a delight and benefit his visits are. You must remember in your letters that he comes *home* to me on Saturdays. The ties of common work are quite as strong as blood." On October 3 he enters in his journal respecting the Lord's Supper, "Felt comfortable and delighted in having a friend, T. M., for the first time of administering the Lord's

* See "Travers Madge: A Memoir. By Brooke Herford, 1867," pp. 18, 19.

Supper. Performed it, I hope, discreetly, but at any rate was much impressed myself; though I was, all through, more joyous than sadly serious."

On the following Wednesday, services were held to solemnize his ordination, to which he had been looking forward with great interest and some anxiety. The chapel was densely crowded. After a prayer by the Rev. J. G. Robberds, the venerable Mr. Philips, of the Park, announced the election of the young pastor, and called on him to state the motives which had induced him to engage in the Christian ministry. This he did from the pew where he was seated, and then continued, "When inviting me to become your pastor, you did not require my subscription to any articles of faith; but while you gave me the liberty of the English Presbyterian Churches, I could not have consented thus to come among you, had I not felt assured that on the grand points of Christian doctrine my opinions were not at variance with your own. I wish to declare, therefore, that I hold the Scriptures to contain the records of the revelations of God to His children of mankind; that I desire to study these Scriptures, and to lead others to do so, with earnest prayers to God to direct us aright, and with a determination to receive as truth whatever appears to be their teachings. I own God as my Father, Jesus as my only Lord and Master. I joyfully believe in the divinity of his mission; I greatly venerate the love which prompted him to live and die for our salvation; but I consider that I am obeying his commands, when I confine all strictly religious worship to God the Father Almighty. I rejoice that I have 'redemption through the blood of Christ, even the forgiveness of sins,' but I pretend not to explain in what way this was effected. It is enough for me that I obey the precepts and imitate the example of my beloved Lord, and then humbly hope for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus unto eternal life. . . . These views I shall make the basis of my teachings; for I have formed them after long deliberation, and with earnest prayer to the Father of Lights: yet I cannot rest satisfied without further inquiry, and constant study."

Mr. Philips, having expressed satisfaction on behalf of the congregation, offered him in their name the right hand of fellowship; and then followed an excellent charge from the venerable C. Wellbeloved, in which he states it as the minister's first duty to lead the *devotions* of the congregation; as a preacher, he is to point out "the whole duty of man." "You know, my young friend and brother, that controversial preaching receives no commendation from me. I cannot consider it as wise, or proper, that a Christian preacher should be perpetually or frequently combating opinions which his hearers have never held, or have abjured, and labouring to defend those which they cordially receive. . . . Discourses of this nature do not appear to me very favourable to genuine humility and Christian charity." He exhorts him to study to show himself "approved unto God." "What your conscience dictates, you will speak and do, regardless both of the censure and the applause of the world."

After a hymn—the hymns were beautifully sung, to simple tunes—the Rev. J. J. Tayler addressed the congregation. He warned those who valued their own freedom not to erect a standard of orthodoxy; and ended with reminding them that "the best fruits of the human heart and character will only ripen in the warm and genial atmosphere of mutual love and confidence." Their minister was young and inexperienced. "Concede to him freedom of thought and honesty of speech. Do not demand from him too soon the caution and reserve—the cold maturity of judgment—which only years and experience bestow. Wait for the natural effects of age on a young and sanguine mind. . . . Require from him devotedness to duty, seriousness of spirit, and a deep concern for the moral and spiritual interests of the human race; but do not tie him down in the pursuit of these objects." Then Mr. Robberds, after a touching address, gave his young brother the right hand of fellowship, in the name of the assembled ministers. There was hardly a dry eye in the chapel. Philip wrote: "I could not restrain my emotion at the morning service. At any rate, it is better than seeming unmoved. All these ministers were much affected: they *all* made such beau-

tiful allusions to my father. It was deeply impressive, and all seemed to think it so; in most parts, there was quite a breathless attention. They are very anxious to print: I damp a little; but it does not answer to throw quite cold water on a red-hot plate—it only makes it spurt up." In the evening there was a crowded tea-meeting, and 280 persons, comprising members of the various Denominations in the neighbourhood, besides Unitarians from other congregations, afterwards listened to addresses in the chapel. Such a gathering warmed the hearts of the people, and they often spoke of that "happy day."

On the following Sunday, he deepened the impression by an earnest sermon on "The harvest plenteous; the labourers few." He records, "Call for Sunday School teachers responded to by thirty-one names. Made mistakes, which shows I must be very careful; but very warm, and I hope warmed others." He wrote home: "The old folk who used to teach the school are delighted at the prospect of a revival." He soon reports that he has commenced a class at the Sunday School, to study his father's "Harmony of the Gospels." There were seventeen classes, and the congregation showed their interest in it; but the room was "shockingly wet and unhealthy," the floor being below the level of the ground. Travers Madge was very helpful. He called on the children and sat up with them at chapel. "I always consider him as 'the incarnation of the absent-friend element' (to use one of J. J. T.'s phrases) at the Lord's Supper, and he does me great good in telling me my faults. I could not have imagined that a year's acquaintance could have made us so very brotherly. I stayed in school yesterday with the children, as there is not time to get back by half-past one on Lord's Supper Sundays; and I forgot almost all my dinner, in my zeal for reading them stories to keep them something like half-quiet. There are about forty who come from a distance, and bring their dinners with them, which are 'as-various as the moon,' from a raw carrot to an apple-puff." In the afternoon he began to preach extempore. "The people certainly prick up their ears when they see me put my watch on the pulpit-ledge, and not light the candles."

"The previous week," he says, November 8, "was one of the longest I ever remember, and was the beginning of my strictly pastoral labours. I could not retrace it, if it were not that I keep a regular journal. The case which occupied almost all my thoughts was that of a young man of my congregation, who had ruined his health by drinking. Everybody, including the surgeon, says I shall do him no good. However, I must try, though I almost believe them. I certainly never saw anything so *perfectly* filthy and comfortless as his bedroom was; the kitchen was a little, but not much, better. The first visit was occupied in showing that I took an interest in him. . . . Next time we got to teetotalism, and he asked me most minute questions—how I managed when I went out and people laughed at me, showing that he was thinking of it. . . . His case has caused me a great deal of thought, partly from its importance, and partly from its being quite new to me. It has made me very unhappy; and I confess that I am always glad to have done my visit and washed my hands. I shall go on seeing him every day, and don't let myself despond; though I have not much hope." This little hope was lessened when he learnt the young man's history from his relatives at Manchester. He found that he could not permanently reform him; but "his prayer returned to his own bosom," and thenceforth he entered on a cause to which he was "faithful unto death." He had already become an abstainer, though he kept a little wine for his friends; but in his pledge-book his own name stands first, with the date—December 1, 1841. He was now bound "not to give or offer [intoxicants] to others;" and he wrote home to decline a present of wine which was intended for him. In the temperate circle in which he had lived, he had not realized the hold which drinking customs have on the professors of religion; and he was horrified to find "that the choir at Stand were in the habit of having a regular bout after service, in the school-room, at the expense of the collection on charity Sundays; and at the yearly congregational tea-meeting, after tea, beer, wine, and spirits were brought in. . . . I have moved as an amendment, for the charity sermon, that there

should be tea provided for the singers, and that we should not invite others, but trust to our own strength; so if they choose to come of their own accord, they cannot complain of being deprived of their rights." He found that, in a Sunday School of the district, ten teachers left in anger when their drink was withheld! "This makes me feel more the pleasing nature of the Stand people, who seem very ready to make improvements."

Having just published the Memoir of my father, I had the happiness of spending about three months with Philip at this time; supplying pulpits in his neighbourhood, before settling with a congregation. I heard Mr. Hockings, the eloquent "Birmingham blacksmith," and had the need of teetotal societies so vividly brought before me, that I soon followed Philip's example; and our sisters and brother subsequently helped the temperance cause: but he was our leader, and his determination and zeal were the strongest. Philip's earnest and affectionate piety—be believed in prayer with all his heart—and his ardour in well-doing, were a great stimulus to one who witnessed it day by day. There was no lack of cheerfulness and fun. I noticed that he often could not quite understand the Lancashire dialect, in which many of his people addressed him (though he afterwards got very familiar with it), and he had to learn their usages and modes of expression, some of which much amused him. In one of his "Poz. papers" he describes how, when he asked some of them to tea, they replied, "Wha's coming too, then? Well, perhaps I may drop in; but I won't promise." He afterwards set this to music, as a catch:—

He wrote to me soon after—"I am disgracefully happy; contented, but not without a relish for better things."

At this time there was a great deal of distress and discontent in the manufacturing districts. A fellow-student, who was then minister at Chowbent, said that forty thousand pikes had been distributed in his neighbourhood. The Chartists sought their political remedy, while others were earnestly striving against the Corn-laws. Philip preached extempore on "The ends, causes, and duties of the present distress." He chose a striking text: Isaiah viii. 21, "It shall come to pass, that when they shall be hungry, they shall fret themselves, and curse their king and their God." The next Sunday, a petition which he had prepared, referring to the injurious effect of the Corn-laws on the moral and intellectual condition of the people, was read from the pulpit. Seeing the connexion of sin and misery, he was not so sanguine as some of his friends as to the happiness which Free Trade would produce; and he relates the pain he felt when, at a religious meeting at Cockey Moor, the reference to commercial as well as civil and religious liberty opened the way to some stormy declamation. "The ministers, most of whom I had never seen before, welcomed me cordially, and all seemed to have some particular remembrance of my father's kindness." He had engaged to speak on plans for the spread of Christian truth, but the chairman introduced the word *Unitarian*. He begged, however, to speak on topics on which all Christians could agree. "I began by thanking them for the warm manner in which they had received me as my father's son; said that wherever I went it was the same, for his sake: that I was glad of an opportunity of connecting his name with this sentiment, as, though he would probably be known to most as a controversialist, it was his great delight to spread the true spirit of Christianity." Philip occasionally, but rarely, entered on doctrinal questions in the pulpit; and when he did, he had no pleasure in recording the presence of strangers: there were often many there. On his first Trinity Sunday, he referred to the rubric directing the omission of the words "Holy Father," on that day, in the Communion Service of the Church of England.

In the Whitsuntide week, he accompanied his schools to the Park (the residence of R. Philips, Esq.). He felt that he could not throw too much on his new teachers; so, as they went, he "had to run backwards and forwards like a dog, keeping them in their places" (his mother used to say that Philip was not only a shepherd, but a shepherd's dog), and remained to keep them "all good," while the teachers were at tea at the Park; and then, on his return to the school-room, having got wet in the rain, he warmed himself "with carrying huge gallons of tea about." When the scholars were dismissed, there was a tea-meeting of the congregation, almost the whole burden of which rested on himself. "However, I *have* got a pair of lungs, that's one comfort. I made them sing *Gloria Patri** by way of grace; and then, after the things were removed, I proceeded to business." He read his "First Annual Statement" [he preserved them all]. It is short, but carefully written. In answer to some reports, he says, "With regard to my public instructions, I here declare that I never do, and never shall, direct my remarks against individuals; but wherever I see in my own heart, or think I see in the hearts of others, what is not consistent with the commands of Christ, I should be shamefully prostituting the sacred trust reposed in me, did I not point out to the best of my power the nature and the dreadful consequences of sin. My duty is not to gloss over vices, whether in myself or you; not to flatter or deceive you; not even to speak against sinners; but boldly, without fear of man, to wage war with sin." He stated that during the previous eight months he had made 761 visits, and received 140. About a quarter of these were not connected with the congregation; but his rule was to go where he was most wanted. "I entreat you," he adds, "to overlook any errors into which I may inadvertently fall from inexperience, and to receive in the spirit of love such friendly warnings and such advice as, though young, I may feel that my office calls on me

* He used, and afterwards printed in his Chant-book, what he believed to be the ancient form, "Glory to the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Spirit."

to give." He also, as no strangers were present, spoke freely of their want of punctuality, and begged them not to run off the instant after the benediction! He mingled his suggestions with sympathy and praise, where he could give it. The meeting concluded with a hymn and prayer. "Their perfect stillness, after, was very impressive; and when it was all over, I felt somewhat exhausted, my lungs having been at work since one o'clock." He was revived, however, by the cordial way in which many came forward to thank him; and found he had dispersed some little clouds, and put some who had been at variance in good humour with each other. "Didn't I sleep that night!"

He continued to take an interest in college institutions. When it was his turn at the Debating Society to take the lead, he proposed the question whether the faculties of animals differed from those of man in kind, or only in degree. "I took the *degree* side, and we had a very spirited debate, which ended in our carrying it: which almost made me think that I was in the wrong, as of course the minority (in which I generally am) is right!"

This summer he met Joseph Barker, who had recently been dismissed from the ministry of the New Connexion Methodists for reading Channing, etc., and had become a leader among the "Christian Brethren." "I found him exceedingly delightful, though I think extravagant in many of his views of denying all luxuries, and avoiding all societies (*e.g.*, sects, teetotal societies, and all kinds of committees), thinking they interfere with liberty. This, I think, results from the Conference affair. I took tea with him at a respectable corn-dealer's; and as nobody else seemed inclined to do so, I argued with him, to make him talk for the benefit of the company. It does one good to see, now and then, a person who thinks quite differently from other people. He has remarkable powers of mind."

In July, 1842, the British Association met at Manchester, and he took a life-member's ticket, with some misgiving at spending £5 on what he thought a luxury! He wrote a long

and entertaining account of the meeting to his brother William. All his old ardour for natural history was rekindled when he met with those of congenial tastes, *e.g.*, Mr. Patterson of Belfast, who introduced him to Dr. Fleming of Aberdeen, the well-known zoologist, Mr. Peach of Cornwall, and Mr. Sowerby, with whom he visited Mr. Norris of Bury, who had a magnificent collection. His father's valued friend, Mr. G. W. Wood, M.P., lived on the way between Stand and Manchester; and Mrs. Wood, who was always most kind to him, gave him a general invitation to breakfast, which he twice accepted, and had interesting conversation with Dr. Buckland, Dr. Daubeny, and Professor Baden Powell (who gave him one of his books): they all spoke with pleasant remembrance of Bristol. "I thought myself rather impudent, to talk to these people; but I have not often such opportunities, and they were very amiable!" He greatly enjoyed the beauty of the rooms at the soirée, and liked to see so many people in full dress; on the guinea dinner he did not venture, being content to dine on a twopenny loaf! The excursion was to the Worsley Tunnels, into the midst of the collieries; but he did not find a long sail in the dark particularly charming. "At last, about three o'clock, we came to a shaft with a great tub; so many of us politely insinuated that we had had quite enough, and would get out; for it made us yearn for our native country, to see the star of daylight at the top! So at last, after waiting a long time, for only three could go at once, about thirty of us got up. The feeling of ascending in the air with very great speed was truly delightful, and we got on *terra firma*, having our minds enlightened on the following points:—that five hours' sailing underground was enough; and that we had seen, for the first and last time, men, women, girls, and boys, only to be known by their hair." He had more pleasure in going over some of the Manchester factories, where he found that some engaged in the hardest work were teetotalers, who got through their work as well as, or better than, those who had their quart!

This summer (1842) the youngest of his sisters, Susan,

came to keep house for him, which she continued to do till her marriage, eight years afterwards. An old friend from Bristol accompanied her, who, however, did not long remain at Stand; and his sister, during part of her stay there, had one or two pupils to board with her at the parsonage. Philip felt it "very funny having a house of one's own, and driving in nails just where one likes," and "to feel one's self the head of a family of four, and to see one's name on the kitchen towels, which is, to me, one of the most wonderful parts of the business!" He gives a minute description of what may be seen in his house, from his cabinet opposite the dining-room fire, to the blue-bottles and the net to catch them in the larder. Then, outside, the lime-tree in the most luxuriant flower, perfuming the whole neighbourhood; the garden, with its fruit-trees and bushes, and roses and carnations. "A great part of it has got weeded by the law of pulling up a weed for every gooseberry eaten." He is full of delight at the beauty of the neighbourhood and the extensive prospects. The atmosphere was then unusually clear: "we can see by the absence of smoke that there has been hardly anything done at Manchester, Bury, Bolton, Oldham, and all intermediate places."

There was a general "turn-out;" in his immediate neighbourhood they were pretty quiet, though there was some fighting not far off. "They are going to let some few people go to work to-day, as is evident from the painter coming. He tried to come last week, but was turned back. We are not alarmed ourselves, and have not suffered, except that we find it very difficult to refuse starving women, especially as they won't give them anything from the parish. They won't even let dressmakers work; only farmers and bakers, and then they eat their stuff. They are beginning to split about the Charter, and I hope it will soon come to an end. How dependent we are upon others!" The week before, he had written to Mr. G. Buckton: "We have had a sad week here, and a most senseless mobbing on the part of the working men, as they will soon find to their cost. They politely go up to the people—say they don't want to frighten them, but they should like some

money. A great deal goes to the public-houses, and the poor wives and families are left to starve."

At this time he had to fulfil an engagement to preach at Buxton. He "did not like leaving home, just as the mob were coming; but as they say here, 'It was like to be done,' there was no help for it." He had interesting conversation on his journey with a Chat Moss farmer, who took the part of the rioters. ("I certainly inherit a little of my father's knack of meeting with nice people in travelling.") "Since I began to preach, I never had a Sunday before, quite by myself, with nothing to do but to preach. I thoroughly enjoyed the excessive beauty and quiet, and lay down on my mackintosh, and eat wild raspberries, and gathered flowers and caracollas, and pulled up some parnassias by the root, to plant in the garden." After evening service, "feeling rather anxious about home, not knowing whether the mob would be quiet or not, I determined to get back as soon as possible; and, finding that there was no coach till half-past eight next morning, I set off walking towards the beautiful sunset, over the noble hills, till it got quite dark. On my way I picked up a Chartist, and was glad to talk with him, and find out their views of things. I slept at Disley, having walked eleven miles, besides my day's sauntering [he had climbed the hills before breakfast]. I got up at half-past four, and walked on, breakfasting on bread and milk at a farmhouse, where the rioters had been twice, eating up all their food and preventing them from getting in their harvest. It is harder on farmers and small shop-keepers than on any one else. I got to Stockport in time for the eight o'clock train." On his return home, he "was much delighted to find all quiet there, though they had just had a mob of more than a thousand begging." In a subsequent letter he speaks of the improvidence and wasteful ways of the people, and the drunkenness that even then prevailed; but adds, "A great many of the really deserving are very patient. About here, where they are as badly off as anywhere, there has been no rioting and comparatively little begging." At that time, many of the hand-loom weavers had

miserably small wages. There was a great improvement in the conduct of the people, from what would have happened some years before, owing to the spread of intelligence. "There has been very little outrage; in many cases they have refused drink offered, and have kept each other from violence, saying that that was not their object."

His Buxton excursion shows how much vigour he now enjoyed. His pulpit-record notes that he not unfrequently preached three times; *e.g.*, after his own services, he preached in the evening at the Mosley Street school-room, walking there and back—twelve miles. He finds that he must restrain his voice, "which people say is much too powerful." At Monton, where he preached his first "charity sermon," he spoke with such animation as once to make the bell sound!

About this time, there was a drifting away from the Unitarian landmarks. In two periodicals, articles appeared which seemed deistical, and caused him great pain; but when they were discussed at a private meeting of ministers, with such intemperate language that Rev. J. J. Tayler (who was greatly saddened by it) intimated that he might have to leave the body, his sympathies went with the sufferers.

In November, he was invited by a clergyman of the neighbourhood, who was secretary of the Bible Society, to meet some ministers before a public meeting. "As I entered, Mr. S. took me into a room by myself, and was evidently very uncomfortable. At last he told me that he liked to be candid, and that the fact was that he had asked me, intending to give me a resolution; but the committee decided that a Unitarian was not to speak or act [hold office?], though he might give his money. I told him he need not be uncomfortable, as it was no fault of his; that I had no wish to speak, individually; and as to our body, we were so accustomed to be treated as not Christians,* that it did not surprise us, and we were only

* Some years before, an effort had been made to expel Unitarians from the Bible Society, which was unsuccessful; and those who were eager for their exclusion founded the Trinitarian Bible Society. As regards the Scriptural Unitarians, like Dr. L. Carpenter, it certainly seemed incon-

unusually glad if on any occasion we were allowed the right hand of fellowship. As he still seemed uncomfortable, it struck me that I might be in the way at tea! so I asked him; but he said that he was master in his own house, etc., so I went into the room. [He had pleasant conversation there with an Irish clergyman reputed to be 'a flaming Evangelical,' who did not suspect who he was, and who, when they came to the meeting, was one of those who were urgent that he should go on the platform.] As I did not want to proclaim bigotry, I was obliged to tell them that Mr. S. would explain to them afterwards. The speeches were very interesting and practical, and would have seemed very liberal to those who were not behind the scenes as I was. After the meeting, Mr. S. asked me to supper; but I refused, as I expected the people would want to know why I did not speak; so I went down to the teetotal meeting, and heard the end of a most interesting lecture by one of the Christians. I felt my heart warm within me, as I thought that here I could speak and be welcomed."

On the following Wednesday, he attended the anniversary of the Teetotal Society at Bury, to which he belonged, and heard an interesting lecture by Mr. Howorth, which was afterwards printed. "On Thursday, I went over again to Bury to meet Mr. Barker. Mr. Howorth had got over Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tayler; but they did not seem to fit till, I suppose, Mr. Tayler found out that it was *the* Mr. Barker, and then they conversed in a most interesting manner. We went together to the teetotal tea-party of about six hundred—a most animating and delightful scene. The hymns were beautiful in the extreme. Afterwards, the public were admitted, and the room thronged with about a thousand people. Mr. Edmund Grundy was in the chair. Some reformed men spoke very religiously, and there were some resolutions passed, one of which I seconded; then Mr. Barker lectured in short, simple sentences, full of meaning, uttered with perfect simplicity, very little animation

gruous to attempt to expel from a Bible Society the only believers who are content to express their faith in the words of the Bible, or to deny the name Evangelical to those who especially rested on the Evangelical records!

or action, with the most lovable countenance. . . . There was such a Christian spirit running through it, and all his arguments were founded on Christian principles; so that I thought it quite irresistible. Several persons signed. . . . Mr. Tayler quite approved of all his arguments, but thought, in the circle in which he moved, there was no occasion for it. Perhaps he does not think how many ministers, even in our own body, have been ruined by drink, nor how many injure themselves by what is called 'moderate drinking.'"

Philip slept in Bury; and the next morning had a long talk with Mr. Barker, who dwelt on the evils of sectarianism, and disapproved of the "Unitarian" name. "In doctrinal matters, I fancy I should entirely agree with him. There are nearly three hundred Christian congregations, most of them from the 'New Connexion.' He does not care much for religious opinions; 'Faith which worketh by love' is his motto. [In the afternoon, they called on some of the 'Christians.'] They began at once to talk religion (in our visits, Mr. Howorth and I wasted so much time in winding round to religion); and though the Methodistical way is rather strange to us till we get used to it, yet we were much delighted to see such piety. We then knelt down. The amens, etc., a little put me out at first; but after two days of it, I got so used to it that I could hardly get on at chapel on Sunday without it—the people seemed as though they weren't attending. We had a glorious tea at Mr. Howorth's: Mr. R. (Independent), Mr. S. (Methodist), Mr. P. (Ranter), Units, and Christians. They *all* argued non-resistance a little, and then they got on the Atonement. They all agreed that the effect was on *man*, not on *God*; and said they thought this was the general belief. Is not this cheering? They made great apologies for introducing the subject before us, and evidently thought we could not go along with them, whereas we did all the way. How much harm we do ourselves by saying that we deny the Atonement! They think we mean that we deny salvation by Christ. They were just getting on the subject of moral evil, and Mr. R. had broached the doctrine that God planned it in order to give

occasion to the attribute of *mercy* (quite a Unitarian view), when we were obliged to go. Really, it is delightful to see such a spirit spreading. What a contrast to the Bible meeting on Monday!

"The Peace meeting was most delightful. I had never seen (I think) Christian principles carried out so literally. Barker has a *perfect* faith in the practicability of all Christ's precepts, even amid a crooked generation; and he has a perfect faith that God protects those who thus give themselves up to them. He detailed some most interesting facts. It seemed to give me a new faith in Christianity, and I cheerfully enrolled myself with the other ministers as a society to spread these principles. After the meeting, the people asked questions, which he answered most satisfactorily; and it was announced that Mr. Barker would administer the Lord's Supper next evening, to any Christians who chose to attend. Did you ever hear such an announcement before, except from a Unitarian? I was greatly fired to go." He walked home, but returned the next day.

"Saturday evening was the crowning mercy of the week. I never felt so great an exemplification of primitive Christianity, love, and simplicity." Different ministers, beside J. Barker, took part. Philip could not recall what he had himself said—his "heart was too full;" and Mr. Howorth spoke "so simply and beautifully. One of the people then offered a prayer, and then Mr. Barker prayed. After the meeting we all greeted one another with a holy shake of the hand.* I thought and said, How my father rejoiced in hope to see this day! We went back to Mr. H.'s, and stayed talking and singing hymns, so that I could not get home till twelve. Oh, what seasons of refreshment these are from the presence of the Lord! How holy is the communion of saints! What a new impulse it gives to the discharge of duty from a spirit of love! In the morning I preached your sermon, 'Behold, how good and pleasant a thing it is,' etc. In the afternoon I preached extempore: 'I bring my body into subjection,' etc. (partly in

* Compare 2 Cor. xiii. 12, etc.

consequence of a prize fight at Radcliffe, though I did not allude especially to it). I tried to be perfectly simple and calm, like Mr. Barker; but I am not prepared for it yet, till I have more disciplined my mind, and I must allow myself more animation, etc., at present." In the evening, there was a large meeting of teachers; after tea, he read to them the Lenox Address on the Anniversary of Emancipation in the West Indies—the last publication of Dr. Channing, who died October 2, 1842.

Long extracts have been made from this letter, because the meetings he records had a great effect on his subsequent life. His family afterwards feared that he was too much influenced by Mr. Barker; but, though his personal influence was no doubt great, what moved Philip most was the intense faith in great principles, which approved itself to his heart. This faith Mr. Barker afterwards relinquished, but Philip remained steadfast to it.

A fortnight later, he sent me a precious "birthday gift in the form of a long letter." It bears signs of the enthusiasm he had been feeling; but, as it contains the germ of those views of human nature which he subsequently maintained, it seems right, as a revelation of his character, to transcribe much that would else be still treasured in sacred privacy. It may be misunderstood by those who are accustomed only to judge the outward life, but it will not seem strange to those who are familiar with religious biography. Christ said, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God." And the nearer the soul approaches to God, the more conscious it may be of its want of goodness. After referring to his change of home, he says:—

"I feel more and more the want of self-government, and the evils of living alone, as we did at college, with tendencies to study our own comfort. It will be a long time before I get over the evil thus done me. . . . Life is certainly a great school; but I am one who am fond of discipline, and I find it a very pleasant one. Three years ago, I never dreamt that I could have such happiness. When I look back on the

past, I cannot sufficiently admire the love and long-suffering of God towards me. I seem to have been made up of two beings, the natural and the spiritual man. Contrary to theology, the natural man has always been the happy one, receiving a *fulness* of delight from study, shells, music, etc.—a kind of dreamy joy; a kind of long-continued intoxication which I had thought happiness; while all the time my spiritual man was dead, more than dead. . . . Through life I have been misrepresented, and not the least by you; I have been thought good-natured, pure, truthful, diligent, pious, and I don't know what. Nothing has been to me a more bitter satire. The only reproof of my father's that I remember to have made much impression on me, was a passage in a letter: 'Continue in a virtuous course;' that stung me.

"I look back now on this dreamy happiness with a shudder, and yet with sometimes a longing after the flesh-pots, when I think of college days, and organs, and companions, and shells. But all have been corrupted; there is no pursuit of my boyhood that I can look on with unmixed pleasure. And why? Because I did not *love* God, though I often fancied I did. . . . I am now striving to forget the past (yes, to confess that for ten years I was dead), and set myself to the new life that is in Christ Jesus. I read the Epistles now with an understanding *heart*. I have tried all ways: happiness without God, morality without religion, half-service; but nothing will do but to give the *whole heart* to God. This is what I now long to do. I know it is hard; but there are the promises: 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' He who hath begun a good work is able to complete it. I cannot tell you what I have suffered; and yet, strange to say, what joy has been mingled in my cup! Time after time have I rebelled; and yet God has not given me up, and, instead of punishing, has heaped His mercies upon me. Oh, how I have longed for sympathy, and yet feared to open my mind, lest I should corrupt others, and that were the bitterest pang. But 'when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren'—and this has always been my leading desire in undertaking the ministry. Yes, strange

inconsistency! while dwelling in sin, actually intending to be a minister and lead others to God, while I myself was a castaway. I have despaired. I have lost faith, hope, and love. But, blessed be God, I believe He has converted me. I feel as though I had been redeemed by Christ, and now, in the midst of all my sins and short-comings, I do not despond, but wait and strive for sanctification by the Spirit. If I have any earnestness in preaching, it is this that gives it me. I long for strength, to speak boldly, as I ought to speak. But—the fear of man, the *dread* of free communion and expression of feeling, and that this should exist between a minister and his people!

"How is it that the Units so dread *cant* as to shut up their best treasure of religious communion in their earthen vessel? Why do I receive greater joy in attending a missionary meeting, or meeting a few Methodists, or in talking to Mr. Howorth, or Thomas, than my own people? It is because I am afraid of speaking freely of what is next my heart, and others have the same fear! Is this right? No. I am to be instant in season and out of season, knowing that the time is short. The past month has given me greater boldness, and I have made a beginning. I believe God has touched the heart of a wanderer, and he and I hold sweet conversation together; and I hope this will give me encouragement, and make me not let the worldly and the uncharitable go on to destruction, without the warning of affection. My bowels yearn for my people. I long to spend and be spent for their service; but not to spend and be spent without doing them service—that were treason. My prayers are short, but they are sometimes very fervent, and my evening walks are times of happy communion with God and singing His praise.

"And what is all this? A revival? Yes! and is it to go down and get dead, dead, dead? O God, save me from this; moderate my fervour, if it is to react afterwards. And I do moderate my fervour. When I have been up in heaven, a wicked thought brings me down again, and I 'groan being burdened.' But still Christ can raise me up, and though the

thought does come, I am now able to banish it, and say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offence unto me.' And I have been writing to you, as though I had been speaking at a Methodist love-feast. Well, and why should not I, my brother? I often say in my Creed 'the Communion of Saints,' and I verily believe that God will not cast away any one that earnestly longs for it. But I don't think much of the future: once I felt that I was only fit for hell, now I do *not* feel I am fit for heaven; but I am

> 'Content, my Father, with Thy will,
> And quiet as a child!'

Present duties are enough for me; they fill up all my time and thoughts, and the more I can give myself lovingly to God, the more I feel the liberty with which Christ has made me free. At first I found virtue a slavery, though a very happy one.

"I don't know whether you will call this extravagant dreaming, but they are not the feelings of a moment. And I have suffered so much from concealment—secretiveness has been the bane of my soul—that I must make great efforts to conquer it. I have hitherto corresponded more freely with F., B., and H., than with you, and I don't think this is right, or showing fraternal affection: that I *would* show you, my dearest brother, in any way that I can. I would show it more than I have done—all my affections have been too selfish, and I want to improve in this as in other respects. But I must prepare to go in to Manchester to the meeting of ministers.

"December 15. Well, dearest R., you see I have not kept this letter for news, as I intended when I began, and must now fain continue in the same key. Your wishes and prayers for me went to my soul; and from what I have already said, you will see that much called up bitter thoughts to me. You have 'but little fear' for me! Ah! how little you know what slight temptations have overcome me—on what a tender thread my present virtuous feelings repose. Do not talk thus; do not look to me to carry on my father's work: he was pure and true. If God has blessed my labours, it only proves that the excellency

of the power is in Him, who maketh even the sins of man to praise Him. And I earnestly pray that I may be enabled to ascribe to Him all the glory. But it is hard striving against self; one would have thought that sin had at least taught me the lesson of humility. What shall I say to you, dearest brother? That I have the same feelings and hopes for you? No; for it might grieve you, as it did me. But let us each labour ourselves, and pray for a blessing on the labours of the other. This do I most fervently for thee."

In Dr. Martineau's "Hours of Thought,"* he shows how it is that, "strange as it may seem, it is not the guilty that know the most of guilt: it is the pure, the lofty, the faithful, that are for ever haunted by the sense of sin, and are compelled by it to throw themselves upon a love they never doubt, yet cannot claim. . . . Why are the prayers of prophets and the hymns of saintly souls so pathetic in their penitence, so full of the plaintive music of baffled aspiration, like the cry of some bird with broken wing? It is because to them the truly infinite nature of holiness has revealed itself, and reveals itself the more, the higher they rise." Whilst the service of the Church commences with the general confession of the worshippers as "miserable offenders," those who are about to partake of the Communion speak in stronger condemnation of their sins —"the burden of them is intolerable." The repetition of a form of contrition may be formal; but the letter we have quoted contains the outpourings of Philip's heart, and his private papers show that, while he spoke sternly of the sins of others, he was a still sterner judge of himself. Sometimes the sense of sin is awakened by chastisement, but often it is the light of heaven that reveals to us stains of earth. The next day he wrote to his sister: "I was picking up jewels on the Delectable Mountains yesterday, but now I am down in the dirt washing them."

He has referred to the Methodists. He afterwards said, "I attended a Wesleyan Mission meeting last Monday, and was, as usual, greatly edified. It quickens me up to home exertions.

* "The Finite and the Infinite in Human Nature," pp. 198, 199.

Some of the teetotalers who attend the chapel flocked up with great zeal to speak to me afterwards." On the first Sunday in 1843, he noted that, in the afternoon, Mr. Thomas (a "Christian" minister from Bury) preached for him, "though not a Unitarian; . . . it was very delightful to me;" and two Sundays after, he walked over to Bury after his services, and preached for Mr. Thomas ("my first time in a Trinitarian pulpit"). He found that one or two of his zealous Unitarian neighbours were much aggrieved with those whom they called Barkerites, and even attributed dishonest motives to himself and Mr. Howorth. Others, however, expressed their readiness to make similar exchanges; and, at a ministers' meeting, it was resolved to have an Anti-sectarian Unitarian tea-meeting—"the speeches to express freely the wants and tendencies of our body and the great universal principles of love, etc., and not the old story of Civil and Religious Liberty, etc. One of Mr. Tayler's great objects is to interest the working classes (who, he thinks, are now in a state ripe for all plans of improvement) by the great principles of which Unitarians are the especial stewards."

In February, 1843, he wrote to Mr. G. Buckton that, though he wanted an organ for the chapel, "it seemed almost wrong to spend money in luxuries in these starving times," and that he had no time for music. "I wonder whether I shall ever have time to do anything. I expect not. I shall always see before me such work in the world, in striving to bring sinners into the fold of Christ, that I shall not leave myself much time for 'music and dancing.' What are you doing in the good cause? Sunday School, I hope. Anything else? Just bestir yourself, and go into a few cottages, and see what is to be done. I used to think shells and music the happiest things going: I did not then know the joy of speaking words of peace to the afflicted. If you have only a small capital of time and inclination, you cannot put it out to greater interest than in the teetotal cause: Mrs. Lupton used to tell me so, and since I signed I have found it so."

In May, he visited his old home. He had written to his sister Mary: "I hope you will find me plenty of preaching

and lecturing to poor people to do. I'll hold forth to the Domestic Mission people, or children, or teetotalers, or anything. I don't want to be idle!" In the lecture-room built for his father, he gave his "first Peace lecture and spoke very plainly." At the teetotal meeting, after his address, thirteen signed, including his sister Mary; and in a few days his second sister, Anna, wrote her name in his book. She approved the part of the pledge forbidding members to offer intoxicants to others (as a beverage), for it was for the sake of others that she signed—not only of the poor, but of some whom drink was ruining among her acquaintance.

During this year he was engaged in editing his father's "Lectures on the Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement, or of Reconciliation through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." In Dr. Carpenter's reply to Archbishop Magee, 1820, he expressed his intention of publishing another volume on the Scripture doctrine of Redemption. This, however, he had never found time to complete. Philip compiled six lectures from fourteen which his father had written at different times, studying also his father's notes, "which cover twenty folio pages of shorthand, and contain an abstract of the works he consulted on the subject." He also added "a classified list of the principal texts bearing on the subject," which is of great value to those who wish to have a clear view of the teachings of Scripture. He concludes his Preface thus: "To those who are desirous of finding the way of redemption, and when they have found it, of walking in it with all their hearts; to the increasing number of true believers of every name who hold that 'faith which worketh by love;' this volume is dedicated by one whose desire it is to imitate the singleness of mind, the purity, and the spirituality of him who, 'by sanctity of life, as well as by force of reason, persuaded men to believe and to exemplify the truth as it is in Jesus.'" * He felt great satisfaction in devoting so much time and care to the study of this important subject, and to the completion of his father's work.

On September 20, 1843, after pleading with his friend

* From the inscription on Dr. Carpenter's monument.

Mr. G. Buckton that he should not discourage him from writing on the subject of temperance, he says that they had sold, within three months, eight thousand copies of Professor H. Ware's sermon, at Harvard College, U.S., on the Moral Principles of the Temperance Movement, about which, next to religion, he felt the deepest interest. He adds: "Now, I suppose I must tell you about myself. I take care not to let my people go to sleep with their eyes open. I often preach sermons which give offence, which does them good, and makes them think. I am a great advocate for stirring people up, and making them uncomfortable: it's the first step to improvement. My honeymoon is not past, so they will take from me now what they would not at another time, from an unaccountable fondness they have for me. The congregation is improving a little. I have got some poor people, and hope to get more. The school is nearly full, and pretty well supplied with teachers; but we are in sad want of a new room, and where the money is to come from I don't know. We are beginning to collect weekly subscriptions. I generally preach twice on a Sunday, and have three classes—of lads in the congregation, of old lads in the Sunday School, and of young female teachers. Also one, once a fortnight, on Saturday evening. Also preaching, once a fortnight, in Miss Mason's school-room. Also a meeting of the choir, to practise every Friday. This, with teetotal meetings, pretty well fills up my evenings.

"In teetotalism I have had some very heavy disappointments, but many encouragements. I often think of you that night at the Sugar Lane room. We are now promoted to the Mechanics' Institute. We have a branch society at Chapelfield, which has done immense good, and so altered the whole appearance of the village, that every one is now obliged to speak favourably of teetotalism. They have hired a room where they hold meetings twice a week; and have a Night and Sunday School, conducted entirely by working men. They also hold meetings, weekly, in Park Lane, Whitefield, and other places in the neighbourhood. We have also

made a branch society at Ringley, a very drunken place, on the way to Bolton. I went every week, and spoke in the open air. We have already got about fifty members, including three or four great drunkards, and a policeman who is very active. We now meet in two small rooms, and the speaker stands between them. I am going there to-night. Also we are forming a branch juvenile society, in our Sunday School, and have already got both superintendents and several teachers and children; so, you see, we are pretty lively. I feel it an *honour* to be connected with this band of mechanics, who are doing so much good. We have got over all the divinity students, except one, and several lays. . . . J. A. Nichols has introduced it into his mill and the Sunday School, and has been the means of reforming a young surgeon who was very clever and amiable, but through drink had been obliged to be separated from his family. This alone is enough to make him happy till death—and much longer. All Travers's class took the pledge from Father Mathew [who had visited Manchester that summer]. We had a festival at the Radcliffe wakes. The drinkers had *races* on the *Sunday*, and we had a perpetual camp-meeting all day. You would have been amused if you had seen me (after my own services were over) standing on a great show-place with pictures of great beasts, and stalls of fruit, etc., shouting like mad to the crowds of people. I took as a text Paul's spirit being stirred when he saw the whole city given to idolatry. The next day we had a procession and tea-party, Mr. E. Grundy from Bury in the chair. In the midst of all this, it is very painful to see those one loves still going on in drunkenness. In addition to all this work, I have a Latin pupil twice a week; and, after Christmas, I expect to have two young ladies three days a week. I have undertaken this that I might have some money for the school-room. I have very little time to write sermons, and often preach extempore in the afternoon."

A few weeks later, he writes: "I find 'there's no such thing as moderation,' as the teetotal advocates say; it is all an over-head-and-ears kind of world we live in. . . . When I got your

note, I was cramming for some lectures I am giving at the Mechanics', on mammalia, illustrated by the magic lantern. These are once a week, and take me oceans of time.* Next week we give our annual teetotal party. We shall have about sixty in two nights, which will fill our kitchen. Then, at Christmas, there will be a regular round of tea-parties. We celebrate the jubilee of our Sunday-School Teetotal Society (fifty members) with a magic lantern exhibition." This he repeated at the New Jerusalem School; he had much sympathy with the minister there, the Rev. James Boys, and with Dr. Bayley, then of Accrington. Some of the principles of the New Church were very congenial to him, especially in later life.

He wrote me a very long and interesting letter for my birthday, in which he again dwells on the evils arising from a solitary life: "The little habits one gets into by being by one's self seem of no consequence, and yet insensibly affect the mind. I don't say that there is not a danger of the same thing in company, but it is more easy to fight against it. People's minds differ: I can only say, for myself, that I made very little spiritual progress while I brooded about myself; I have certainly made much more, on the whole, since I tried to get into the other plan. Travers says the same; and ever since I have known him and watched the development of his mind and my own, I have found that, though young in judgment, he has always been in advance of me in spiritual things. . . . I believe that the brooding and the self-condemning are a necessary part of our earlier discipline; but they are a part of the slavery of fear, which perfect love must cast out. . . . What is called meditation is to me the most difficult thing of any. It is extremely difficult for me to keep my mind on the stretch on any one subject for long together; whereas I can go about calling, hour after hour, and be scarcely tired. You all seem to err greatly in considering me over-active. It is one of the evils that bad habits at college have entailed on me, that I have not the sprightliness of

* He tells me that, as he is "horribly ignorant about beasts," his lectures require a good deal of preparation. "It's all very well for a change; and, of course, I like it very much, as I do whatever I undertake."

mind and body that S. has, and that I had by nature; and I accordingly get through very little work, and should live in a constant state of self-reproach, if I had not left that off, as being sinful. I am in hopes that the great variety of employments I shall now be having will make me more active and lively. . . . I talk slow, I eat slow, I think slow; when I try to talk fast (as *e.g.* last night, at the lecture, when I had too much matter), I bungle and can't get out the words. [He expresses his desire not to think so much of results, as how to sow the seed in the right way.] Rules will not do any good. I think nothing but constant reliance on God, and observation, will do it. I find more practical good to be derived from attending to one or two cases, on which I spend most of my thoughts and prayers, than taking a cursory view of a great many. . . . I feel a particular interest in young men, who, I think, are going through the same state of mind that I have done." He ends thus: "My heart's best affection is with thee: we know each other but in part: but there will come a day when we shall know as we are known. We must live mostly for others here. In heaven we shall have more time for that dear interchange of thought and affection which will be one of its chief enjoyments. I am happy now, and I hope that you are too; but then will be fulness of joy and the pleasures of love for evermore."

In his next letter, he described one of the cases that had interested him. After conducting both services at Bury, he lectured in the school-room, when he "had the great delight of giving the pledge to a father, three sons, and two daughters: the father and one son had been great drunkards. They are High Church and Tories." The son had signed before, and had relapsed, and kept out of Philip's way; "however, at last I caught him, and have been at work at him ever since. . . . For weeks together I could hardly drive him out of my thoughts." What he had said to the youth "kept haunting him" in his evil courses; at length he yielded to Philip's importunity. "His look of affection when we meet is very encouraging to me."

This year ended on a Sunday, and the next day he wrote to his sister Mary: "Yesterday was rather a long day of nineteen and a half hours, including about thirteen of tongue-work. My morning sermon was on 'proxies,' from Acts xvi. 37. I showed first how people did bad things by proxy, and tried to shift off responsibility; instancing hanging and war, which I called murdering by proxy, to Mr. P.'s astonishment, who seemed rather fidgety at the sermon; cheating by proxy, *e.g.* . . .; and also the tricks of trade, which seemed to astonish the people very much: they don't like those things to be known. Also getting drunk, and telling lies, and defaming people's character by proxy. I showed that people do not do nice things by proxy—eat, live in fine houses, spend money, etc., by proxy. I then had up those that try to do good things by proxy . . . concluding by showing how people try to save their souls by proxy—and drew a picture of all the proxies of the year, sending back their responsibilities on the persons who sent them.* In the afternoon I preached Henry Ware's 'Duty of Improvement;' the people were very attentive. At the teachers' meeting I concluded with an address, in which I felt much myself, and made them do the same. We agreed henceforth to carry on the school on the voluntary principle,† and I think we begin the year with good prospects. I then went down to R. T.'s, and then to the F.'s, where was J. H. from Rawtenstall. They are going on well there, and several have signed since I was there. We talked much about prayer meetings, and then they had their usual service, after which J. H. and I offered prayer, which seemed a refreshment to all our spirits. I then went to the 'watch night,' for the purpose of spending the five minutes before twelve in Quaker worship [stillness] and singing 'Come, let us anew.' The rest, including the groanings that *were* uttered, but cannot be described, was not to my taste, though I can bear with it now, which I

* He enters in his journal, "Had my doubts on the expediency of preaching it; but believe it was right and true, and felt great comfort in the delivery."

† The superintendent had previously been paid: the sum thus saved was devoted to the Building Fund.

could not once. I got back to bed at 1.30; and, after six hours' sleep, got up again and walked to Radcliffe on business before breakfast, calling on all the people by the way to wish them Happy New Years. Some I caught in bed; one was having some drink, so he seemed ashamed. To-day, I have been singing over my tunes and your hymns, and am now going to a teetotal tea-party at Bury." This proved as large and as successful as the one already described; and he had an interesting walk home with a mechanic who belonged to a family that used to earn £10 a week regularly, but was kept poor through drink.

He had gradually arrived at a conviction which two years before he had thought a "fad," and which he was aware would still seem so to others, viz. that he could not, in remembrance of Christ, drink that which led multitudes to forsake Christ; so of the Lord's Supper (January, 1844), he records: "Found it my duty to refuse taking the wine. I stopped some little time in prayer, and made a very few remarks about doing it in the spirit." At the end of the month he preached on the subject, but with some discomfort: "I think I am right, but when every one is against me, one can't but suspect one's self. However, I hope, at any rate, it can do no harm, and I don't think it can." The next Sunday he writes: "We used the unfermented wine for the first time, to my great delight and comfort." This was in accordance with the following resolution, that had been passed unanimously, January 31: "That since it appears that some members of the Stand Religious Society have a conscientious objection to the use of fermented wine at the Lord's Supper, it is expedient that the unfermented wine be henceforth employed in that ordinance."

On January 14, "there was an evening service, at the request of the teetotalers; and F. Howorth was invited to preach. The chapel looked so pretty outside, lighted up; and a great deal more beautiful inside, for there was a noble gathering of persons from every congregation in the neighbourhood, and several Secularists. The chapel was very full, and we had to put benches in the aisle. We often see large congregations

gathered together for a doctrinal subject; but it was *far* more delightful to see them coming on a great practical question—one which perhaps, more than any other, affects the welfare of thousands and tens of thousands. There were a great many, now consistent Christians and teachers in Sunday Schools, who had been notorious drunkards. It is enough to inspire any one with joy. The singing was very beautiful—no shouting; but every one seemed to be putting his whole soul into it, and that was the richest harmony. F. H. and I sat in the pulpit together. I gave out the hymns in two lines, and read the lesson, and offered the last prayer. Most of our people were out, including some of the greatest opposers. The sermon was very affecting and impressive. . . . S. and I agreed that if we had been moderate drinkers, it would have made us excessively unhappy. The people would take it from F. H. better than from me, and I feel a relief of conscience that the truth has been told them. Oh, what a blessed cause it is, that unites together people of all parties in such a Christian work! Our tea-party seems to have given unusual pleasure and satisfaction—the friends from Manchester and Bury were quite delighted: and, what is more, a great many who before were prejudiced, thinking us a moping set, are now quite favourable; and some of the worse drunkards have signed the pledge."

He then stated why he did not sign an Anti-slavery Address from the Unitarian ministers to their brethren in America. "I gave it all the consideration I could, and talked to F. H., S. C., J. J. T., and others about it, and we all agreed. I do not think it calculated to do good. We know how they took the Irish Address, and I think this would only aggravate them more, instead of making them think; and if it would not do good, we have no right to send it. I do not see that as a body the Unitarians have taken such a stand in the unpopular reforms of the day in England as to give them a right to lecture, across the Atlantic, their brethren who have been much more forward than they in temperance, peace, education, and the like. I think we have beams in our own eyes. How-

ever, notwithstanding this, if I thought the address would do good, *I* could have signed it, feeling in myself that I was trying to do right in my own country, and also feeling that I should be ready to receive a rebuke back again. An address of *sympathy* with the *Abolitionists* I (and all the ministers hereabouts) would have signed at once." He added that he did not approve of an address exclusively from Unitarians. He objected more and more to religious parties and sectarian names. "All hold the brotherhood of man, which is the great doctrine that opposes slavery."

On Good Friday he preached before a Unitarian association at Rawtenstall (where he had preached the school sermons and given a temperance lecture the year before). Travers Madge was with him. His sermon was extempore, from "Disciples called Christians;" "first telling them that I belonged to no association: had great liberty, and continued about fifty minutes." The following month, he walked over and preached to them the "faith which worketh by love;" and then walked eight miles over the hills to Padiham—"a most magnificent country: I was in perfect ecstasies. The temperance lecture in the evening was to have been in the chapel; but they wished it to be in the open air, so I consented. We got a nice place with walls to shelter from the wind, and I spoke for about an hour and a half. They were very attentive. A Chartist got up afterwards to oppose me, but I set him down very nicely, and made him shake hands with me. On Sunday morning we had a prayer-meeting from seven to eight; then breakfast; then the children and teachers walked through the town—this was necessary, as the Orthodox denied that there were so many. Then I addressed them at some length: after dinner, talked with the people; then afternoon service; then tea and talk; then evening service. I caused one of the old ministers* to take part in the afternoon

* Messrs. Robinson and Pollard were the devoted lay-preachers at the "Nazareth Chapel." A minister, then one of the congregation, remembers the objection which Philip modestly felt to *heading* the procession of the schools. The spontaneous tokens of regard for others, and disregard of

service, and the other in the evening. They have some families with great knowledge and taste for music, so that, except at York Minster, I don't know when I have heard the mass-music better performed than there.

"After service, walked back to Rawtenstall over the same lovely country, with Venus, and the new moon, and the last tints of sunset; having interesting conversation all the way. I got a little hoarse with speaking louder than necessary on Saturday (I have not yet learnt how to manage the voice in the open air), and this made it necessary to exert myself very much on the Sunday to overcome it; so that I am tolerably hoarse this morning, but nothing else, and I feel very fresh, and not at all Mondayish, though I have walked from Rawtenstall after an early breakfast." He was very desirous that we should enjoy together what had given him so much delight, so I agreed to preach the school sermons at Rawtenstall that summer; and in the previous week we walked to Stonyhurst, Mitton, and Padiham, where we looked, not in vain, for the hospitality of his musical friend, Mr. Holland. The zealous people thought it would be quite a scandal if two preachers should be in the town without any preaching; so the bellman was sent round, and in our walking dress we united in a service: Philip extemporizing his "*proxy*" sermon.

He was entirely in his element at anniversaries: the crowded assemblage for an unsectarian and benevolent object, the hearty and carefully practised singing, and the sight of the children ("I feel more pleasure at looking round at boys' faces than anything else") called forth all his powers and best affections. This year he visited Kidderminster. He was very nervous at preaching to the congregation to which his father and mother had belonged in their youth,* and his mother was one of his hearers. To her it was a most interesting day; the

himself, left a lasting impression. His sermons were on the "Wedding garment"—how it is to be woven; and the "Joy in heaven." He notes, "Felt great delight in pleading for Christ."

* A gentleman who knew his family, a churchman, came intending to give £1, but was so much delighted that he wrote a cheque for £20 on the page of a hymn-book. He felt such pleasure in his generosity that he made the same gift to this and other schools in subsequent years.

chapel was thronged, and the vestry was filled with nurses and children. She wrote: "The people, notwithstanding the intense heat, were very attentive. I did not see one sleeper among them, or one who appeared tired at the end of the two hours' service."

In the autumn he went to Nottingham, where the minister was the beloved and respected Benjamin Carpenter, his father's cousin; and he greatly enjoyed meeting Sir Charles Fellowes, who, among other interesting particulars of his great work in Asia Minor, told him what scandal was caused there by the drinking habits of Christians. Philip gave a teetotal lecture at a Primitive Methodist chapel, which was attended by many of the High Pavement congregation; he urged no one to sign, but to read and to study, and to think a great deal, as they would on any other important subject.

At Nottingham he met his brother, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who returned with him to Stand; and then they went together to the British Association, which was meeting again in York, where it had originated (1831): on the tickets was printed, "Antiquam exquirite matrem." He was glad of the opportunity to see a good deal of his brother, and to hear his paper on his discoveries, by means of the microscope, as to the structure of fossils, which were exciting great interest in the scientific world: the large illustrations, drawn by his sister Anna, were much admired. The week was one of intense and varied delight, and he gives a very graphic description of it, with notes on some of the papers and discussions, in a closely written letter of fifty pages, which went the round of his family and friends. A visit to York was in itself a great pleasure. He entered the city by moonlight, and observed "all the houses and streets with great complacency; one feasts one's eyes with the bricks and stones as if they were pearls, and trots about from one side of the street to another, like children jumping over streams." He and some old fellow-students enjoyed a row in the old four-oar. The Minster occupied much of his leisure time, and he had the pleasure of taking his brother to the organ-loft. Dr. Camidge, who was said to consider the

Minster a case for his organ, showed off the beautiful combinations and fancy stops in a long voluntary for their edification. Only one-third of this wonderful instrument was visible, the pedal-organ being distributed within the screen and behind the stalls.

The event of the meeting which caused most talk was a paper by the Dean of York in the Geological Section, which he afterwards published with the title, "The Bible defended against the British Association." This was cut up most unmercifully by the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, who exposed his mistakes amidst roars of laughter. At the concluding meeting, Professor Sedgwick said, "If a word escaped my lips that gave *unnecessary* offence, I am sorry for it, but I would not blink the language of truth for fear of giving offence. It has been substantially a good and noble meeting—many young members coming up to fill our places. Subjects which were matters of dispute, five or six years ago, are now settled principles. The disputed points are only the outer waves of the great ocean of science. For high generalizations no meeting has been better than this. . . . It is not true that we have sacrificed one jot of severe or stern truth because the ladies have come among us. We show our gratitude to them by doing our duty just the same! . . The highest exaltation of science is compatible with humility and the entire absence of selfishness. The progress of truth is the progress of that which brings man nearer to God." The Dean's attack called forth from others the utterance of many noble sentiments that would else have been dormant. Apart from the benefit of meeting and hearing the illustrious leaders in science, he found it instructive to attend the discussions, and to note the different way in which some, who were not used to contradiction, met the criticisms on their views.

On Sunday, Philip went to the old chapel, singing by the side of his brother, who presided at the organ, and listening to an appropriate discourse by the Rev. J. J. Tayler. Mr. Wellbeloved asked him to preach in the evening: "When I told him I had brought no sermons, he asked, 'Why not?' so I said, 'I thought my place was in the organ-loft.' So he replied, 'Oh,

I had much rather have heard your own organ.'" Mr. Tayler preached a most beautiful sermon on "The importance of faith, as the moving principle of all efforts for the improvement of society." In the afternoon, Philip had gone to the Minster, and was extremely struck, as he had been as a student, with the wonderful way in which the "Creation" was rendered. "Mr. Taylor [p. 20] read the service, so we had everything in perfection, and when the curtain was drawn up, the sun was shining through the gorgeous west window; and to see thousands of people walking up and down the nave, all enjoying the scene, while the organ was rolling, was truly delightful. The Dean of Ely [Dr. Peacock, the President] was standing by himself, looking most earnestly at it. N.B.—He had been sitting next to the Dean of York:—the Bible and the British Association reconciled! Not so reconciled, however, but that the Minster bells, which had been ringing most merrily at the beginning of the time, in honour of the Association, shut their mouths after the Dean had read his paper, and did not open them again except on Sunday! . . . [On Wednesday] I took an affectionate farewell of the Minster, which seems like a dear friend. Dr. Robinson said . . . that the architect was moved by more than poetry—it was inspiration. We commune with God through His works, and I do not see why we should not read the works of man as well as his books. . . . The Dean, when preaching at the opening after the restoration, said he regretted the divisions among Christians, and wished the Church could so enlarge its terms of communion that all the Christians in York might come together and worship in it: and such a time may yet come. Christ worshipped and taught in the Temple, and why should not we? The feelings raised by devotional music are not the highest, but they are valuable helps. I should like there to be music at certain times of the day; and at another time, for simple men to get up and preach in the nave. It is so singular to compare York with Manchester. The Minster is king of the former, and exercises a gentle, steady influence; while Manchester is like a boiling caldron, and no one knows when anything will settle."

Captain (Sir John) Ross was at York, and Philip wrote to know his opinion as to the use of spirits in cold climates, and received his testimony that "the less that is taken, the better." He called on a surgeon who ridiculed teetotalism at the Medical School, and wrote: "I took an opportunity to tell him what water has done for me; and how I had not been ill since he doctored me last—for I attribute all my health to sponging and anti-stimulants: I think I never was a year without some illness before." He also spoke at a teetotal meeting, "feeling pleased at the opportunity of teetotalizing in old York." On leaving the railway station, "on leaning out to take an affectionate farewell of the Minster, my travelling cap and old rowing handkerchief went back to wish it, and the river, good-bye for me; which I thought very considerate of them. I accordingly travelled afterwards without a hat, which, as it was a very strong, cold head-wind, and the carriages were open,* was a source of wonder to my fellow-travellers. But I explained with great zeal that cold-water people could do anything, and I got no harm from it whatever."

In his "Annual Statement" at the congregational tea-meeting this year, he alludes to the death of his venerable friend, Mr. Philips, of the Park, during the previous summer: "He was universally respected and beloved among us. His life was an example (singular, alas! in his high station) of the absence of a worldly and a selfish spirit; it was spent in good works, and closed in perfect peace.† The richest legacy he has left to us is the manifestation of a gentle, an honest, and a pious spirit; and I pray earnestly that we may all be led by it to walk more closely in the ways of God." He thus refers to the Dissenters' Chapels Act, intended to secure Unitarians and others in the inheritance of property fettered by no doctrinal trusts (the Courts having held that, since it was illegal, before 1813, to deny the doctrine of the Trinity, Unitarians could have no

* The third-class carriages had no covering in the early times, and even many second-class carriages were open at the sides, above the doors. Through life, he often walked with his hat in his hand.

† During Mr. Philips's last hours, Philip, at his wish, played some of the sacred music which he loved on the organ at the Park.

legal title to chapels, etc., founded before that year):—"The principal public object in which we have been engaged was the promotion of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill, in behalf of which three petitions, numerously signed, were sent from this congregation [one being from the schools], and one containing upwards of five hundred signatures from friends in the neighbourhood, not belonging to our Religious Society. It is a great cause of thankfulness that we may now worship in peace in the house of our fathers without molestation from without." One result of this was the subscription of £170 towards the erection of a new school-room. After referring to the means of usefulness connected with the congregation, he mentions a Monday-evening service (at Miss Mason's house) for the poor, in which he had been assisted by the Independent and Swedenborgian ministers. "With respect to my own labours, I have made altogether 1057 and received 351 visits, the majority of which are among our own people. I have conducted upwards of ninety class meetings, besides my regular business in the Sunday School. I have also delivered about seventy lectures and addresses on temperance, peace, and other subjects; this includes a course of lectures on the mammalia. Notwithstanding the apparent number of these engagements, I have to reproach myself for much waste of time and neglect of pastoral duty: but I hope that, as I increase in experience, I shall increase in the power and the will to do right; and that you will bear with me in my youth, and continue to me that kind confidence which you have hitherto so generally reposed in me. But, my friends, I can do nothing for you unless you yourselves resolve to follow God, and to be led by Him. None of us can succeed in our efforts to do good, or to increase in holiness, unless we pray for His assistance, and give ourselves fully to His service. In our labours for the welfare of others, let us not despond; but (to use the words of Matthew Henry) hope the best, expect [prepare for] the worst, and then take what God sends."

On December 8 he preached (extempore) two sermons at Todmorden, on "The duty of Christians to assist in the

reformation of drunkards," and on "Drinking customs opposed to the Gospel of Christ." He notes, "The first time I had been engaged to preach teetotal sermons; lectured the night before on the 'Physiological Effects of Alcohol;' . . . was about sixty minutes in the morning, and fifty in the afternoon: followed the scheme pretty much, and felt that I had delivered my soul in preaching as I did. God preserve me."

The next Sunday (preaching from "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou") he referred to the great sanitary movement, to which he subsequently devoted so much of his best powers: "I was very much impressed with the subject, in consequence of reading the Report of the Commissioners on Health of Towns, which I hope you will all get, and Dr. Howard's report of the causes of disease in Manchester. It seems almost impossible that anything but pollution should come from such physical and moral sinks; and yet Christian people punish the offenders and denounce the sins, without taking any steps to remedy the evil. It seems to me as if hardly any are free from fault. I catch myself in it, especially with regard to disagreeable beggars. I finished extempore, and was very warm about it, and longer than usual. The oppressive closeness (commonly called comfortable warmth) of the chapel in the afternoons, together with a head not the clearest from previous work, forces me into unusual warmth, to avoid excessive dulness—so dependent are we on physical causes for spiritual elevation. . . . S. is now writing on beside me; she writes and does everything so fast, I cannot keep pace with her at all. I do less work than she, and am more tired with what I do. I have been in a general state of requiring more rest than I used to, for some time past, and quietly resign myself to my fate. I am thankful to say, however, that I am not conscious of having gone back in spiritual things, but rather, I hope, the contrary; though I seem to be doing very little for my people, or for the salvation of souls, and am not working earnestly at any particular case. Is this because the cases at which I have laboured most have turned out ill? I fear this has something to do with it. I think God does not

intend me to be directly instrumental in saving souls, because I am not holy enough for this most honourable work; and that my province is a more general one, to help on and encourage others, and gradually enlighten the mind. I don't at all despond, however, or allow distrustful thoughts to stay with me. I have had plenty (not too much) of discipline since I came here to teach me to labour in faith; only I sometimes fear as I enter into the cloud. . . . But hope on, hope ever. I live more in hope than I used, and feel more the blessedness of the hope of heaven. Baxter has done me great good. If we meet there, we shall have plenty of time to talk over everything, and to do everything, and 'languor will no more oppress.'"

A feeling that he did too little for the spiritual welfare of the congregation led him, at the close of the year, to write a "Letter to the young men of the Stand Congregation and Sunday School," which he printed for distribution among them. He desires that each should anxiously inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" and reminds them that "every day we are either preparing for heaven, or wandering further from it." He gives them some very faithful warnings against besetting sins, especially unchastity; and quotes what his father says (in his "Practical Remarks to Young Men"), that "in thousands of cases the first step to ruin has been the indulging in impure conversation." He then dwells on the helps towards living a Christian life. "Do you think," he asks me, "that it savours of domestic interference, Puseyism, and priestcraft? —— says it does. He wrote me a letter about it, kindly worded; and I am glad he told me: it was straightforward. F. H. has asked for a hundred to distribute among his people, so *he* does not think so." In many cases he had reason to believe that his earnest appeals did good, though sometimes they stimulated opposition; and he had the grief of finding that the stress he had laid on abstinence from the fermented wine at the Lord's Supper led others to insist on its use. After the annual meeting I find the entry, "Used the fermented wine again: I did not partake, but handed it round without saying anything."

The contrast between his views and those of the Puseyites was made very apparent by the conduct of a young clergyman who had just settled at Stand. He writes, "Last Tuesday I had a small adventure with the curate. There was a great church tea-party, and as it was given out to be a public one, I proceeded to go. However, Mr. C. politely asked me at the door not to go in; whereat I gave my ticket to some one and walked off, satisfied that I had 'done the civil thing,' and should henceforth have a good answer to him whenever he asked me why I did not come to church. His conduct has not 'given great satisfaction' in the neighbourhood, and on Saturday the good man called to semi-apologize, and seemed surprised that I took it so quietly. He thinks me his great rival, and that I have no business to go anywhere; that it is a dreadful sin for any unepiscopated person to preach, and that religion consists in being baptized, going to Church, and taking the sacrament. His high Puseyitical notions don't suit well with his disposition, which is very open, affable, and pleasing. The anti-dissenting part of the church-people like him very much. It's such an easy way to damn all the Dissenters in a lump."

The Catholic Church, on the eve of Good Friday, commemorates the anniversary of the washing of the disciples' feet, as described by John; but the Rev. H. Hawkes, of Portsmouth, drew the attention of his Denomination to the peculiar suitableness of hallowing that evening as the anniversary of the Lord's Supper. Philip accorded in this view, and now commenced the practice, which he continued at Warrington. He showed forth the Lord's death with his friends in the house where he conducted his week-night service, and read with them the Gospel narratives of that night of nights.

Fresh efforts were made this year to seek and to save the lost. A Temperance Institute was established at Besses, with a reading-room, lectures on scientific subjects and temperance, and day, night, and Sunday schools; and on Sunday evenings he, and preachers of various Denominations, conducted a religious service, addressing many who used to spend the day

in drunkenness and idleness. His sister opened two sewing-schools in the neighbourhood, and was gaining, on a small scale, the experience which was so useful at Warrington; and the interest she took in her scholars, and the visits she paid at their homes, often brought the parents to the chapel.

In May Philip preached the school sermons at Newchurch, another of the primitive Rossendale congregations. He was intensely affected by the morning prayer-meeting, the people's hearts having been deeply touched by the recent death of "Emmanuel, their favourite teacher." He preached, "What do ye more than others?" "The collection was their largest, without any begging. . . . The people throw out no obscure hints of clubbing together, for me to labour among the three congregations; but at present I dwell among my own people, and wish to do so, as long as they wish me, and give me liberty. When a balmy, warm day comes, I think of the cold north and my own sunny fatherland, like the lady in 'Strife and Peace' [Miss Bremer's]. But I love these dear people, where the Spirit of God has made its temple, and feel that the few years I may have of life must be devoted to God's work in this powerful district—powerful for good or bad. . . . Dearest mother, if it be the Lord's will, we must meet, and I must seek from you new light in my course. I had rather give up Cambridge than that. I feel that I 'tread upon enchanted ground;' but the day of trial does not last for ever. I don't know what I am; I have altered, and am altering, so much. I fear it is not always for the better; but we are all in safe hands, if only we are faithful. Our dear Travers was preaching for me yesterday: he will go through many trials and suffer much; but I believe it will perfect him, for never yet did I know a youth who had so unreservedly given himself to the service of God."

He intensely enjoyed the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, where he met his brother, Dr. W. B. Carpenter: they had rooms at Corpus Christi College. He wrote an account of his visit, addressed "Dear people all, and future self—for it is to be returned to me, please," filling thirty-eight closely written pages, accompanied with engravings of the

different colleges. He quite appreciated the privileges from which he had been excluded as a Dissenter; yet his heart told him that his present position was better for him. He was glad to hear his brother's paper and the discussion upon it, and also to have "a good bout at chemistry," which he was teaching some of his pupils. Among the attractions of that meeting were Professor Boutigny's experiments, to show why liquids do not touch substances heated to a certain point, and therefore do not evaporate. He made a crucible red-hot, and poured into it some liquid sulphurous acid; into this he immersed a phial of water, which was instantly hard frozen; he "took out the ice, and held it up in his hand some minutes before it was all melted. . . . I wonder whether some persons who will not believe miracles, on the very best testimony, would believe that water could be frozen in red-hot vessels, on my word." A paper by Sir R. I. Murchison on the geology of Russia called forth a very eloquent speech from Dean (Bishop) Wilberforce, who showed how weak was the faith of a man who dared not follow truth, lest truth should make him deny his religion: this is the faith which opposed Copernicus and persecuted Galileo. "My fixed belief," said Dr. Wilberforce, "is that Christianity is the nursing mother of all true philosophy, because man, unenlightened by revelation, would never dare to look Nature in the face, and compel her to disclose her secrets." He also dwelt on the peaceful tendencies of science: Murchison, an old soldier, had been exploring Russia to learn its natural gifts, and common ties were strengthened by these meetings. Sedgwick, who followed him, prolonged this strain, and declared war to be the greatest calamity.

Philip made acquaintance with the most celebrated college chapels, and copied some of the chants that most suited him. On the Sunday he attended the services at Trinity and King's before breakfast; then heard an excellent sermon at the Baptist Chapel; dined on a twist (the cost of his dinners averaged less than sixpence!), and went again to King's College Chapel —"the grand afternoon service, which might be called a religious soirée. . . . The choir was filled immediately, and the rest

of the people walked about the nave *all the time*, music or no music, prayer or no prayer, talking or laughing quite loud. It was worse than in a cathedral, because if they had been quiet, they could have heard every word of the prayers and scriptures. There were none of the οἱ πολλοι to witness their disgrace, that's one comfort. They were pretty still when the anthem began. It was that most lovely one, 'Praise the Lord,' Mozart, and begins with the most exquisite solo that poor T. H. used to sing at York. . . Alas! as soon as it was ended, they began to talk as badly as before. I wonder what kind of idea these persons had of divine service! We then went our favourite walk through the groves, and got at five o'clock to St. John's Chapel, where I wanted to hear the organ, and look at the beautiful picture of the Descent from the Cross, while they were chanting those very wicked, cursing psalms, and reading the long Goliath chapter; . . . then we went to Great St. Mary's to hear Dean Wilberforce. We had the psalms and lessons inflicted upon us all over again, and I was pained to look round on the people, and see them all repeating it piously, as if it was gospel." He "never heard (however) a more beautiful or Christian sermon," and wrote an interesting account of it: "You see, after my five previous services, they had left the good wine until the sixth."

He did not forget his Sunday School, in the midst of his engagements, but wrote a letter to the superintendent (Mr. G. Fletcher) to be read to the children. He tells them that the philosophers can teach nothing better than Jesus.

This summer he met with a disappointment in relation to an attachment which he had cherished from childhood, and which had become peculiarly intense; though it was not till some years had passed that he felt he must abandon his hopes.

Another trial awaited him. His report to the annual tea-meeting in October (1845) shows that in no year were his labours more abundant; but he was aware that on many matters of great practical importance there was little sympathy between him and Mr. Mark Philips (then M.P. for Manchester), the leading member of the Stand congregation. He had declined

overtures from other societies, and considered himself bound to Stand for five years; but that term was drawing to a close. Just at this time, his friend the Rev. T. Hincks was moving to Exeter from Warrington, and the congregation there renewed an invitation which they had made on a previous vacancy. The three Rossendale congregations were very anxious that he should divide his time among them; he was also asked to become the secretary of a Town's Improvement Company—to carry out sanitary reforms: in these he was now engaged with Mr. P. H. Holland, going in three or four days a week to Manchester, often lecturing at night, and walking home after it. He wrote to his mother, giving all the *pros* and *cons* for these various plans, on which he had consulted a great many friends. Before deciding, however, he thought it best to inform Mr. Mark Philips of the Warrington invitation, who, in his friendly reply, candidly said, "Your views on many subjects are much more enthusiastic than ours at Stand, and I really believe you will find at Warrington a wider field than here for the propagation of your own ideas, very sincerely maintained by yourself, but not perhaps equally cherished by some amongst us."

It certainly was an attraction to Warrington that the invitation was unanimous, although the congregation there was well acquainted with his "enthusiastic views." He wrote, however, to his friend, Mr. R. Allen: "I perceive that your congregation calls itself by the name of 'Unitarian Christian.' When I was invited to become the minister of the Stand congregation, they called themselves 'Presbyterians,' and my principles are entirely those of the English Presbyterian Dissenters; although I had rather that all distinctive names were given up, and that we were content to be known simply as the disciples of Christ. There may appear to you very little difference between the two names—'Unitarian' and 'Presbyterian;' but *to my mind these terms embody a great principle* the *former* implying the belief in a *certain system of religious opinions*, as necessary to Church fellowship; the *latter* asserting *the right of any member of the Church to search freely after the*

truth, and to hold and teach whatever appears to him the revealed will of God. As your society was (if I mistake not) one of the old Presbyterian congregations, it is probable that you agree with me in principle, although we differ in name. And if you allow me full liberty to teach the religion of Christ as a spiritual influence, irrespective of sectarian distinctions, I shall feel pleasure in becoming your minister. But without that liberty, I could neither be faithful nor useful among you. The views to which I have alluded you will find developed in the services at my ordination at Stand, to portions of which I beg respectfully to direct your attention. And I will add, that the statement I then made of my religious opinions, brief and comprehensive as it is, was objected to in 'The Christian Teacher,' on the ground that no expression of opinions ought to be required, or even desired, from a minister of the Gospel." The congregation acceded to his request with such unanimity, that he had no plea for not accepting the invitation, though he did it with "fear and trembling," and wrote to a friend, "My heart was with the Churches in Rossendale, and I longed to be freed from the trammels of worldly respectability."

Among those whom he consulted was the Rev. James Martineau, his visit to whom interested him deeply. Mr. Martineau had just published "The Bible and the Child," which at that time greatly discomposed most Unitarian ministers; "though he was inundated with letters of thanks from persons of all classes, particularly schoolmasters, and even clergymen." "I reverence," writes Philip, "this faithful preaching, even though I may not always agree with his views." During most of his ministry, Philip expressed himself with equal plainness as to those parts of the Old Testament that, in their obvious meaning, do not accord with the spirit of Christ. "Though rather orthodox in my own views," he says to another friend, "I have great sympathy with the 'new lights,' and very little with the dogmatic Unitarians." In writing to Mr. Martineau to announce his decision, he says, "I hope that, like the mist this morning, the sun may break out: and that I may be useful yet in my new locality. I do not ask to be happy; I know I

shall be quite as happy as is good for me, and I am generally most at peace when I am not happy. . . . I am quite sorry to have been so selfish, and taken up so much of your time and thought with my own affairs; but I felt that it did not concern me alone, else I should not have done it, and my conversation with you did more to settle my mind, and to remove objections from Warrington, than anything else; and I now look forward with extreme delight to being so near you. My interview with the children seems to have given me a new, fresh life, and they come like guardian angels to me, when I am tempted to despond. My best love to them."

Miss M. E. Martineau (July 11, 1877) thus describes the impression that he made on her: "I was deeply touched by the news of your brother's death, and it seemed to bring back to me all that early time, when he used to come and stay with us, and so won all our hearts, that, at least with the elder ones of us, he has kept his place there ever since, in spite of years of separation. There was something in his presence and in his character that made him a delightful companion to children, and at the same time gave him a powerful influence over them for good. It seems to me that he stood in a peculiar relation to us children,—half playfellow and half *elder* friend; but somehow he so threw himself into our life, and made himself so much like one of ourselves, that we almost forgot to think of him as a *man;* and he certainly encouraged our familiarity, for he would not let us call him anything but 'Philip.' Looking back on our intercourse with him, it seems to me one of the brightest spots in our happy early life. I think he had that most happy power of drawing out the *best* in children's minds and dispositions, which belongs only to such a pure and simple character as his; and he entered with such sympathy into our tastes and pursuits, as to encourage all that was good in these, and give a fresh impulse to them. I remember this especially in relation to Russell's study of shells —to which I think your brother gave the first impulse, or, at any rate, the greatest help and encouragement. His love for my brother Herbert was most remarkable, and I am sure Herbert

returned his love, as far as a mere child could. In those early days we were too young for any due appreciation of your brother's beautiful character, but he made a deep impression on us, and the real appreciation came later."

Keenly as he felt his approaching removal from Stand, he had acted for what he believed to be for the advantage of the congregation, and took for granted that an important portion of them would accord in the views expressed by Mr. Philips; but he found that many who had freely criticized him could not bear to part with him. Among these was the Rev. Arthur Dean, formerly minister of Stand Chapel, who had often disapproved of his extempore sermons, and his various departures from the old ways, but recognized the good his young successor had done, and expressed the greatest interest in his labours. Philip's influence was widely felt in the neighbourhood, and even those whom he sometimes wounded saw that it would be a scandal not to ask him to remain among them. He received a unanimous invitation from a congregational meeting to become their settled minister. It was not in his power to accept it; but he thanked them most affectionately for the kindness they had shown him, and added, "It is my hope and earnest prayer that you may receive the services of one more able (I can hardly say more willing) to advance the cause of Christian truth and holiness; one who may avoid the errors into which I may have fallen, and carry out such of our plans as tend to do good; one who will conciliate prejudices, overcome difficulties, and be the means of leading many souls to Christ." It was very gratifying to him that, when they proceeded to elect a minister, they chose a zealous teetotaler; though unfortunately he could not accept their call.

He heard of other instances, in which young ministers had given offence through their outspoken zeal; among them his neighbour the curate: and he wrote as follows to a Bristol friend, a young clergyman (March 7, 1846): "Our young curate has got into the same trouble that I have done. I think I told you a little about him, and his bigotry against Dissenters, and his Puseyism. The incumbent wants to get into favour

with the rich Dissenters, and hook them in, and he knows that Mr. C.'s ways will prevent it; so he has resolved to turn him off, and has written to the Bishop, making an especial charge against him for his violence against Dissenters, though he was engaged for the express purpose of opposing our influence. . . . He also tried to prevent his getting another curacy in the neighbourhood. So, at Mr. C.'s request (for he has become excessively friendly with me of late, now we are brothers in misfortune, though he tells me I shall be damned), I wrote a letter to Mr. Crompton, who wished to engage him. In this I said that Mr. C. had certainly been very violent against us; but I thought him far more consistent with the doctrines of the Prayer-book than those who professed greater liberality. I praised him for his plain-speaking, zeal among the poor, etc., and said that though opposed in doctrine, he had always treated me in the kindest manner. Mr. Crompton went to the Bishop armed with this letter and another; but the Bishop would not read either. So the congregation signed a memorial in his favour, with about six hundred names; and some arbitrators between the two parties decided that it should be sent to the Bishop. And they got me to write another letter, in which I spoke in the same way as before; and also said that as I mixed very much with the working classes, and knew their feelings, I could state from experience that, before Mr. C. came, almost all looked on the church as an engine of the State for the benefit of the rich; but that Mr. C. had shown them that there was at least *one* clergyman determined to do his duty; and said that though we were opposed on one point, yet we were each desirous of teaching men to live soberly, etc. (Titus ii. 12–14). This gave great delight to the leading church-folks, who before were very bitter against me; so if it does no more good, it has at any rate removed prejudice. It's a new thing for a no-creedian parson to be recommending a Puseyite clergyman to the Bishop, is it not? Well, dear Charles, I meet you daily at the throne of grace, and if we could daguerreotype thoughts with the sunshine of love, you would be inundated with letters from me."

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they would take from me what they would not from another, since every one thinks that I am going because the rich did not like me. It is true some of the worst said afterwards that I was paid by the masters to keep the men quiet; but the bulk knew that I had no interest to serve, and would hear some wholesome truths that they are not in the habit of hearing. And yet I spoke quite as plainly as I wished of the masters, and have eased my conscience. . . . It is lamentable to see how a large part of the working classes are at the mercy of demagogues and unionists: they distrust plain doctrine as much as the rich do. Only the thinking part among them produce truly noble characters, who shine in great contrast to the masters in this neighbourhood. The second lecture was worse attended, partly because it was Simnel (mid-Lent) Sunday; the people there were very attentive, and particularly interested in the account of Mr. Hollins's mill at Stockport, with which I closed. We had one of Mr. Greg's knights of the silver cross * present. I feel glad at having done what I can towards diffusing just views on this (here) most important question; for I am persuaded that the direct influence of Christian feeling is the only cure for these awful evils. . . .

"You would be entertained to see the scholars at dinner. No sooner do I give notice of the half-past twelve, than they scamper to the little room, bring out stools in a circle round the fire, and fall to. Some bring a pudding in a basin or tin, and eat it with a stick-knife; others, bread and meat; others, eggs and bread; now and then a black-pudding makes its appearance, with a nudge of bread, or a delicate omelette in a saucer. Then some have bottles of milk or treacle-beer; while others come to my water-jug with, 'Please, sir, may I sup?' I sit on an elevated stool, smiling benignly on my young family, and joking the greedy ones; and feed sometimes on currant-bread, sometimes on rice or oatmeal, or such other concoctions as the wonderful art of Susan suggests. Sometimes she gives me her company at this period, when I walk with her in the field or garden, eating *en chemin;* then I sometimes play a bit with the

* See "A Layman's Legacy: Samuel Greg," p. 330.

boys before work begins again, to the great scandal of Mr. Dean, who thinks that 'familiarity breeds contempt.' The boys are very fond of me, and I of them, but I have not yet got them into discipline. They have been so trained on the fear-of-beating system, that when that is removed they are destitute of moral sense, and it takes a long time in getting up a desire for right in boys that have neither bowels nor conscience! However, I don't despair; only give me time: and a little temporary disorder, if I can only succeed in arousing their consciences, is better than making them quiet under fear of the whip. They write letters once a week; and I set them once to tell me what I should do, to get the school in order. One recommended beating; one, separation; one, setting impositions; one, keeping them in; one, a very *good* Methodist lad, said, 'I do not think I can do better than quote the words of the inspired writer, "A rod for a fool's back," etc.' So I wrote him a terse answer, to the effect that Solomon's plan for teaching children was no rule for us; that Christ never beat boys, nor told us to beat them; that if he loved me he would behave well, because I wished it, etc. My plan is to keep them in, in play hours; and they like least of all to be kept in after three o'clock, till all the work is done. Then I keep the greatest sinners to the end, and always have succeeded in making them penitent before I go. I had a great stir with the arch-sinner yesterday, who, being clever, an only son, and one of the congregation, expects to have his own way, and I expect he won't. He was kept last, but was in a great rage, throwing his slates about, etc.; so I held him, and looked at him without moving a muscle for a few minutes, till he was quite softened, and then talked to him; and soon he was in a state of great penitence. Another boy, whom I had set some sums to do before he went, was in the sulks, and sat stupidly still. He would not move, nor answer me, nor do a figure, nor go to warm himself, though he was shivering and crying. A tremendous thunder-storm came; but he was immovable. I quietly went on with my work for upwards of an hour, when at last he said, 'Please, sir, there's a mouse!' Useful animal!

I immediately took up the strain, entered into an interesting conversation about mice, and very soon the sums were done, and he was as affectionate and penitent as possible. But I shall never stop if I tell you all the school gossip. When I get among boys, I always want to be a schoolmaster."

After referring to deaths in his congregation, he adds: "Monday brought the sad intelligence of Herbert's [Martineau's] death. I loved him as a brother, and wrote to him every week, I think, and I am so glad to find that these letters, and presents of shells, etc., were a great comfort to him. I think some of you sent a drawing which pleased him very much. I never knew such an angelic spirit in human form; day and night he has been in my thoughts and prayers, and his heavenly face and the expressive tones of his voice haunt me like an unearthly vision. I wish you could have heard him sing his favourite hymn, 'Thou who didst stoop below.' Except when our own father was removed, I never felt such a rending of my heart before. The feeling is as though heaven had been tabernacling on earth, and was taken back again; and if *I* feel it so, what must his parents suffer!" * Years after, he records that it had made a void which had never been filled. He kept Herbert's notes, and cherished his memory to the last. "I never knew" (he wrote in 1847) "such a boy as he was, so very pure and loving, and beautiful and holy: he seemed one of those angelic spirits that God sometimes sends down for a little time to show us that there really is a heaven."

The following are his impressions on hearing a lecture by Mr. George Dawson on "German Literature:"—"I was a little disappointed with his manner; there was not that

* Over his grave in the burial-ground of the Ancient Chapel, Toxteth Park, is this inscription:—

"O life too fair, upon thy brow
We saw the light where thou art now.
O death too sad, in thy deep shade
All but our sorrow seemed to fade.
O heaven too rich, not long detain
Thine exiles from the sight again."

eloquence of thought and diction that I expected, and his constant 'You knows,' when the people did not know at all, were somewhat disagreeable. His manner also was rather tame. But I was extremely interested in his views, which seemed to be exactly what I was trying to think myself, but couldn't: as though he could clothe in words my half-defined ideas, and dress them in purple and fine linen besides. I mean this of parts; when he got on the Kantian philosophy, he was too deep for me. I believe I am intended to be one of the mental hewers of wood and drawers of water. I shall never think out new things; but see clearly certain things, and explain them clearly. He gave Paley a well-merited castigation, and came out with glorious heresies, which evidently were responded to by the audience. Some young men near me seemed intoxicated with delight, as though they were thirsting for something more noble and true than their cut-and-dried theology."

About this time there was a party in the United States that seemed disposed to go to war with England, and the friends of peace were induced to send addresses on the subject to America. Philip wrote as follows to the editor of an American paper (April 15, 1846): "The Peace Addresses which have been forwarded to your country will show you the general feeling of our people. There are some who do not like their being sent, because they say that all our peaceful overtures only make the war-party think we are afraid, and wax more violent. But I should think that those who measure courage by brute force would have no mean idea of the valour of the English troops, after the late wholesale murders in India. It is wonderful to trace the rapid advances of the peace principle. You will, I hope, before this, have received in your country Mr. Wellbeloved's 'Memoir of Captain Thrush.'* He was the

* Thomas Thrush (born 1761, died 1843), when a retired post-captain in the navy, devoted himself to religious inquiries, and published some Unitarian works. His study of the Gospels led him to embrace the principles of peace, and in January, 1825, he resigned his commission (with its half-pay) in a Letter to the King. He felt that "it required more courage to write that letter than to fight a battle." Some of his later

first officer that ever resigned his commission on conscientious principles. I had the honour of knowing him, and a more pure and Christian spirit I never met. But his name was cast out as evil, because he was a heretic. However, the grain of mustard-seed was sown. The Peace Societies were formed, and now we see the fruit. Two years ago, the Manchester Peace Society thought they were doing a great deal in having a public tea-party at the Town Hall, and this year they hired the great Free Trade Hall, and had an attentive audience of many thousand persons.

"The difficulty which the Government experienced in obtaining recruits led to the horrible proposal to call out the militia, by ballot, for immediate service. But what was the result? The most enthusiastic meetings were held all over the country, and instead of gaining their ends, the military people soon found that they were injuring their cause; and they backed out of it. It was a new thing to hear the working classes declare that they would suffer the penalties, rather than have to fight, and forming themselves into militia clubs—*not* to provide substitutes, as was wont, but to support those who might be sent to prison! I think I shall never forget our Meeting at this little country place, which possesses a manufacturing population of 15,000. The most ultra peace principles were received with enthusiasm, and our petition * to the

works he printed himself, with a small press of his own invention, when sitting in his armchair and crippled with chronic rheumatism. Mr. and Mrs. Thrush lived at Harrogate, and in the season they often let their house and visited York. The Peace Society was established in 1816.

* "The humble petition [to the Commons] of the undersigned inhabitants of the townships of Radcliffe and Pilkington [with 1409 signatures] showeth:—

"That your Petitioners have heard, with the greatest astonishment and disapprobation, that it is the intention of the Government to call out the Militia.

"That, in the opinion of your Petitioners, to force men against their will to engage in any employment, however laudable, is a species of slavery; but to compel people to leave their homes and their peaceful occupations, in order to learn the trade of arms, is an outrage on the privileges of Englishmen and the rights of humanity.

"That such a measure would press with peculiar force upon the working classes of this country, and on the increasing number of those who deem the practice of warfare inconsistent with the Gospel of Christ,

legislature told them, respectfully, that we should not obey what we should regard as a wicked law. We rejoiced that we were in a country where we might speak our mind, no one making us afraid. . . . The cause of peace must go on. Your H. C. Wright * and the Hutchinson family, with whom we became friends immediately, and our J. Sturge and C. Dickens, and, last but not least, *Punch*, are doing a vast amount of good. The Free Trade movement, too, has worked a miracle in politics and in humanity. This manufacturing district is full of life and energy. Even the agriculturists have been stirred up by the League. Persons are beginning to see that Christianity is a practical religion. The sects are making abortive efforts after Christian union, which, being based on the principles of sectarianism, must fail and give birth to something better. Education, teetotalism, peace, anti-capital punishment, prison discipline, sanitary reform, short hours, and hosts of good movements, are getting on so fast that persons can't be quiet, wish they it ever so much."

The following extract from a letter to the Rev. R. C. Waterston, of Boston, U.S., relates to an effort to bring the Peace question before the Easter gathering (1846) of Sunday-school teachers in Lancashire and Cheshire:—"We have been much pleased with the answer to the Dukinfield Peace Address. It was F. Howorth's proposition to me at a previous meeting at Bury. I stirred him up to it, and we were deputed (he as representative of sixty Bury teachers, and I of forty Stand ones) to bring it forward. We had some difficulty. The chairman and some of the committee would

and are determined, at all hazards, neither to fight themselves, nor to hire substitutes for so doing.

"Your Petitioners, therefore, beg your Honourable House on no account to give sanction to any measure of the kind proposed; but to pass such laws, and to adopt such policy, as may, with the Divine blessing, effectually prevent the causes of war, and spread the blessings of peace, commerce, and prosperity among all the nations which compose the great brotherhood of man.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray."

* The author of "A Kiss for a Blow," etc., a zealous Abolitionist, had spent some years in this country, and was one of Philip's most intimate friends.

have it that it had nothing to do with Sunday-school instruction; that if they allowed it, it would be opening the door for teetotalism next year! We quietly said it would, and that we thought the question whether our children should grow up soldiers and drinkers, or peaceful, sober men, far more important than what are the best means of producing punctuality, etc. So afraid are people of real, practical, thoroughgoing Christianity, even amongst us! They refused to allow it at the meeting, and we refused to speak on any other subject; so they broke up the meeting early, and then let us hold another meeting for this purpose, and of course it was carried unanimously."

"I am sick," he wrote to Travers Madge, "of that cant, about infusing the spirit of Christianity in generalities, and then leaving it to teach us everything! Why, it is the practice of Christian acts that produces and strengthens the Christian spirit."

His principles were tested in another way, which was a far greater trial to him. The Stand teachers had all assembled to present him with a silver inkstand before he left. This seemed to him to give the lie to his preaching against luxury, etc., and he was obliged to excuse himself from meeting them, till he had given it full consideration. He wrote to me (June 12): "I can't explain to you all the circumstances about the silver inkstand: I had to act in this matter from what I believed to be my duty, though no one else saw it in the same light,* and it was the most painful thing I, perhaps, ever had to do; but they all seem reconciled to it now, and I have no doubt they will all have more pleasure in it afterwards. I put it to them at tea on Sunday night, whether I should still accept it, as a mark and remembrance of their kindness, on the understanding that I should not use it, or feel any particular pleasure in the possession of it; or whether they would let me exchange it for a microscope, which I should use to the glory of God, with the teachers and

* He afterwards found that he had the approval of Mr. Howorth and others.

scholars, and which would remind me of them, and of my evenings spent in the same way. I believe, though an extremely painful one, it will be a valuable lesson to both parties. . . . They would have given me a microscope, only they thought I had it long ago (it was William's, which he had lent me). William was at the tea last Sunday, and spoke very nicely, and materially assisted to make things comfortable. I happened to hear about the teetotalers before they had taken any steps; and I asked them to give it up, for this reason: it would have been a public thing, with praise, etc., all which I thought wrong, and to be avoided. Moreover, they were obliged to confess that they would not have done it to the poor advocates, who have worked much harder and done more." He afterwards said, "The affair of the microscope has, I think, ended well. They all seem quite delighted with it. During the last week I had several levées, and the people clearly saw that it would be a fund of constant interest and instruction . . . the most delightful memorial I could have of them. . . . I have a very strong faith that even things wrong in judgment, when performed not for our own glory, but from a sense of duty, will be sooner or later overruled for good."

The school anniversary, in May, was a very bright and happy day. The Rev. J. H. Thom preached, and Philip addressed the schools. He and his sister had made them a present of a harmonium; this he played for the first time in the chapel. The singing fully rewarded the great pains they had so long taken with it, and everything "gave satisfaction."

Before he left, he felt that he must once more warn the young against a besetting sin. Mr. W. H. Herford has mentioned how high Philip's standard of purity was at college. It was further raised, as his faith became more intense in Christ, who taught that sins cherished in the heart injured it as much as outward offences. The shame and guilt revealed to him when he sought out the lost and depraved, led him to look with greater horror on his own infirmities or (as he felt them) sins. He wrote very faithfully to some who had disgraced

themselves, but as one who was the more ashamed of himself, because no outward shame had befallen him; and he was also earnest in sustaining those who, like himself, strove to resist temptation. The Sunday but one before he left Stand, he gave a Sunday-evening lecture in the school-room, to young men, convened by private printed circulars, from the different schools and congregations. There were about eighty, very attentive; and he had reason to hope that good was done. In his pulpit journal he stated that he selected the hymns from Wesley's collection, and read many passages of Scripture. He and Mr. Howorth both engaged in prayer. "Felt it very humbling to give this address to young men, but I thought it right. About eighty to a hundred of all sects, and very attentive. I think not without fruit; but God humbles me very, very much."

On his last Sunday (June 22, 1846), he preached in the morning a sermon addressed to the consciences of his hearers and his own—"Christ's word will judge us" (John xii. 48). In the evening his discourse was extempore: "Armour of faith, hope, and love"—"not a farewell sermon, but a looking forward one. . . . no ebullition of feeling on either side, which I was anxious to avoid. God help us!"

His "private" pulpit journal, from which this quotation is made, contains a register of hymns, lessons, written prayers and sermons, with a few brief notes in shorthand, obviously intended for no eye but his own. They show how faithfully he judged himself. For some time he was liable to make occasional mistakes in the service, which would not be expected from one so methodical; but his feelings carried him away. He often notes the need he found of private prayer, that he might not think too much of himself or others. He had a humble opinion of his own capacity as a preacher; he disliked writing sermons, unless they were on subjects that deeply interested him; and he felt it desirable for the congregation that he should often avail himself of their consent to preach the sermons of others. During these five years, he preached fifty-two of his father's sermons, and about a hundred

of his brother's. He continued the practice at Warrington. At first he chiefly used his father's; but their long sentences did not suit his delivery, and he thought "the religious fulness of experience" in his writings was a little beyond most of his hearers. Sometimes the sermons he adopted did not treat the subject as he would have done, but "perhaps the better for that." He soon commenced extempore preaching,* and it had an effect on his style of writing; but, as some of his congregation did not like it, he rarely adopted it in the morning. Services like his were not often to be heard. In later life they had often more beauty and pathos, but he was always distinguished by his intense earnestness and depth of devotion. His action was graceful and impressive, and the hope that was in him gave him "great plainness of speech." God had given him "a feeling heart to declare His love." "The common people heard him gladly." What he said came home to their "business and bosoms;" now and then his friends were scandalized by the homeliness of his illustrations and appeals. He records of one of his sermons—"No man hath hired us"—that it was thought "not proper for a sermon. Is it so?" and he told me that "Aunt S. thought it the most horrid sermon she had ever heard; but she does not know how the congregation are living in the midst of it, and know its truth. I feel more and more the importance of striving to rouse the higher classes to a sense of their responsibility as to the state of the lower." The pulpit has become less conventional, and the sermon would scarcely now excite this criticism. It is said of an eminent preacher (Baxter?) that he spoke as a dying man to dying men. Philip often spoke as a sinner to sinners, little as his hearers might sometimes suspect it. After delivering his brother's sermon on the text, "All have sinned," he notes, "But have all been pardoned? Have I been?" When at Knutsford, "Some seem to have thought I was a reformed

* His facility in extemporizing was once put to an odd test. He had selected a sermon of his brother's, "He giveth His beloved sleep;" but it slipped under the foot-board, where he could not reach it, during the hymn before the sermon. He did not reveal his loss, but preached on the text, and delivered the written sermon on another occasion.

drunkard. I wish I was a reformed man. O God, save me from sin!" On another occasion: "It is certainly wonderful how merciful God is to me; it is for the sake of my father and my people."

He often notes a large attendance of strangers at the chapel. Once there was "a great company from Dukinfield," once "twenty from Newchurch, including a new-married couple"—it was their wedding excursion, to hear their favourite preacher; but there was no large accession of seat-holders, though there was a great increase in those whom he took under his pastoral charge. He introduced the minister whom he expected to be his successor to 240 families. Many of them did not regard the Stand chapel as being "for the likes of them," and at that time no special welcome was offered them. The chapel-keeper was in the choir; and once Philip, seeing from the pulpit some poor persons in the burial-ground, came down himself to usher them in!

His influence was not to be measured by the size of his congregation. He became "a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men" in that district. It was rare to find any one who so unreservedly strove to live out his Christian convictions, and showed their contrast with the customs of the world. Many of the neighbouring ministers criticized his ways, but they were often led by them to examine their own. The general esteem in which he was held is shown by the compliment paid him this summer by the Provinical Assembly.* His services excited attention wherever he preached. Sunday-school teachers † were especially drawn to him; at their meetings, his appeals stirred them "like the sound of a trumpet." The students at Manchester College felt the warmth of his sympa-

* The Provincial Assembly of Presbyterian (and Unitarian) Ministers of Lancashire and Cheshire dates from 1645; at their annual meeting, in June, they ballot for a "supporter," who conducts the devotional service the next year, and is the preacher in the year following. Philip asked to be excused attendance in 1847; but in 1848 he preached to a large and very attentive congregation at Gee Cross, "Quench not the spirit."

† At the request of the Bury teachers, he printed, just before leaving Stand, his sermon, "What do ye more than others? An Address to Christian Professors," which he had preached at several places.

thies and the influence of his zeal; especially those who visited him at his parsonage, and sometimes spent a Sunday there. Mr. W. H. Herford writes, "He then seemed to me to overdo the part of 'servant of all;' yet none of his friends could say that his general beneficence deadened his particular sympathies. When I used to go over to Stand from college, or he to come to a college meeting, his interest in old subjects was unimpaired, and his readiness to sympathize with any special matter which I might bring before him, was just as warm as though his days and nights had not been spent in doing whatever he thought ought to be done, and nobody else would do."

As a minister, he felt it specially incumbent on him to care little for money or station; and he was convinced that it was better to make mistakes, than to give way to wrong principles. To a friend who had heard an exaggerated account of his peculiarities, he wrote (March 7, 1846): "I have never wished to compel others to my way; I only want liberty for all classes. But some love fashion and custom more than freedom and love. To such I will give no subjection, but show them plainly that I think Christianity teaches differently. In the matter of dress, I do what other people wish, as no principle is involved. I wear black, cravats, and gown, etc. As far as people let me, I follow comfort and health; but I don't idolize even these things. The question of address is different, because it involves the principle of priestcraft. Like the one glass of wine, it is not an evil in itself, but in its connexions and consequences. I generally address other people as they wish, and let them address me as they wish; but I never take titles myself, and I try to show that I don't think myself *above* a working-man, or *below* a duke. As to mixing on familiar terms with all classes, I wish to be familiar with all *friends*, and respectful to all men. I have always been treated with respect by every one—by the poor perhaps more than by the rich; and I think a working-man who does his duty far more *respectable* than a wealthy man who does not: and I tell them so. I have more real friends at Stand among the

poor than the rich: and have far more pleasure in their society, because I can always converse with them on important subjects, without the restraints of formality which make visiting among great people a tax of duty rather than a pleasure to me. You must excuse so much about myself and my views. I am always glad to hear how they strike others, and feel the difficulties of the knowledge of duty quite enough to make me wish for advice from all quarters."

After leaving Stand, he wrote to his friend the Rev. Arthur Dean, to whose care he had entrusted engravings of his father and of the monument to him: "I am extremely glad to find that they were acceptable to the congregation. It will be a source of real pleasure to me to think that they can look at those memorials of one so truly good, so heavenly in his spirit, as my father. And if they connect the name with the remembrance of his son, I cannot but feel pleased with the remembrance, though the connexion is humbling to me. If the people have found anything to admire in my conduct, they know not what a faint imitation it is of the example under which I lived; and if they knew me better than any of them do, they would see how unworthy I am of the office which I hold, and the name I bear. While others have praised me, the praise has cut to my heart as the most stinging censure. . . . You seek to cheer me by the faith that no good effort is ever lost; I assure you it is to me a living faith. I feel quite able to commit to God everything I do in His service. But then the mourning is that so little is done in His service. I am humbled and surprised at the proofs of affection among my late people. Considering the numerous ways in which I have crossed their wishes, offended their prejudices, grazed their wounds, lashed their sloth, held them up to public censure, and in some instances been faithful in private reproof, it is amazing to me that they have borne so much * and loved so much. I

* "My plan," he wrote, "has always been to have everything out at the time, at any expense of pride or uncomfortableness, and I have always found it work well; so that I think I have made fewer enemies here than was to be expected, considering my mode of conduct."

hope I have not often prostituted what I thought my duty to God to the desire to secure their friendship; but certainly of earthly things I value their affection above anything else. . . . It was at Stand that I experienced the first fresh joy of a Christian life, and the unchilled warm burst of youthful hope, and my heart went forth, trustful of finding a ready response, and full of confidence in God."

CHAPTER IV.

MINISTRY AT WARRINGTON: 1846–1858. ÆT. 26–38.

WARRINGTON was classic ground when, from 1757 to 1783, it was the seat of an academy, or college, of which Drs. Priestley, John Taylor, Aiken, and Enfield, Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, and others were tutors, and where many who afterwards rose to eminence were students. John Howard resided here, to have Dr. Aiken's literary aid while he was preparing his work on prisons, which was printed in this town: he attended the Presbyterian meeting-house, some monuments in which bear testimony to this period of its history. It has been recently renovated, but in 1846 it was dingy and sepulchral; and the town and neighbourhood had few of those charms which Mrs. Barbauld has immortalized in her poetic "Invitation." Philip had never lived in so drunken or unhealthy a place, and that autumn the swampy fields and market-gardens smelt horribly from the potato disease. A new parsonage was to be built; but meanwhile he and his sister resided first in Academy Place, and afterwards in the Butter Market.

After the great strain of his last half-year at Stand and his removal, he ought to have had a complete holiday; but he only allowed himself "a parson's week" with his sisters and myself at Ambleside. So it is no wonder that he felt completely exhausted, and good for nothing but to "stupidize" and rest. He wrote to his friend Travers: "I really do not wonder that people become very bad; for I feel with you that it is not really religious motives, primarily that is, but the same perhaps

shadowed forth in love of friends, that keep me from a completely reprobate mind. . . . I never thought, three years ago, that I could have fallen as much as I have done. . . . I am preaching a historical religion; not what I feel now, but what I felt once, and therefore know to be true." Of this period, he afterwards wrote to him: "I asked God to chasten me very much in the way He thought best, and He has done so; . . . and I have seen His hand in it all." His heart knew its own bitterness, but he did not wish to dwell on it or record it. This half-year he made no remarks in his pulpit-record, and he discontinued his journal. "I am always sorry," he told his mother, "when a cloud gets daguerreotyped."

He was cheered at Warrington by having a new and spacious school-room, erected in the ministry of the Rev. F. Bishop (subsequently so efficient as minister to the poor at Liverpool), whose earnest temperance zeal had borne fruit in the large proportion of the scholars who were teetotalers. Philip had proved the great benefit of his music lessons, and he was anxious to procure a harmonium for the school. This led him to give some lectures, illustrated by the magic lantern, in the theatre, in connexion with the Mechanics' Institution, by which he raised about £6. There was a crowded attendance—low-priced and attractive lectures were a novelty; but he felt that his gallery audience would "take a season to lick it into shape!" He took a deep interest in a meeting of the Anti-Slavery League, at which F. Douglass and H. C. Wright were speakers. An effort was being made to induce the Free Church of Scotland to "send back the money" which they had received from American slaveholders.* "I devoted myself," he writes,

* H. C. Wright (Dublin, April 4, 1847) printed a letter to the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends in Ireland (who had accepted money from the Slave States, and declined £70 sent through Lord J. Russell, the proceeds of a special benefit at the Queen's Theatre): "Slaveholders or play-actors—which are the greater sinners?" Philip considered the committee "blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." He saw a difference, however, between the relief of the starving and the support of a Christian Church. In the first case, he would accept whatever help was offered, unless those who sent it took his acceptance of it as an approval of their practices, and a mark of fellowship.

"to keeping the gallery quiet, and to the Christian work of keeping the window open; to do which I was obliged to let the flap down and sit upon it, in the midst of the rush of air, and then to go and stand at the door on the cold flags for half an hour, holding the plate: and, strange to say, I did not catch cold."

The Belfast Sunday-School Association had offered a prize for an essay on religious education, etc., and he felt that he must accept this call to write down his thoughts. Travers would not write, because a prize was offered. Philip's disinterestedness showed itself in his urging as many to compete as possible: and in writing what he did not expect would please, on teetotalism, peace, and purity, and showing the entire inefficiency of mere institutions and plans of religious teaching without the living spirit in the teacher. The prize was not awarded him, but the committee asked leave to print his essay. By his wish his name did not appear. It is entitled "The True Object and Means of Sunday-School Instruction: being an Affectionate Address to Sunday-School Teachers, by One of Themselves." "I wrote it," he informed the secretary, "at a period of great mental languor, and did not succeed to my satisfaction at all. I had to sit up almost two whole nights. . . . The *thoughts*, however, are *matured*."

At the end of November he went to Liverpool for the opening of a temperance hall and sanitary work, and caught a violent cold, which was followed by a carbuncle and boils. A visit to Stand revived him, and he wrote home: "'I am in the way to be better,' as my father used to say;" but he had a relapse on returning to Warrington. He was disabled for more than a month, but on the first Sunday in 1847 he records: "Returned to my labour with great thankfulness, with mind refreshed, and, I hope, prepared for faithful work, and felt rejoiced to begin the year among my people." Warrington was now his home, and it became the scene of his most arduous exertions. This was the famine year. An interesting summary of its claims upon him is found in a letter (August 19, 1847, half-past four a.m.) to his friend R. Walsh in America:—

"I never knew such a winter and spring and summer, even in the bad times at Stand, and trust I never may again. Most of the mills stopped; one since November, another since January, others for two or three months, and the rest half-time. Only three mills are now going, and those but partially. Fustian-cutting not one-twelfth work; pin-making, ditto. Inundated with many thousands of starving Irish of the worst class,* determined not to work; food terribly high; fever much worse than the cholera. We have had more than twice the usual number of deaths; † large wooden sheds erected [for the sick]; and have now got so accustomed to see people with starving faces that one hardly thinks of it. You may trace them gradually getting thinner and thinner, and more and more sickly; things gradually pawned; credit gradually used up; hard-hearted relieving officer, and altogether a mass of misery. At the same time the file-cutters, etc., in good wages, and drinking hard as usual; the starving people often getting drunk when they can, just as before. We have had a soup-kitchen with regular visitation, dividing the town into districts. For a fortnight I did not sit down in my study. The rich people, for once, found the wretched ones out in their courts and hovels, and I cannot describe to you the stenches we meet. To go into the bed-room of an Irish lodging-house, with one or two ill of fever, and no windows open, walls and floor and everywhere reeking with filth! I have gone everywhere that duty called me, fearlessly and safely, thanks to our Father's protection. I have worked hard, and, having saved up a bit of money for times of pressure at Stand,‡ have been able to do some good. Susan has been more than a helper—a leader

* Irish of another description also visited Warrington. He wrote in July that his friend Mr. Robson was giving out post-office orders, one Sunday, to 104 Irish harvestmen.

† He wrote to another friend in June: "The Union surgeon has died of typhus fever, and four other officers are down with it. . . . We have set up a starving schoolmaster in a Ragged School, and must try to raise him 7*s.* or 8*s.* a week."

‡ He wrote to a friend, who asked him (not in vain) for a loan of £10, that he was spending much more than his income, which, at that time, was £80 less than he had at Stand.

in the town. She has freely spent her money, time, incessant labour,—cooking, doctoring, visiting, comforting, teaching—doing everything. I think it a great mercy that we were sent here when we were; for we have not only been useful ourselves, but have been able to stir up others. We have had a Day School for the unemployed boys and men, and an Industrial School for females, and both (especially the latter) have been of essential service. We are now beginning a Night School, and in three weeks got a hundred scholars, two-thirds of them *men*. I have stirred up their minds with lectures on the Christianity of Warrington, the drinking customs of W., the sanitary condition of W., and various outdoor temperance lectures. All have excited great attention. We have a Working Men's Sanitary Association: they go visiting two and two, and make reports of the town; we have nearly concluded a quarter of it. I am secretary. We have got a Juvenile Temperance Society in our school, and have meetings on Sunday evenings, and a Juvenile Peace Society. All this time I have had excellent health. We bathe every morning, wet and fine—have done for three months—set out at half-past five; and I am learning to swim. You can't think what an intense delight it is to me, and how much good it has done me, physically and morally."

As he has stated in this letter, he spoke the word in season from his pulpit. On February 21, he entered in his record that he preached extempore in the morning (a rare occurrence), "The true fast;" adding, "Brought a sermon of my father's; but so impressed by what I had seen in my visiting, and by a miserable Irish beggar-woman, who came in and crossed to the altar and knelt on the stones, that I gave an extempore address on our duties in reference to the distress." A month later, he preached on "Waste of fragments," which was so very plain in its illustrations, that his sister scarcely thought it "Sunday reading." * She, however, acted on its principle, and devoted herself to the preparation of nutritious food for the

* In his father's school-library, some books were lettered S.R., as being suitable for reading on Sundays.

poor. They promoted the use of Indian corn, etc., and barley puddings, which were a practical protest against the dreadful waste of barley—more than enough to feed the starving millions—by the distillers and brewers. A sermon on the "Gospel feast" had "an especial reference to outdoor preachings, showing how much more important they were than open-air political meetings." (An election was impending.) "As we three," he writes, "W. Robson, P. Rylands,* and I, all intend to have plenty of this work, I thought I had better silence their objections at the onset." He spoke that day, for half an hour, behind the Bridewell; and these open-air addresses continued, during his ministry, to be a very important means of usefulness.

Sanitary work occupied much of his time. The Association of which he was secretary was largely composed of working-men out of employment, who made a careful house-to-house visitation, filling up tables of particulars relating to the healthfulness of dwellings. Persons receiving relief were set to scour out the back streets and yards. The prevailing fever gave an impulse to their efforts, and they did their utmost to support Lord Morpeth's Health of Towns' Bill. Philip wrote to J. Wilson Patten, Esq., M.P. (Lord Winmarleigh), May 19, 1847: "I have great pleasure in accepting your offer to present our petitions for us, and am sending you eleven: one from the working-classes, signed by 4319 persons; one by all the Dissenting ministers, and nine from the members of the different Dissenting congregations; these, with petitions [previously sent] from ratepayers, from medical men, and from clergymen, make a total of fourteen petitions from this town, with 5119 signatures. The petition from the working-classes contains the names of almost all the adult working population. It is the largest ever sent from this town, and the facts contained in it are worth noticing." Philip was indignant with Lord John Russell's ministry for allowing the Bill to be shelved,† while they occupied themselves in making Manchester a

* Peter Rylands, Esq., now M.P. for Burnley, was then a frequent attendant at his chapel.

† A Public Health Act was, however, passed in 1848.

bishopric. To a Liberal, who objected to a resolution to this effect passed by the Association, he replied, "As we are not indebted to one party more than to another, we intend to continue, as we have begun, perfectly independent; and shall express our opinions fearlessly, although (we trust) with perfect good-will towards those who differ from us." Meanwhile they wished to use the powers conferred by the existing law, and gave valuable information to the municipal Nuisance Committee.* Many of his colleagues ceased to have the time, and some the will, to continue these labours, and for a long while they seemed of little avail. They bore fruit eventually, however, and some who are most earnest for the public health were first roused to action in that terrible time. A gentleman, who is a member of the municipal Sanitary Committee, then used to go about with a whitewash bucket, to do himself what he could not else get done. It was towards the close of this year (1847) that the Warrington Waterworks came into operation.

In the letter from which we have quoted, Philip speaks of learning to swim. There was a young man who had been a very regular attendant at the school for those out of work, in whom he took a great interest, and whom he found to be an accomplished swimmer. He got him to give him lessons, and describes the result in a letter (October 7, 1847) to his friend, Mr. W. H. Herford, who had been anxious respecting him: "I never was better in my life. I walk upright,† am fuller in the face, and my chest is grown much larger; stronger altogether, and in a healthy state of mind. This is to be attributed to my going to bed at ten and getting up at five, and spending all the before-breakfast time in air, water, and exercise. The event which has worked this radical change in my habits is learning to swim—an accomplishment I never expected to

* One of Philip's letters, June 7, describing various abominations, ends thus: "I shall be happy to accompany any gentleman to any of the above places at any time that may be convenient." Describing some "horribly stinking pigsties," he adds, "I suppose the owners think they have a right to poison themselves; but I doubt it."

† He says that when he came to Warrington he was described as "the parson who always walked with his head first!"

acquire: but thanks to intense perseverance, wet and fine, Sundays not excepted, I have so far overcome my natural awkwardness that I can swim about twenty or thirty yards at a time, can float a bit, and altogether have moderate confidence in a fairly depth of water.' Our bathing party has met at half-past five every morning: and we teach one another, somewhat in the German fashion, by swinging up at a turn-bridge. Of course, they have fallen away since the stormy weather began; but I have never been entirely without company, except on one morning. We have established a regular college, and give degrees according to proficiency. To take a Doctor, it is necessary to have saved some one from drowning, and taught some one to swim. . . . To take a Bachelor, they must swim across the broad part of the canal, turn, and come back without stopping, some forty yards. All grown-up persons who can't swim belong to the Awkward Squad, of whom I am president: lads that are learning are simply undergraduates. . . . On the first of this month we christened a new turn-bridge, by diving off the rails, five feet nine inches, which was a decent plunge for a squad: Our favourite place is a mill-stream which runs down a steep channel into a pond. We go in with the stream, swim across the deep part, and land in the shallow. There has lately been a flood, and such a stream! We jumped in from the wall, and shot off like wildfire. One of our doctors dived in from the top of the water-wheel. . . . On Sunday week, four persons were killed through drinking in Warrington: one hung himself; the others were out in a boat—three drunken men and two lads. They reeled about, capsized the boat, and the two lads and one man were drowned; the other two would have been also, but that my swimming-doctor plunged in and saved them. I preached about it last Sunday: chapel crowded: many went away."

He kept a memorandum of his bathes from November 1, 1847, to June 5, 1848, recording the place, the weather, and the temperature of the air and of the water. The mill-pond and the Sankey and Old Quay Canals were [illegible] resorts. He had his share of rain [illegible] winter

seemed very free from snow. Once the air was down to 22°, and the mill-pond was full of ice; but he never omitted his bathe. He kept up the practice for years, and considering that he frequently bathed in the dark, he was singularly free from accidents.

In a memorial pamphlet, printed at Warrington, one of Philip's old scholars writes: "He was indefatigable in teaching all who cared to learn, and he often spent from an hour to an hour and a half in a morning teaching swimming by means of a rope and belt at Buttermilk Bridge. On Sunday mornings, when the weather was fine and favourable, there would be hundreds bathing in the canal, and this gave him excellent opportunities of coming in contact with men whom he never would have reached in any other way. He had a kind and encouraging word for all, but was especially mindful of the younger ones, whom he was very fond of calling his young cubs. He must have encouraged thousands to acquire the art of swimming; and never had a case of drowning ending fatally, though there were two or three near escapes, arising from some of the bathers attempting more than they could perform. I have no doubt that the genial and truly English way of doing this won for him the genuine esteem of the working classes of Warrington, for they almost alone were his attendants, especially on Sunday mornings" (p. 12).

In a letter to his swimming-doctor, accompanying a present of Channing's works, he describes his advance in the art, and adds: "I cannot express to you the pleasure I feel even at this little matter; it has given me a new zest, and enabled me to persevere with spirit in work which otherwise would have overdone me: nor has it been without its moral uses. . . . It has furnished a pleasant theme for my imagination to run on, when the mind is unstrung from grave pursuits; and our morning walks and talks have been both healthy and profitable." In reference to his friend's moral struggles, he adds: "Don't be disheartened; just think how many scores of times I went down in learning to swim—or rather *should* have done, if you had not held me up. So now I must hold *your* head up; and when at first you don't succeed, Try, *Try*, TRY again!'"

He had himself to follow this advice in reference to the Industrial School. He and his friends had reported to the Relief Committee that it was desirable to establish one during the winter. They were defeated by the clergy; but the following copy of a printed letter, which Philip sent to his correspondents, shows what was done:—

"Warrington, 1847.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am very sorry that it has been quite out of my power to write to you before: and now, you see, I am writing, not with a pen, but with a compositor's stick. As this is my first effort in printing, you must excuse errors. My time is entirely taken up with managing the INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, which we have opened for the benefit of the unemployed factory operatives. Owing to the bigoted conduct of the clergy, who would not have reading or writing taught, we were not able to organize the school under the General Relief Fund. But our Mayor [Mr. Beaumont] (although a Churchman and a Conservative) handed me £50, and requested me to establish and superintend a school without 'benefit of clergy.' Of course I undertook it: and I have now about 150 boys and young men to look after, of whom seventy work at different trades. . . . They have their dinner, if they come in time; and many of them get nothing else in the day, unless we give them some Indian meal to take home, which we do as often as the donations we receive from friends will admit. I have also a night school with fifty young men to look after. I might be called the Town Nose, from my sanitary inquiries. Then there are all sorts of extras, too numerous to mention. All this in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties. So you will not expect to hear much from me. Notwithstanding town air and the work, I am very well; thanks to a good bathe in the country every morning. My sister is just as busy, with her Industrial School. If you can help us with orders, materials, or cash, we shall be very thankful.

"Yours faithfully,

"PHILIP P. CARPENTER."

In another circular he mentions that in the first five months of the Female Industrial School, 269 had been taught to sew, and a most beneficial influence had been exerted over them. To this school his sister Susan devoted herself. She had been an invalid for many years, before she went to live with him at Stand; but the bracing air there, and the mode of life, had restored her, and though she, like her brother, suffered greatly from the unhealthiness of Warrington, all her powers were called out by this emergency. She had been warned that with the lower class of female operatives nothing could be done: but she would not let herself be daunted, and her courage and tact, and the great interest she took in their welfare, were not lost upon them. She wrote: "Could we have been allowed to continue on the Sunday the good influences of the week, I feel satisfied that ten times the good would have been done. We see it in the Sunday scholars who attended the Industrial School. . . . I can do more in the hour and a half in which I 'stay in' with our Sunday School during chapel-time, than at any other time." She and Philip united in improving the singing, both in the school and the chapel; they not only taught many to sing correctly who had not known that they could sing at all, but they cultivated and refined their taste and feeling; and exercised due care, not only as to how they sang, but as to what they sang.

Philip's practical talent now did good service. As before mentioned (p. 9), he had learnt the rudiments of bookbinding, and had been familiar with the printer's office. The following account is from a paper in "The Helper" (1850), in which he recounts the origin of his "Oberlin Press" (so called after the philanthropist of the Ban de la Roche):—

"We began [the Industrial Schools] hastily with the means immediately within reach. Having some bookbinders' tools, we collected all our old books, and set several to work, mending, folding, sewing, etc. The younger ones made all the waste paper into *spills*, for lighting candles (not pipes!). All were under the schoolmaster's care half of their time. Soon we got an empty house for a workshop. In one room, a dozen book-

binders were assembled; in another, a dozen tailors; in another, a dozen shoemakers; in another, paper bags were made for grocers. At regular periods, these attended the school, and another set took their places at the workshop. The lads who came in tattered clothes, and could not afford to get them mended, visited the tailoring and shoemending rooms in turns, and came out well patched, and darned, and 'crapped.' All the pieces of old carpet we could muster were made into slippers; and the torn books from the cottagers were brought to the bookbinder's shop, and, having been 'fettled,' they made the commencement of many a good library.

"'But what has this to do with the Oberlin Press?' It happened, dear reader, that in the midst of these bad times an unexpected bonus was announced on some railway shares. Whereupon we thought what an excellent thing it would be to set some of these youths to printing; that they might learn to spell, and also print useful things to distribute among the scholars. Accordingly, our bonus was invested in a press, type, and furniture. And well we remember the delight with which we took the composing-stick in hand for the first time, and set up those beautiful lines:—

'I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty.
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.' *

Our press was a rickety old wooden instrument, and our type was worn, and none of us understood our business. However, the neighbouring printers were very kind in resolving our difficulties; and by dint of pains we managed to print many a useful paper, and even ventured on a book of "Songs of Progress and Affection for the People," † the first edition of which was sold off very speedily. By the time that the factories got to work again, and the school closed, one of our young men

* These lines were the heading of his printed letter, p. 106.

† To this he soon added a Supplement and "Songs of Health and Temperance," which at one time were much used by Bands of Hope, etc.

had so far improved, that though he was but a bad speller and grammarian (having had no education but that of a Sunday School, and not having so much as seen a press or a type three months before), he was able to set up a small tract, impose it, correct it, and work it off without assistance. He was a cotton-spinner by trade, but having been out of work seventeen consecutive months, through the stoppage of a factory, he was anxious to devote himself to some other business.* As we had found the press very useful, and hoped to make it still more so, we entered into a co-operative society with him and a few others who remained destitute of employment. We moved our machinery to some premises belonging to the Mechanics' Institution; got our press entered according to law; and set up for ourselves. Since that time we have exchanged our old press for a new Columbian; have obtained various additions of type; and have built Oberlin a new house.† We neither profess nor expect to rival practised, well-taught hands in our execution; but we hope that our work will be both *readable* and *read.* We hope that it will always be *worth* reading. Oberlin is glad of 'jobs;' but he will never print bills for publicans, or pawn-tickets, or puffs of tobacco, or anything else that (whether rightly or not) he deems injurious.

"There is said to be no rule without exceptions; and we hope that our good friends who belong to unions, and can show indentures, will consider this attempt of ours as one. We are not opposing the unions; but, under the extraordinary circumstances of the case, we had no power of seeking their protection. We have, indeed, served an apprenticeship to correcting proofs, of twenty years' standing; but we were never bound. The only indentures we can show are careful hands and willing hearts; and we belong to the blest and blessing union of those who are anxious to do good, who are anxious to be taught, and who are anxious to be faithful to the cause of Him who commanded us to 'work while it is day.'"

* Mr. John Howard is now "carrying on a nice little business, with a little money in hand," as a printer, etc., at Facit, near Rochdale.

† Over the committee-room of the Cairo Street School.

One of his first works was "Selections from the Psalms and other Religious Poetry, arranged for Chanting; with Responsive Services, etc." This met a want in some of our congregations, and in 1861 it had reached a third edition, which was stereotyped. Chanting was not as usual in Dissenting services as it has since become; he wrote a paper on it for "The Christian Reformer" (December, 1848), describing some common faults attending it, and giving excellent directions. He had always been much shocked and disgusted by expressions which occur even in some of the most beautiful psalms, which had often prevented his public use of them,* and he aimed to make his little book a help to *Christian* worship. In 1849 he printed his "Discourse on the Power of Faith," and two articles he had contributed to "Howitt's Journal"—"The Indirect Advantages arising from the Temperance Reformation," and "The Evils indirectly connected with it." He also obtained his sister Mary's permission to reprint (at Susan's risk) her "Meditations," for popular use; to which he added prayers, most of which she embodied in subsequent editions.† He also printed leaflets (Oberlin Tracts), which were written in a very familiar and pointed style, and were adapted for distribution at his outdoor meetings. One of these was on "Dirt," on which he lectured at the Bridge Foot.

This summer he gave, on successive Sunday afternoons, thirteen extempore discourses on the "Life of Dr. Channing," which had been just published. He writes: "They seem generally popular. We often end the Sundays with a walk to Buttermilk Bridge, to talk over some subject. We have been two evenings on your *saving* sermons; . . . we have from

* In after life he reconciled himself to these execrations by a mystical interpretation.

† Among the books he printed was "A Monotessaron, or the Gospel Records of the Life of Christ combined into One Narrative on the Basis of Dr. Carpenter's Apostolical Harmony." This was a work which he had much desired to prepare; but his brother undertook it, having then more time at his disposal. Philip took great interest in carrying it through the press. This was in 1851. In the following year he printed for his friend Miss E. Bright a series of "Extracts from the Reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, etc." (315 pages), in which a great deal of very valuable information and suggestion is collected under various heads.

twenty to forty young men on these occasions. . . . We are having a teetotal move at Town End, a rough part: the fruit partly of our chapel lectures and school meetings, and partly of our open-air Sunday-afternoon meetings. They have taken a room, and are beginning an adult Night and Sunday School. About fifty riotous young men signing causes a sensation. There is quite enough to encourage us, and quite enough horrid wickedness that we have no power over."

After Philip's death, there appeared a letter in "The Manchester Examiner," from one who said that he was now advanced in years, and wished to bear his testimony to a good man by whom his character was to some extent moulded:—"It was his pride and pleasure to gather together young men of promise, not for proselytizing purposes, but in order that he might influence them for good, mentally, morally, and I may add physically. A more tender teacher and friend no youth could have, and the value of his instruction and friendship was all the greater, seeing that it was 'without money and without price.' I was one of many young men who, while differing from him in politics or in religion, yet sat at his feet, and I cannot refrain from bearing testimony to his worth as a man and a Christian. His services in establishing an Industrial School in Warrington at a time of severe depression in trade merit more than a few lines in a letter; suffice it here to say that there must be many yet living who owe to him that they were plucked out of the gutter, as it were, and learnt trades, by means of which they could earn honest livelihoods, and more than that, who are indebted to him for the knowledge they possess of this world and the world to come."

Soon after Philip's school was opened, the clergy opened theirs; and altogether about eight hundred young persons of both sexes received instruction, and were partially fed. When they were closed, the working-men held a meeting, to which J. Fielden, Esq., M.P., the champion of the Ten Hours' Bill, was invited, at which they presented a testimonial to the rector * and to Philip: the rector had a medal; Philip,

* The Hon. and Rev. H. Powis, afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man: he died soon after Philip.

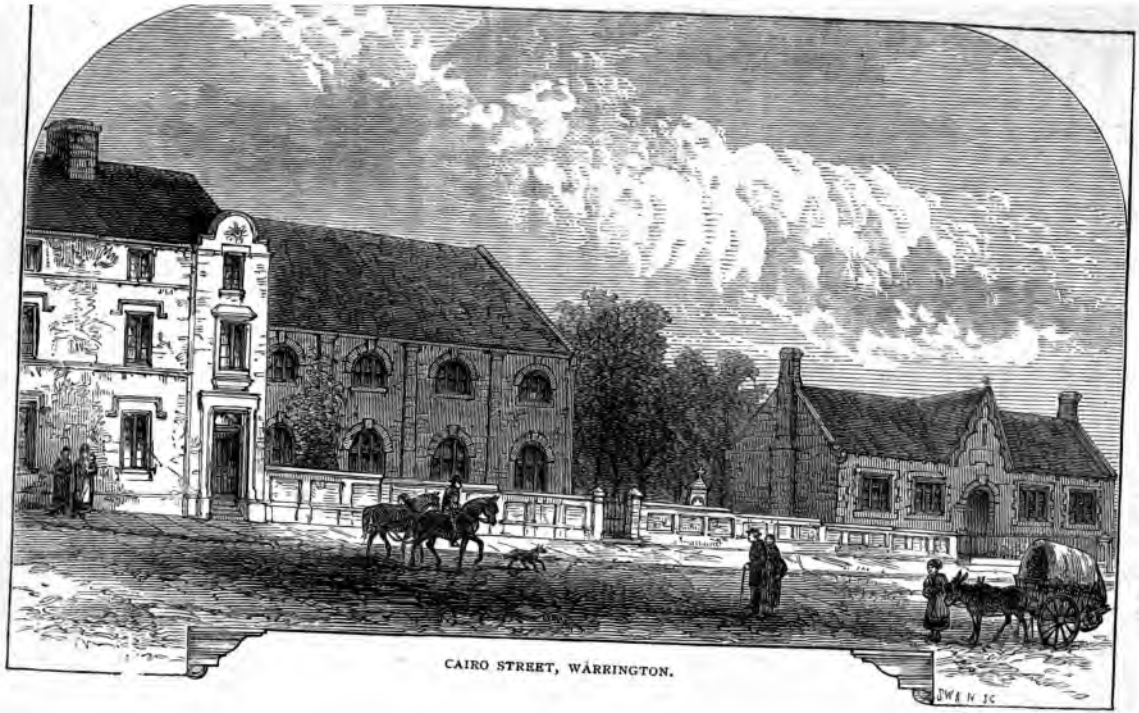
by request, a Bible. In his private pulpit-record he noted: "October 22. 'We are unprofitable servants' (Luke xvii. 10). As this was the first day of using the Bible given me by the factory people, I thought it a proper day for this sermon, which I had long intended to write."

He had added the instruction of private pupils to his other labours. These were checked in February, 1849, by an attack of illness, which kept him a month from his duties. He was restored by a visit to the water-cure establishment at Ben-Rhydding, and henceforth practised and recommended parts of the hydropathic treatment. On his way home, he visited his friend Mr. G. Buckton at Leeds, to whom he wrote (April 2): "My sister was waiting to receive me, and a whole bevy of Sunday scholars to bear off my bags and parcels in triumph. I have kept well since I came here: was just in time to christen a new bridge that had been made during my absence at our bathing-place, and am ordered by the doctor a dripping sheet in the afternoon. It was very pleasant to meet them all on Sunday: the school seemed in a most prosperous condition, and the congregation very fair. The new houses are up to the second story, and altogether all things seem prospering, especially the influx of the Irish and—the smells!"

Those houses were the parsonage and the adjoining house,* in the planning of which, for health and comfort, he had taken great interest. They faced a new street, Cairo Street, from which the congregation made a new entry to the burying-ground and chapel, formerly approached from Sankey Street. Unfortunately, in making these improvements, the trustees had not been duly consulted; and Philip had the first experience of those divisions which saddened his ministry.

This spring, I resigned my ministry at Bridgwater, where (for the previous year) I had declined accepting the rents from beer-houses on the chapel property, which excited some painful

* From want of space in the wood-engraving on the opposite page, most of the house adjoining the parsonage has been omitted, and the burial-ground (between the chapel and the school-room) has been shortened, which makes the school-room appear too small. The committee-room (over which was Philip's printing-office) is behind the school-room.



CAIRO STREET, WARRINGTON.

feeling, though it led the congregation to resolve no longer to let those houses for such a purpose. Philip took a deep interest in this controversy. After a visit to him, I went to America for a year's tour, early in August, and thus lost the opportunity of accompanying him and two of his pupils, at the end of that month, to the Peace Congress at Paris (1849), of which he wrote a very full description.

"All Folkestone was assembled to see us off, and a fine sight it really was to see two steamers, filled with some seven hundred people, crossing the waters, on a mission of peace to the land of our old enemies." At Boulogne they did not learn till too late that the French Government, for the first time, had given instructions that nothing belonging to the deputation should be opened at the Custom-House. He found that many of his companions were teetotalers, and he was glad to be of use to those who were less familiar with French than himself. The Hall of the National Assembly had been offered for the meeting at Paris, but it was not large enough; and from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred persons met in the Salle de St. Cécile, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Victor Hugo presided. Philip was very much interested with the appearance of the meeting, and with the varieties of French oratory. Messrs. Vincent and Miall made excellent speeches; and M. Coquerel, a member of the National Assembly, gave the substance of them in French. The next day was the anniversary of St. Bartholomew. Some one sent up a note to that effect to an eloquent curé who was speaking, but he made no reference to it. "Cobden made a good speech in French, and two blacks from America, who were very warmly received. Victor Hugo, in his winding-up speech, spoke splendidly in reference to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. We gave great hurrahs at the end, and the Frenchmen their bravos, and the great assembly of two thousand persons broke up. . . . [On Saturday] evening, the Ministre des Affaires Étrangeres gave a grand soirée by invitation. We went about eight o'clock, and were conducted through a suite of rooms to the room of state, grandly gilt and illuminated. . . . M. Coquerel kindly intro-

duced me to Madame ; she spoke English very well. . . . When the rooms were too full we turned out into the gardens, which were beautifully illuminated."

On Monday the Government invited them to a display of the fountains at Versailles and St. Cloud, which was said to have cost about £500, and to have been an honour previously accorded only to sovereigns. To the exhibition at St. Cloud none but the delegates were admitted. "The gardens are *à l'Anglaise* and very beautiful. We went through them three abreast, and enjoyed it intensely after the stiffness, dust, and crowding of Versailles. A jet about a hundred feet high, in the middle of the woods, pleased me most. Then came the grandest of all the sights. After the beautiful sunset tints in the woods, we descended by the light of torches to the bottom of the cascades. Here was a hill, perhaps sixty feet high, surrounded by trees, and completely covered by illuminated lamps arranged in steps ; then the water began to fall over them, and descended to the bottom. The effect was most magical, and when they burnt coloured lights, the shades on the trees, with the distant moon, were magnificent."

Although these compliments were paid to the Peace Congress, it was evident that the war-spirit was rampant. Ruins bore witness to the Revolution of the preceding year. On the Sunday the President had a grand review in the Champs de Mars. "I got quite sick," Philip wrote, "of military hospitals and barracks, and cannot imagine how France can bear it. The city was full of soldiers. The Luxembourg, Hotel de Ville, and numerous other public buildings are turned into barracks; and all the public honour and taste is directed to them."

He devoted himself with his usual energy to the various sights of Paris. He went to Père-la-Chaise on a Sunday, and was much interested with the simple inscriptions. Then "we left the rich people's part to see the humbler places. Here were small graves huddled close together; but each one covered with a garden, and having a black cross with inscription, and generally a number of yellow and white garlands, and

perhaps a praying child, or some other cast. The gardens were now getting thronged with people bringing their offerings to the tombs, tending the gardens, or promenading. But we were attracted to the *fosse commune*, to see how the common people are buried." Of this he gives a graphic account. One day he dined at a co-operative dining-room frequented by workmen, and was delighted to find it so clean and attractive, as well as so cheap. His love of beauty was gratified by the statues and paintings by the old masters at the Louvre, from which he hardly knew how to tear himself away; but his chief pleasures were the bathes in the Seine, and quiet times for meditation in the Church of the Madeleine, which had been recently built. "All the grandeur of the palaces appears tawdry; but this is magnificently rich without any cloy, and the intense beauty of the white marble statues, over the floor of inlaid coloured marbles, and covered by the porticoes of gilded marbles, with the rich steel altar-rails—in fact, everything about it perfectly entrances me. All appears to me in harmony with religious feelings." That which he most thoroughly enjoyed, and which he thought worth going to Paris to get, was an excursion to Fontainebleau, with a small party, of which he was conductor. The forest scenery was an intense delight to him, and songs and reading and congenial friends made him very happy. On their return journey, they fell in with an English engineer, who had been three years in Italy, part of the time in the army. He had commanded 140 men at Rome, of whom only fifty-eight survived the siege, and he gave them a vivid and awful description of the horrors of war.

On the way home, they stopped at Amiens to see the Cathedral, which was shown by a verger who had a real love for it, and managed to take them all round it, inside and out. They embarked next day from Boulogne. "The man bowed most politely, as I tendered my peace-ticket instead of a passport; and we took leave of France, and immediately began to reckon by halfpence!—some to be sick: how the wind did blow against the tide! but what cared I? I sat perched the whole time on the bowsprit, every wave splashing over the

deck, sometimes wet to the skin, and, as soon as the sun had dried me, wet again. I only wished it had been a day instead of two hours."

These journal letters were written in a very lively style: the two first of them are signed, "*Everybody's friend and brother;*" but his sensitive nature never allowed him much peace. On the first Sunday after his return, he records: "Was very much affected, and obliged to sit down and weep while they sang."

The coming winter was as busy as usual. "I am getting," he says, "into very comfortable writing order; and though I am doing nothing great, and attracting no particular notice, yet I hope that I am doing my duties better than at many former times—at any rate, with more peacefulness and calmness, though with more sense of humility. This has resulted from Port Royal as much as anything. I shall ask Mrs. Schimmelpenninck if she will let me print an abridgment, as her work is out of print." It was six years before this was accomplished; but the doctrine of self-abnegation, which the saints of Port Royal practised, was sinking deep into his heart. He began a cottage service this winter, and held the Sunday-evening service in the large school-room instead of the dilapidated chapel, which was then difficult of access in dark nights. Here he felt more at ease in a course of familiar lectures on "Customs"—Customs of Hospitality, of Smoking, of Drinking, and Theatrical Amusements. Notwithstanding his facility as a speaker, he carefully wrote these discourses. He also preached on "The true idea of a Christian Church," and on "Church membership," which he wished to revive.

In the summer of 1850, he went to Bristol to marry his sister Susan to his friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Robert Gaskell. He had to make new plans for his new home, and he resolved to receive two or three young friends of the working-class, who should pay him what their board would otherwise cost them. He and they took their meals together in the pleasant kitchen with his housekeeper (the first was the mother of one of his inmates). With his strong domestic

yearnings, it was a grief to us that he had not a family of his own around him; but, had it been so, there are many who would have lost a most valued means of improvement. Mr. Robson writes :—

"Another feature of Dr. Carpenter's moral character, and almost peculiar to himself, and to which Warrington is at this moment indebted for the existence of the White Cross Iron Works,* was the personal friendship he formed for young men in whom he discerned a desire for mental and moral improvement. For many years he had a succession of such living with him, on terms of social equality, in his own house. They worked at their trades, but lived and boarded with him, and in this way received influences from him which have borne wonderful fruit in after years. His untiring industry, his promptitude, his wonderful and never-failing punctuality, his perfect purity, his high-toned charity, and his warm and earnest heart wonderfully fitted him to influence and educate young people, as the event has shown" (Memorial, p. 8).

In the year 1850, Philip had to undergo a great disappointment in his sanitary labours. We have mentioned the rise of the Working Men's Health of Towns Association in 1847: in the following May, its first annual meeting was held in the Cairo Street school-room—"one of the largest and most influential ever held in Warrington;" and the Town Council petitioned for the Public Health Act, which was carried in the following session. The working-men naturally supposed that the Council would accede to their memorial, urging that immediate application should be made to put the town under the Act; but an amendment was carried, to await its working in other places. The Association again sent a memorial, probably in no measured terms; for Philip objected to parts of it, "on the ground that they appear to me to impugn the motives of certain parties mentioned by name. It is my conviction that though we may deal with the *actions* of men, we have no right to speak of the motives of which we may judge erroneously;" and at length, finding that he could not con-

* Mr. F. Monks, the first manager, had been one of his inmates.

scientiously endorse their opinions, he resigned his office of secretary. When the Town Council had entered on a new year of office, they unanimously agreed to "take the necessary steps, as soon as the required petition from the ratepayers shall have been presented." In accordance with an influential requisition, the Mayor summoned a public meeting in the Sessions House, at which, after discussion, an application for inquiry, in accordance with the Act, was carried *nem. con.* When the sanitary petition was sent round, however, opposition was aroused, and a memorial for another meeting was numerously signed, chiefly by shopkeepers in a street "the courts out of which are notorious for their filth and smells," by persons engaged in the sale of intoxicants, and by owners of cottage property which was scandalously deficient in the appliances of health and decency. The Oberlin Press set forth eight cogent reasons in support of the Act. These "alarmed the Drink-and-Dirt Interest, which accordingly hastily circulated the following entreaty:—'Ratepayers! Are you going to be gulled by the foolish tracts issued from the Oberlin Press? If not, attend the meeting to-night, and vote against the reckless expenditure of £20,000, which the Public Health Act will inflict upon you.'"

Long before the meeting commenced the Music Hall was crowded in every part. Liquor had been freely distributed in some quarters; and it was evident that there was "a violent determination to have no sewers, or anything else that would cost anything;—except indeed dirt, fever, cholera, consumption, etc., the tremendous cost of which, from their being used to it, they did not feel or believe." What much pained the health party was to find that some professed leaders of public opinion, who had previously helped them, now helped the obstructives, from their unwillingness "to force a thing on a reluctant community." The consistent friends of the Act were clamoured down: one of their former allies said, "How foolish it is for them to go on, when they must see the meeting will not hear them! They are doing a great deal of harm to their cause." P. P. Carpenter: "Not so much as those who speak in favour

at one meeting, and in a few weeks speak on the other side!" When the amendment was put, "the ignorant audience seemed scarcely to understand the routine of business, and were in doubt on which side they were to vote. Several cried out, 'Which is Carpenter's side?' They knew they were to vote against *him.* At length they were instructed in their work: and the motion for delaying the work of reform—*i.e.*, for continuing the reign of fever, sickness, and premature death —was carried by an overwhelming majority."

Philip printed a report of these proceedings in his little monthly publication, "The Helper;" and in subsequent numbers he gave in full his own address, only a small part of which he had been able to deliver, and other statements on the same side. Even at this distance of time, his powerful appeal seems full of life. He spoke with the authority of knowledge; adduced facts which there was no disputing; described the disgusting and dangerous condition of more than five hundred cottages, the property of requisitionists; and showed conclusively how much waste of money, as well as of health, arose from neglect. ("When shall we learn how cheap it is to *use* our money, and how dear to *waste* it?") He ends by saying, "Does this meeting mean to tell me that the working-classes do not desire the Act? If it be so, then I say that this is the last evidence of their degradation; that we have left them in such ignorance that they care not for their bodies, much less for their souls; and that their senses are so blunted with *constant* exposure to the evil, that at last they have ceased to be sensible of it:—like the American negroes, whose greatest mark of degradation is when they know not and desire not freedom. Fellow ratepayers! I* have no difficulty in coming to a vote to-night. I see a plain Christian duty; and I care not to ask what the cost to me may be. Whatever it be, I would pay it cheerfully. So long as I have money I should be ashamed to spend it on my own gratification, and refuse it to the very life of my brethren. . . . Your vote to-night will

* Some of those who had yielded to the popular clamour had expressed reluctance and difficulty in their altered course.

not decide the question. You may postpone the Act, but there are those who care for you, more than you care for yourselves. *We* are not supported by popularity in our labours; and we shall still work on, endeavouring to convince your reason and to rouse your better feelings. . . . Vote against the Act, and you support filth, indecency, intemperance, misery, irreligion. Vote for it, and you are preparing the way for true enjoyment, for self-respect, and for the purity of that body which is the temple of the Holy Spirit." He did indeed "still work on:" the knowledge and experience acquired at Warrington turned to good account at Montreal; and he, and those who like him cared for their fellow-townsmen more than they cared for themselves, did not persevere in vain. For many years previous to 1847, the average mortality in Warrington was 27 per thousand; the average for the five years ending December, 1877, is reduced to 24·3.* In 1847 it was 48: "the mortality of that terrible year rose from 599 to 1008; while in the districts outside the town it actually fell from 125 to 103."

We have more than once quoted from "The Helper:" this was a little periodical of about twenty pages, which he published every month, in 1850. He specially designed it for "young men and young women who are entering upon life with good resolves, and want *help* in directing and strengthening their principles." "Man has two hands. One of them he must lift up to heaven, that God's angels may strengthen him and lead him thitherward; with the other he must *help* onward his brother who is less favoured than himself. Unless he hold his hand to heaven, his brother will pull him back; unless he hold out his hand to his brother, God will not lead him on." Most of the little volume was his own writing; but there are five "Annals of the Poor," by the late Rev. Samuel Martin, the "Oberlin" of Trowbridge: his sister Mary (whose first reformatory publication, "Ragged Schools, by a Worker," is

* See the Report, for 1878, of the medical officer of health for Warrington. With the present population, this reduction of the rate implies the saving of a hundred lives a year; but this amount of success invites to further exertions.

reviewed) gives a lively account of a lecture on the air-pump at the Bristol Ragged School, by a blind gentleman (their friend Mr. S. Worsley, see p. 5); and he had other contributors. The outside pages he chiefly devoted to local matters, and to advertisements, on which the duty was not then repealed, and for which the terms were :—

	s.	*d.*
"The Queen's Profit for doing nothing	1	6
The Printer's charge for his work, per line	0	3"

From his record of Proceedings of Public Bodies, it would seem that Warrington was in many respects a progressive town: "The Town Museum and Library is remarkable as being the first and the only * institution of the kind established under the new Act." After describing its attractions, he adds, "And all this without any charge, except the paltry rate of $\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the pound, which amounts, in the case of most working-people, to the astonishing sum of $3d.$ or $4d.$ in the course of the year." A committee had also been formed to raise £2000 for baths and washhouses. When persons complained of being overburdened already, he referred to the public dinners of the civic authorities, and remarked, "Those people who were feasting, and who had plenty to eat and drink at home, consumed at one series of entertainments what might have been the mental, and to a great extent the bodily, food of sixty or seventy neglected children throughout the entire twelve months." He begins an article, "The Rest for the Dispensary," by saying, "The good people of Warrington have had three very good Mayors, each of whom has given them several extremely good dinners, which have cost a good many hundreds of pounds." They invited the Mayors to a dinner in return; and "it was agreed that 12*s.* 6*d.* should be paid to the inn-keeper for each man's dinner; but that 15*s.* should be charged for each man's ticket, the *rest* to go to the Dispensary." About one hundred persons sat down to dinner, including most of the principal burgesses; "a very bad example was set to the people, who are scolded enough by the 'higher classes' when

* He subsequently wrote, "in the manufacturing districts."

they spend their money foolishly in eating and drinking, and get drunk." When the accounts were made up, instead of about £12, "*the rest to the Dispensary* amounted to no less a sum than *eight shillings and sixpence!*"

Many of his articles were subsequently reprinted as leaflets —"Drink, but Remember," "Respectable Man-Killers," "Drinking as Medicine," "Have Christians a right to Smoke?" etc. (On the subject of smoking he felt and expressed himself very strongly, *e.g.* in his tracts "Don't poison my Air" and "Smokers beware." The latter was translated into Welsh, and made converts of most of the men at one of the quarries.) A friend, to whom some of these publications were sent, though he approved them on the whole, declined to circulate them: "By such brusque assaults on the indulgences of working-men, do we not utterly offend and alienate the best and most valuable of them?" This, however, was not the usual effect on those who knew how ardently the writer strove, not only for the highest welfare, but for the comfort and recreation of the working-classes, and how fearlessly impartial he was in his criticisms on those in higher stations. He wrote and spoke, not only fearlessly, but as one to whom it did not occur that there was anything to fear; and, with his intense faith in great principles, it was almost impossible to avoid what reads as sarcasm when he contrasted common practices with the teachings of the Gospel. There are many useful and lively papers on the minor morals—"Scolding," "Rude Manners," "Fops," "Time enough," "The Streets," etc.; and he prints the substance of his "Proxy" sermon (p. 61). He commences "The Divine Service of Hanging, in St. Paul's Cathedral" by saying, "If people would carry out principles to their consequences, the bad ones would be seen to be bad, and would be avoided." If the Old Testament was quoted to defend capital punishments, they should, if they are performed by divine command, be carried out with the utmost solemnity. (The *auto-da-fé* in Spain was attended by the highest persons in Church and State.) He concludes a very striking article, in which he refers to the burial service read over the condemned, etc., by

saying, "If any of our readers think our language blasphemous, we beg to remind them that the blasphemy is not in this legitimate result of the principle; but in the language and the conduct of those who endeavour to reconcile cold-blooded man-killing with the loving and the life-giving doctrines of the Prince of Peace."

In the outer pages (which those who wished could detach from the rest) he more than once speaks of the sins which have such temptations for the young, and often keep them enslaved to the end of life. He refers to his father's "Practical Remarks on Matt. v. 27, 28, addressed to Young Men," which he had reprinted as an Oberlin Tract; he gives a long extract from "Hints to Young Men on the relation of the Sexes," by Dr. John Ware, of Boston, U.S.; he reviews Fowler's works, which had just been edited by Joseph Barker (parts of which he thought exaggerated; and of such works he says, "Their effect will be according to the feelings with which you read them. 'To the defiled is nothing pure'"), and Sylvester Graham's Lecture on Chastity, which he subsequently reprinted. He believed, as regards the majority of young persons, that they were not as ignorant of evil practices as their seniors supposed: and that the question was "whether knowledge on one of the most important subjects that can affect our present and eternal happiness shall be gained clandestinely, by corrupting imaginations and practices, by reading injurious books, and by conversation with those who associate pleasure with sin; or legitimately, by serious conversation with their elders, by reading books of earnest and faithful warning,* and by careful instruction in the principles of physiology. *We* have not the *slightest hesitation* in preferring the latter: we speak from practical experience. . . . General instruction in Christianity and the inculcation of religious principle is not sufficient; any more than general instruction in temperance can prevent drunkenness, or in peace can put an end to war.

* Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell's "Counsel to Parents on the Moral Education of their Children. 3rd edition; Hatchards, Piccadilly, 1880" (price 2*s.*), is recommended by thoughtful mothers who have studied it.

There is no sin which has so many 'thousand treacherous arts to lead the mind astray.' There is no end of the excuses by which the victims of sensuality lull their consciences. The general language of society pronounces these sins as venial, and the general language of young men stamps them as necessary. Even doctors often make it appear that strict chastity is sometimes injurious to health: and the professed teachers of religion do nothing to counteract these impious notions" (p. cxiv.).

At the end of the year he found "The Helper not helped," and discontinued it. He subsequently printed a "Town Council Reporter," before "The Warrington Guardian" was established, which was of service in reminding that body of its responsibility.

Early in 1851, he was saddened by the departure of his valued friends and helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Moulding and others, for America. He sailed out with them thirty-five miles, and felt it very difficult to reconcile himself to coming back again. The condition of the congregation gave him anxiety, and he was aware that some leading members (including one who was afterwards his fastest friend) disapproved his style of preaching and wished him away. He had it in consideration whether he should accept a Mission, or be master of an Endowed School, but at length resolved "to bear the ills he had," and to show his critics "that they are not to turn out conscientious ministers at pleasure."

This winter (1850–51) he gave a course of seventeen Sunday Evening Lectures on the Early Times of the Christian Church, ending with one on the influence of the ancient British Church. The attention which he had paid, when at college, to the Rev. J. J. Tayler's course on Ecclesiastical History proved a great help to him. He aimed to show the gradual rise and influence of many of the doctrines and principles now prevalent, and their impotence to produce a holy life. This series was preceded by a lecture on the Pope's bull, which was then exciting so much indignation. Subsequently (1852–53) he gave twelve lectures on English Christianity,

including one on Swedenborg. He stated that the New Jerusalem Churches were very few in number, but that, like the Unitarians, they held principles which were becoming recognized by persons of other Denominations; *e.g.*, that love of God and our neighbour is the life of faith; that "heaven and hell are not places which will be the future abode of the holy or the wicked, but internal and spiritual states, in accordance with one or other of which each man lives;" that those who have chosen heaven while on earth become angels after death; and that "those who live in bondage to self-love, or love of the world, thereby are associated with devils, and choose hell as their portion." What others hold as opinions, Swedenborg stated as facts which had been revealed to him; but the New Church did not recognize any human lord over their faith. As to the "theological dress of his religion," Swedenborg repudiated the usual doctrine of the Trinity, but affirmed that Christ was "the same being as God the Father, who united Himself to a glorified human form, in order to effect the redemption of the world:" he did not put the books of Scripture on the same level, and considered that many of them contained the word of God only in a spiritual sense. We have referred to this lecture because the peculiar views it describes were gaining a hold on Philip's mind.

On April 30, 1851, he took his nephew, W. L. Carpenter, and two other young friends to the Frodsham hills. It happened to be the time of the Chester races, and there was a fatal accident in the train by which they returned. Part of his letter to the coroner (which is very characteristic) will be read with interest:—

"Warrington, May 11, 1851.

"SIR,

"I was present at the collision in the Sutton Tunnel, but I have not attended to give evidence because I conscientiously object to the taking of an oath.* As, however, I

* As the law stood, members of certain *Denominations* which protested against oaths (Friends, *e.g.*) were allowed to make affirmations instead; but the consciences of isolated *individuals* were not respected, and they were liable to committal on refusing to swear.

observe discrepancies in the evidence as published in the papers, I think it right to state to you what I know of the affair. [Some of the particulars which are omitted relate to notes as to the *time.*] . . . We were thankful to get into a stand-up carriage, about the middle of the *first* train in question. The train was very long, and very full of people, most of whom appeared the worse for liquor, and were shouting, swearing, etc. . . . I saw at once that we had a greater load than the engine could draw, and feared an accident would follow. I made my party stand so as to receive a shock with the least injury. . . . After we entered the tunnel we got slower and slower, till at last we came to a dead stop. I am quite sure we had stopped still for some time before the collision took place. Every one was so alarmed at the unearthly darkness, that even the drunken people became quiet. Every now and then some one struck a light, but the rest were so frightened at what it revealed (the motionless walls of the tunnel and the increasing volumes of steam) that the cry was always raised, 'Put it out! put it out!' Several wanted to get out and walk, but I and others urged them not, fearing the danger of so doing. We could see and hear nothing except in the carriages next to ours. I presume the dense steam deadened the sound. . . . At last there was a sudden shock, so violent, even at the distance that we were, that it threw us all down, and threw others on the top of us; but none of us were hurt beyond a few bruises. As I heard no cries of distress, I thought it was the next train coming up with a bang to shove us on. Indeed, we kept still for some time longer, till at last the engine came and drew us out." (He calculated that they must have been about an hour in the tunnel.)

At the beginning of July, the chapel was closed for two Sundays, for repairs; and he resolved to take the opportunity to make a pilgrimage to the ruins of the monastery of Port Royal, taking a young friend and inmate with him. He wrote a very minute and graphic account to Mrs. Schimmelpenninck (see p. 117). Unfortunately, in the hurry of his

departure, he had not studied its exact position. When he reached Paris he supposed that it would be well known, as a new work on Port Royal, by M. St. Beuve, was very popular. It was, however, out of print, and no one seemed able to direct him. At last, in a shop on a boulevard he saw a very old map of the environs of Paris, on which Port Royal was plainly marked. They reached it through Versailles, where he showed his companion the palace, and he found a gallery of portraits of persons of various nations, in an upper story which he had not visited before. "Among them all, none gave me greater delight than some truly heavenly countenances, bearing the names of the Mère Angelique, the Mère Agnés, Pascal, Arnauld, Racine, and others of the saints of Port Royal. In the whole collection there were no faces more beautiful than these; and here they were, hung up with honour in the very palace of their persecutor. Thus posterity rightly judges." After a beautiful walk, they reached Les Granges, once the home of the recluses, the proprietor of which (M. Farmin?) cherished the associations of the place. "He took us through the gardens, with the beds laid out just as they used to be by the recluses, and then to a grove where, at our feet, lay the ruins of the monastery almost exactly as I had pictured them from your description. The scene, gilded as it was by the glow of the setting sun, filled my soul with solemn beauty and intense peace.

'They sleep in Jesus and are blest,
How calm their slumbers are!'

. . . I had left England almost exhausted by labour and anxiety; and I cannot even now recall the image of that peaceful valley without a holy calm seeking to find its entrance into my soul."

They could get no accommodation at the little village inn, but their simple habits made them very independent. In the old Hermitage, inhabited by small farmers, they had an "evening meal of bread and milk, in a kind of closet, half a dozen Port Royal cats prowling about in hopes of a share. . . .

The only place of shelter [for the night] was a little hovel of two rooms. The woman had gone to bed, but after very long solicitation she at last got up, and made us a very clean bed in a very dirty room, where was a spinning-wheel, garden tools, potatoes, etc." The next morning they completed the survey of the various places of interest,* and on a rude stone column, surmounted with an iron cross, over a large grave of Port Royalists, they hung a garland which they had made of wild flowers. "What different feelings you have in visiting Port Royal, from the remains of any of our English abbeys! How few of these are consecrated by the remembrance of any persons celebrated for their piety: not one where you can point to a whole body exercising a sanctifying influence—not on a village but on a kingdom, not one kingdom but the world. And all this was due, humanly speaking, to the firmness and devotion of a girl!"

After returning to Paris, and "dining with the market people by the Fountain of the Innocents, we took railway to Fontainebleau, intending to spend two quiet days in the recesses of its venerable forest. A wet morning, however, drove us to the palace, where our companion was a French ecclesiastic, apparently of the richer class. On seeing a picture of Louis le Grand, I ventured to hint, 'Louis le grand persécuteur!' 'Oh no,' said my friend: 'what do you mean?' 'Why,' said I, 'he not only persecuted the unfortunate Huguenots, but he wreaked his bigotry even on his Catholic brethren.' The priest expressed incredulous surprise. 'Pardon me,' said I, 'we yesterday visited the ruins of a monastery he destroyed, within a few miles of his own palace. At Port Royal,' I continued, seeing him still bewildered, 'although the inhabitants of it were among the most pious people that ever lived.' 'Oh, but they were Jansenists,' said he. 'Well, and

* In 1855, Philip edited and printed at the Oberlin Press a little volume (276 pages, 12mo)—"Port Royal and its Saints; being the Select Memoirs of Port Royal, by M. A. Schimmelpenninck. The fifth Edition, somewhat abridged." See p. 117. He refers in his Preface to "the original autographs to which the Principal of the Jansenist College most kindly admitted [him], when visiting the ruins of Port Royal."

are not the Jansenists Catholics?' I replied. 'Was it not a very wicked thing to persecute pious Catholics?' 'Oh, but they were heretics!' said he, with the greatest nonchalance. 'But cannot heretics be saved, if they lead holy lives?' I continued. 'Impossible!' said he, as he turned away in great disgust."

In October, during the quarterly teachers'-meeting, on Sunday evening, his house was robbed, as he writes to his sister Mary:—

"The tea-party went off very well. We had mountains of flowers. . . . But while we were singing and talking there, some folk made themselves busy here. I fancy they were travelling thieves, who, seeing them carrying flowers, crockery, etc., from my house through the chapel, doubtless thought they could go in where others went out, and watched their opportunity. They put up the kitchen shutters, raked out the fire, ransacked the plate-basket, took the silver and left the rest; went to the spare room, drew the curtains, wrenched open one drawer and tried another, but took nothing; went to the study, wrenched open two desks, also the drawer, which I had locked during my absence—took nothing: went to Mrs. B.'s room, shut the window, ransacked and took ten shillings and a coin of hers; then to my room, where they ransacked several drawers, broke open the bureau, and took my money (which I had kept, W. Robson being in London) and ring, but left the cheque. They left also hosts of things which I wonder they did not take. The house keys were lying on the desk, ticketed, but they made no use of them, not even the plate-box. The enclosed bill is exciting great attention. The police have sent it round to neighbouring towns, but I have no expectation of getting anything back."

The handbill was as follows:—

"ROBBERY.

"Whereas, certain Person or Persons did feloniously enter my Dwelling-House last evening, between the hours of 5 and

8 p.m., while I was engaged with my congregation in the discharge of my ministerial duties; and, having burst my Desks, Drawers, and Bureau, did abstract therefrom a plain gold Mourning Ring, with the name N. Pearsall thereon, also a Silver Coin with the letters I.S. on one side and two candlesticks on the other side, also gold and silver coin belonging to myself and my housekeeper, of the value of about £10; and did also abstract from my plate-basket 3 Silver Table Spoons, engraved *P.P.C.; I hereby give notice,* That I offer no Reward for the discovery of the said Parties, if for no other reason, because I have incurred sufficient loss already. If, however, the Parties should be discovered, I do not intend to prosecute them, 1. *Because* my evidence will not be received in a Court of Justice unless I swear,* which I am forbidden by our Lord to do (Matt. v. 34); 2. *Because* I believe that transporting the said Parties or sending them to jail would make them worse than they are, and I am forbidden to recompense evil for evil (Rom. xii. 17); and 3. *Because* that would be a strange way of showing the forgiveness which I am bound to exercise (Matt. vi. 15).

"If the said Parties should see this Document, and if they will come to see me, I hereby promise to do them no harm, and I shall be glad of an opportunity of conversing with them. If they are afraid to meet me now, we shall meet hereafter, when we stand together to render up our accounts at the judgment-seat of Christ (2 Cor. v. 10). Lastly, I earnestly beg of them to give up their present evil courses (Eph. iv. 28), and to live a useful and a holy life, that they may have part in the mercy of God which is by Christ Jesus (Rom. vi. 21–23).

"PHILIP PEARSALL CARPENTER, *Minister of the Gospel.*

"Chapel house, Cairo Street, Warrington,
Monday morning, October 20th, 1851."

This handbill, which was copied in newspapers, excited considerable attention. An excellent gaol-chaplain said that

* See note, p. 126.

he thought it the most singular thing he ever saw; and yet the prison-records at that time quite confirmed Philip's second reason—the reformation of the offender was too commonly neglected. Some condemned the placard as positively immoral, since it held up the law of the land to reprobation; but this sort of immorality is characteristic of those who revere a higher law. As a minister of Christ, he set forth what he regarded as his Christian duty. Those who had laboured among the criminal class had no fear that he was offering a temptation to another robbery.* Great indignation was expressed among the poor at the outrage: to rob one who was such a friend to them all was like robbing a church! For his own part he did not feel it a hard trial, and he made it an excuse for giving away the remainder of his silver spoons, that there might be one temptation in the house the less! A few gentlemen were determined that he should lose nothing in money value, and presented him with the amount; but he decidedly refused to accept it, except on condition that he might give it to one of his Oberlin workmen, to enable him to carry out his wish to emigrate to America.

In December, 1851, the first Conference on Preventive and Reformatory Schools was held at Birmingham. His sister Mary† and Mr. M. D. Hill were the prime movers in it; and the subject was one to enlist Philip's sympathy. But he wrote that he had not the head to master the subject as she desired, and finding that she would have my companionship, he did not attend. She afterwards urged him to undertake the charge of a reformatory; but he replied that he had not now that amount of health and "aggressive strength" which would enable him to undertake such a difficult duty—that he shrank from respon-

* Another attempt was ludicrously frustrated. It was very easy to enter his house by day, and a thief hid himself (as was afterwards traced by footprints) under a bed. At night he entered Philip's bedroom, the door of which was open as usual. Philip, supposing it to be his dog, made an amusing outcry—"Get out, you beast," etc. The thief, whose shoes were off, took the hint; a pattering was heard down the stairs,—and a loud barking at the bottom of them when the dog detected the stranger, who went off empty handed!

† See "The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter," p. 154.

sibility and harassment:* he was only just able "to crawl on in the ordinary course of things."

The "ordinary course," however, included a good deal. Having bought many cheap articles at a stationer's sale, he thought he would like to furnish a Christmas-tree, which he did with the help of some of his lady friends. In a long letter, addressed "Dear people all," he gives a lively account of the preparation, and the ingenious way in which he made everything attractive and useful. He issued elegant cards of invitation to all the scholars and congregation, with a few exceptions. The tree, from Prospect Hill, was about thirteen feet high, and as it was then a novelty, the sight greatly astonished the children. He wrote a song for the occasion. "I think, except the Crystal Palace, I never saw a prettier sight than all the people round the tree, looking up at it and singing. . . . There was some surprise for all the people—even for me; for the teachers and older scholars had bought me a beautiful plain black inkstand, which had been duly wrapped up in various papers and hung on, while I was getting some tea. This was in honour of my giving the party: they knew nothing about the tree, except the initiated. But the great surprise was a real good silver watch, with chain and seals, which some of us had got for poor Pemberton, who had been robbed of his a few weeks ago. The old man could scarcely sleep that night, but kept saying to his wife, 'Mary, doesn't thee hear it ticking under the pillow?' . . . We then sang 'Glory to Thee,' and I offered prayer, and all under fourteen went home, it being half-past nine. The elder ones, after eating and drinking, set to at games, which were carried on with great spirit. . . . At twelve I announced that Christmas Day was over, and the people immediately separated, taking oranges and food as they went out. I was extremely pleased throughout with the conduct of the scholars and young people. . . . I could not help thinking very often, while

* Yet his mother wrote, September, 1854, that he had slept two nights on board a vessel with reformatory boys from Kingswood, whom his sister had asked him to look after at Liverpool (on their way to America), though she had not expected him to take such trouble.

this was going on, how much more trouble it is amusing people than preaching to them. In the latter case, you have to speak the word whether they hear or forbear; in the other, you have to think and plan what will please." He afterwards wrote to his mother that the entertainment, from four o'clock till midnight, with his share of the presents, cost him under £5. To him there was nothing incongruous in prayer in the midst of the games. On the previous Sunday his sermon was from Luke xv. 24, "And they began to be merry." When he first delivered it at Stand, eight years before, in his happier days, he had to bite his lips now and then, and he felt misgivings when he saw some of his hearers merry; now he soberly records, "I do not see anything in it but what is true."

The next Christmas, 1852, he had just returned from a visit to Mrs. Harriet Martineau. In her Autobiography she relates how when her beloved attendant was married to Mr. Andrews, then master of the Bristol Ragged School, she "had the honour of having Miss Carpenter for the bridesmaid, and the Rev. Philip P. Carpenter to perform the ceremony." Philip had known Mr. Andrews at Stand. At Mrs. Martineau's request, he delivered a temperance lecture the night before. A cordial intimacy arose between them: in her letters before the wedding she had written, "Dear Mr. Carpenter;" ever after it was, "My dear friend." Almost the last note I received from him referred to her Autobiography, which he expected "to devour, however much her statements shock me. It cannot be otherwise; she was a very great and noble woman, and more unselfish without Christianity than most of us are with it: so much more shame for us." Though he kept very few letters, about fifty of her notes are preserved. In one of them, February, 1855, when she was in daily expectation of death, she asks if he will undertake her funeral and make the arrangements with her nephew. She had been duly christened, and therefore could be buried with the usual rites in the churchyard; but she wished there to be no occasion for strife or painful feeling. She knew that Philip was a devoted Christian, and he had told her that if he held her negations, he should be

inclined to drown himself. She felt that while in possession of her faculties she should not change her views: if, knowing this, he found himself able to say anything which might be genuine (as his sayings always were) and not too painful to himself on laying her in the earth, it would be a comfort to her family then, and to her now, in their behalf. She wrote again to thank him for his consent. Her instructions that there should be no expense or show at her funeral accorded with his own very strong feelings.

"When the national militia, after a long suspension, were again enrolled in the year 1852, and the 4th Lancashire were summoned to Warrington for their month's drill, [he] opened the Cairo Street school-room for evening classes to all of the men who chose to attend, and organized a body of teachers to help him in the work; and his services in this direction helped much to promote sobriety and good order amongst the men, and were acknowledged by Colonel Blackburne, the commander of the regiment." When, however, a dinner was given to the officers, he wrote the following letter (June 9, 1853) to the "Warrington Guardian":—

"SIR,

"As a member of the executive committee appointed to make arrangements for entertaining the militia, I beg to say that I have taken no part whatever in the arrangements for the dinner just held; and for these reasons:—

"1st. I understood that the committee was appointed, and the fund raised, with a view to instruct, or at any rate harmlessly amuse, the poor and ignorant militiamen who might else be idling about the streets or drinking in public-houses; not to feast a number of 'gentlemen,' who are quite competent to look after themselves.

"2nd. I abhor the trade of man-killing, which I believe to be utterly unchristian. Therefore, although I am willing to pay the officers that honour which is due to all men, I think it wrong to show them any respect AS OFFICERS. On the contrary, if I had any opportunity, I should tell them that I

thought teaching ignorant men the trade of man-killing was a very wicked employment.

"3rd. I should think it wrong to give a dinner at guinea tickets (INCLUDING WINE) to anybody, even if I wanted to show them the greatest respect. I do not care to ask whether any of the persons assembled were drunk, in the common sense of the word. It is enough to know that such expenditure for sensual gratification cannot be reconciled with Christian sobriety, as so well explained by Bishop J. Taylor in his 'Holy Living.'

"Let the Warrington people who dined the officers at the 'Lion' last Tuesday remember that, to honour those that teach the trade of man-killing, they have guzzled and drunk, in one evening, the cost of a Ragged School for a whole year!

"Yours, etc.,

"PHILIP P. CARPENTER."

The same paper contained an account of the Sunday-school treat at New Brighton: "The Cairo Street School is the first which commenced the practice (some twelve years ago) of going out of town on 'Walking day.' They have often pitied the formal walks of the other scholars, when gambolling on the shady lawns of Dunham, or seeing the beauties of Chester, or the Prince's Park. Another circumstance is worth mentioning: that the children pay for the treat themselves, instead of their teachers being obliged to beg through the town, as is the case with some other schools. An allowance of one half-penny for every monthly punctuality ticket is the only tax upon the funds of the school."

The formation of new railways threatened the removal of several ancient footpaths; and a Society was formed for their protection, which induced the Company to preserve them, though (in one case especially) at some expense. On this decision being known, a requisition to reconsider the arrangement was circulated amongst the wealthier and trading classes. When the working-men heard of it, they invited Mr. Roberts from Manchester ("The People's Attorney-General"), "who

in a crowded meeting at Cairo Street, the Music Hall being refused to them, laid down the law of the case. The moment they understood their rights to these paths, they were alive. Meetings were nightly held," and they filled the avenues to the Music Hall hours before the public meeting. Many more than those who had obtained admittance remained, throughout the long evening, outside. Peter Rylands, Esq., then Mayor, presided. The most active requisitionist was greeted on rising with a "perfect hurricane of groans:" he had not much sympathy from those who remembered how, three years before, he had encouraged those who put down by clamour the promoters of the Health Act. The amendment was moved by Mr. Holbrook Gaskell, then of Prospect Hill. In the course of a long and able speech, he asked, "Was it not the case that they were on the point of closing up that path by a brick wall, when my friend Mr. Carpenter passing that way dared them to proceed? (Loud applause. Three cheers for Philip! very heartily given.) They would have closed that footpath, but he stopped them; and if you are indebted to the Footpath Society, he first of all deserves your thanks. (Cheers renewed.)" The surveyor of highways also testified that Mr. Carpenter was the first to communicate with him on the matter.* After the amendment had been seconded by the late Mr. E. Robinson, and another requisitionist had spoken, there were "loud cries for Carpenter;" but he made no response, and Mr. Lawless, a popular speaker among the working-men, addressed the meeting at their call. When the amendment was put, it was carried by about twenty to one; and the vast crowds separated, after loud cheers, about midnight. We have quoted from a very full report of the meeting (February 6, 1854) which was published separately. Philip put forth the following handbill:—

* His father, Dr. L. Carpenter, August 19, 1836, had received the thanks of the Bristol Liberal Association for inducing Lord Holland to procure the insertion of a clause into the Common Fields Inclosure Bill, exempting waste places in the vicinity of large towns from the operation of the Bill. Dr. L. C. used to relate with great spirit how a shoemaker had prevented the closing of a footpath through a royal demesne. (See the "Life of Gilbert Wakefield," vol. I. pp. 258–265.)

"FAIR PLAY.

"*To the People of Warrington.*

"MY FRIENDS,—Those who expected you to vote for giving up a footpath have been disappointed, and will not again attempt the same course. You confirmed your rights, but you also confirmed the opinion of those who think that working people will not listen to argument. When you would not hear Alderman McMinnies on one side of the question, I would not speak on the other, though the Mayor courteously gave me the opportunity. Your noise last night was not drunken clamour—it was earnest feeling; but noise is not argument."

He reminds them that they had much still to do: they would have to meet against Sunday drinking, for Ragged Schools,* and perhaps for a new Museum; and concludes, "Let us conquer our own bad passions, as well as those who oppose us." When, a few months afterwards, he sent some of his papers to Mrs. H. Martineau, she replied that she had read them with strong interest and sympathy. It was something to know that no less than *eleven* footpaths in the neighbourhood of one town had been lost or threatened. It showed the magnitude of the evil. There was nothing in the packet that she liked better than his handbill—about the working-men not listening to adversary's arguments.

When the war with Russia was exciting popular enthusiasm, Philip delivered a series of lectures in the chapel (November and December, 1854), which were soon after repeated in a condensed form at the Teutonic Hall, Liverpool, on week-night evenings, followed by free public discussion. They were then printed at his Oberlin Press, and published in compliance with the request of the Liverpool Peace Society, under whose auspices they had been repeated:—"Words in the War; being Lectures on 'Life and Death in the hands of God and Man,' by a Christian Teacher." The subjects of the lectures are very

* At this time, active steps were being taken to establish a Ragged School at Warrington; but owing to the sudden repeal of the Minute of Privy Council (1856) which gave aid to such schools, nothing effective was done.

suggestive:—(1) "Things by their Right Names;" (2) "Death in the Alma, and Death in the 'Arctic'" (a steamer which had recently sunk at sea); (3) "The Besieged City;" (4) "The Work of the Soldier compared with the Work of Angels;" (5) "The Work of the Soldier compared with the Work of Devils;" (6) "Faith in God compared with Faith in Armaments;" (7) "Christian Sanction of Unchristian Deeds." They contain extracts from the newspapers of the day, which might well make those shudder who were not infected by the war-fever; and his remembrance of the Bristol riots in his boyhood enabled him to picture more vividly what was happening in the besieged city. (He says in a note, "The awful stench of Queen's Square, for many weeks afterwards, when half-consumed bodies were rotting among the smouldering ruins, I shall never forget.") Sometimes his acute sensibility * and intense religious convictions carried him beyond the sympathies of ordinary hearers and readers; but when, at the end of each lecture, discussion was allowed and objections were made, it was not easy to withstand the eloquence and power with which he replied.

He judged everything from a high Christian standard, and denounced the sanction claimed for war from the Old Testament; since sanction can also be found there for slavery and other crimes. In a note he defined his own religious views: "There is a natural goodness and a Christian holiness. . . . What is natural may exist without Christ in the unregenerated man, and does not belong either to heaven or hell,† but simply to human nature; just as the generous impulses of the dog

* He makes indignant protest against rejoicings at wholesale butchery, and puts in a note (p. 14): "Once only have I seen a chicken slain at the hands of man; and though a quarter of a century has passed away since then, the horror with which I beheld the quivering neck of the headless animal is still fresh in my remembrance. Such are our natural instincts. Alas! how soon and how easily perverted!" A man of great benevolence, on reading this, remarked that, when he was a boy in the country, witnessing the killing of animals was among his most interesting amusements: "The sticking of a pig, accompanied with its squealings and strugglings, was prime fun. Such also, as far as my observation has extended, would be the feeling—or *want* of feeling—of by far the larger portion of the *genus* boy."

† See his lecture on Swedenborg, p. 126.

belong to canine nature. We cannot say that a principle is heavenly, merely because it is in accordance with natural goodness; because the same nature has very opposite tendencies. It has the forms which, through faith in Christ, may expand into the angelic state; or which, through self-love, may descend into the lowest hell. Heaven and hell in the heart depend on the choice of the soul for God or self." In his last lecture, he dwells on the responsibility of Christians, without whose sanction great public evils could not be maintained: "Why, it may be asked, have all the voices of peace, that have been heard so distinctly of late years, been thus suddenly upset? Why did the many that joined the Leagues of Brotherhood, that sat at the International Conferences, that approved the millions of tracts that have been distributed in England, and the Olive Leaves that have been published in the continental papers, produce no more effect? The reason is made plain by the event: they built their peace, not on the teachings of Christ, but on expediency. . . . It is the heart that needs to be changed: and nothing but the gospel of Christ can change it."

Soon after his lectures he had a short but refreshing holiday: though his holidays were merely a change of scene and work. He had a week's lecturing tour in Pembrokeshire. At Milford Haven, the exquisite loveliness of which he thought beyond description, he sallied forth at six a.m. in an oyster-dredging boat. "The morning was bitterly cold," he writes to his sister Mary; "hard frost, east wind, and no exercise except handling the cold things as they were hauled in. One's hands were too numb to embrace all one's opportunity; nevertheless, I got a great basketful, containing a great store of common ones and some very rare ones: moreover, what pleased me most was to see the real live beasts in their proper place, of which I had only seen pictures before. There was the great Scaphander lignarius, carrying his elegant shell at the end of a huge body like spermaceti: and the Calyptræa in the dead oyster-shells, and the great whelks strutting about among those horrid wriggling starfish, which came up by the hundred, and threw

their arms away as if they did not care for them. We were out till half-past two."

In this spring (1855) he purchased for £50, through the liberal help of his brother-in-law, Mr. Herbert Thomas, the great collection of Mazatlan shells. This materially affected his subsequent life: it not only occupied much of his time, and brought him prominently forward as a naturalist, but it eventually led to his settlement in America. An account of this collection is found in the Catalogue he printed for the British Museum, and in his Report to the British Association:—

"The largest collection ever brought to Europe from one locality (with the single exception of Mr. Cuming's stores) was made at Mazatlan [at the mouth of the Gulf of California], during the years 1848–50, by a Belgian gentleman of the name of F. Reigen. He did not live to enjoy the fruits of his almost unparalleled labours; and after his death, in 1850, the collection was sent for sale, partly to Liverpool and partly to Havre. The Liverpool portion measured about fourteen tons of forty cubic feet each. It was bought by Mr. G. Hulse . . . who fortunately deposited the bulk of the collection under lock and key in a chamber by itself; but, to save room, he immediately disposed of most of the large shells. . . . Circumstances enabled me to make a searching examination of Mr. Hulse's stores, and to form a geographical collection from their contents. (Of this collection, amounting then to 440 species, an account was laid before the British Association at Liverpool: *vide* Reports, 1854, p. 107.) Finding that in a small manufacturing town this could not be made available for the purposes of science, I acceded to the request of Dr. Gray that it should be deposited in the British Museum. . . . Being desirous of making [it] as complete as possible, and finding that the original stores were in danger of being dispersed, and so rendered useless for science, I obtained possession of the remainder of the vast collection, and subjected it to a renewed and more rigid scrutiny. . . . The whole number of shells passed under review probably exceeded one hundred thousand" (B. A. Report, 1856, pp. 241, 242).

The collection was "presented to the Trustees of the British Museum, and accepted by them on the following conditions:—(1) That it be preserved separate and intact, as a local collection; (2) that it be always open to the use of students, subject to the usual conditions; (3) that the donor be allowed to arrange the collection in its permanent place of abode; and (4) that a Descriptive Catalogue of it be printed, under the direction of the Trustees." (This Catalogue, from the preface of which we are quoting, formed a volume of 540 closely printed pages, which Philip prepared and printed at the Oberlin Press, 1855–57.) "The duty of writing the Catalogue was entrusted to me by Dr. Gray. I was ill fitted for it, (1) by almost entire ignorance of conchological literature, and (2) by living in a country town with extremely limited access to scientific books and collections. There did not appear, however, any competent naturalist who possessed the absolute essentials of time and full access to the Mazatlan materials. I therefore undertook the task, trusting that its acknowledged deficiencies might in some measure be compensated for by great patience and care in the faithful use of those means of information which were within my reach. . . . In the course of the inquiry, I have met with the greatest kindness from naturalists, most of whom were previously unknown to me, but to whom I applied for assistance.* . . . The collection consists of about 8873 specimens (2505 Bivalves, etc., and 6368 Univalves) mounted on 2529 glass tablets (so that both sides of the shell can be seen). . . . Of the minute specimens magnified sketches are given, drawn under the microscope."

The small species (no fewer than 314 out of 691) were "taken from the large Chamæ and Spondyli by carefully passing the shell-washings through a fine wire sieve, and examining the remainder under the glass. A single specimen of Spondylus

* Among those whom he names is Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston, U.S., who "intrusted to my care, and to the perils of the Atlantic, the whole of his collections and notes from the West American coast, for comparison with those known in this country." As it is notorious that honesty is not the special virtue of "collectors;" the confidence reposed in Philip was honourable to all concerned.

was found to contain the following species :— . . . (in all 103). It is impossible to say how many more might have been rescued from oblivion, had not the original purchaser of the collection immediately sold off almost all the large shells to the keeper of a tea-garden connected with a public-house near Manchester, where they may be seen, the Pinnæ built up into grottoes, and the Spondyli * and large Patellæ arranged alternately round the skirting-board of his 'Museum.' These shells were carefully washed by the publican's servants, and the precious dirt thrown away" (Catalogue, p. 154).

When he examined hundreds or even thousands of a species of shell, he was able to rectify mistakes which naturally arose from more limited observation: *e.g.*, he found that an eminent naturalist described as five distinct species what he discovered, from possessing the intermediate links, to be only stages in the development of the same shell (Report, p. 166). "To have dispensed with no fewer than 104 species constituted by naturalists of reputation (exclusive of synonyms), and at the same time burdened science with the names of 222 new ones † in a list numbering not quite seven hundred species, may seem extremely presumptuous in so inexperienced an author; as also may the opinions freely expressed on various recorded statements. But fresh sources of information must always be expected to modify judgments formed from insufficient materials; and a naturalist should desire truth above all things, and wish to save others the necessity of wading through the same labyrinth of errors from which he has with difficulty extricated himself." He thus concludes the preface to his Catalogue: "The errors [in it] which arise from ignorance, those with better judgment and means of information will be

* He states in his Report (p. 242) that a few of these were rescued and presented to him by his friend R. D. Darbishire, Esq., to whom he was under the greatest obligations for his valuable aid from the commencement of the work.

† According to usage, all the new species are described in Latin: with unusual minuteness, however. In the Report (p. 357) he states that "the remark made by one of our very foremost naturalists, when it was first proposed to investigate the Mazatlan shells, was that it was not likely there should be anything new among them!"

able to correct. The errors of observation can easily be detected, as the shells themselves are open to all who desire to study them. It is hoped that all such errors will as speedily as possible be detected and exposed; and that this work may soon be laid aside as useless, having served its purpose as a stepping-stone to something far better. The sooner our own work perishes, the truer will be our knowledge of Him whose exquisite order and beauty can be abundantly traced even (as in the following pages) in the worm-eaten passages of a decaying shell.—April 22, 1857."

At the Manchester meeting of the British Association, 1855, Philip had been entrusted with the duty of preparing a Report "On the Present State of our Knowledge of the Mollusca of California," and he was led to embrace the whole west coast of North America. This was printed in the B. A. Report of 1856, where it occupies 209 out of the 664 pages of that volume. This shows the importance attached to it; and it not only entitled him thenceforth to a place on the Committee of the Association, but gave him an honourable position among naturalists. When I looked at it first, and saw page after page filled with names, I asked him how many of the members of the Association he expected would study it. He hoped there would be half a dozen, but observed that the record would be valuable to future naturalists. Although "dry" is a feeble description of much of this Report, it contains many pages which are interesting even to those who are ignorant of conchology.

On receiving the request of the Association, he sent a circular for information "to every accessible station on the west North American coast, and to naturalists in this and foreign countries." He spared no time or pains in his investigation; indeed, he always observed his father's rule, "Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." But the scope of his work must have required a remarkable amount of perseverance, as well as accuracy and method. After some introductory pages which describe the way in which mistakes have arisen as to the habitat of shells, etc., he presented an abstract of all the

original sources of information (so far as known to him), and then embodied them in a table arranged geographically and zoologically. He could not refrain from some few characteristic indications of feeling; *e.g.*, he alludes to the "'peculiar institution' of the stripe-flagged United States," and to "the Mexican War, carried on by the United States against their sister republic, ending in the extension of slavery, [which] was indirectly the means of adding to our knowledge of the Californian and Mexican faunas." He rises into eloquence when, in a long passage, he bids the student follow the course of the fauna through various seas, finding at each step something in common with the last. At the Galapagos, within six hundred miles of the shores of the great bay of Central America, "his eye rests with pleasure on a few well-known Cones and other forms which have crossed the fathomless depths, and come to claim kindred with their molluscan brotherhood of the New World. But here they stop. They could traverse half a world of waters. The human spirit, that gives them understanding and a voice, beholds them on the very threshold of the promised continent, in whose bays and harbours, protected by the chain of the everlasting mountains, they shall find the goal of their long pilgrimage. But the Word of the unknown Power has gone forth, and the last narrow channel they attempt to cross in vain" (p. 346).

He ends thus: "The object of this Report has been so to condense and arrange the existing materials, that those who consult it may know what has been done, and may have the means of deciding on the value to be attached to different sources of information. Thus they may begin where the writer leaves off, and not spend precious time in working out afresh what has been already ascertained. He has stated his opinions with some freedom; because it was thought that an expression of the difficulties encountered in the prosecution of the subject, and of their causes, might (1) put other students on their guard, and (2) contribute somewhat towards their removal. . . . His object has been, not himself to build, but to clear away some of the encumbrances, lay part of the foundations, and collect

a few of the materials, ready for the great architects of science to erect the beautiful edifice of harmonious knowledge" (pp. 367, 368).

His investigations revealed to him unexpected mistakes in some works of reputation. Although careful observation is regarded as an attribute of naturalists, there are too few who have such a supreme love of truth that they will spare no pains to ascertain it, and cherish no theories which might obscure it.

While engaged in these works, events occurred which tried him deeply. One of these was the long illness and death of his mother (June 19, 1856), in her 75th year. Though she was usually an invalid, and had often been close to the gates of death, yet the firmness of her purpose and the energy of her spirit had enabled her to complete a course of onerous and important duties. In old age her former pupils and many friends found her ready to cheer and help in every trouble and difficulty, to sympathize in every joy, and to give (when required) that judicious advice which she afforded from the experience of a varied life faithfully noted and improved, and from a deep and influencing desire to learn and do the will of God. Her rule over her children (as over herself) had been strict; but the remembrance of it only deepened their love when, in later life, the tenderness of her heart, as well as the wisdom and beauty of her spirit, was still more revealed to them. The long illness and depression of her husband had caused her intense anxiety; and when he had entered into rest, her eldest daughter and youngest son, who inherited so much of his temperament, became her special objects of solicitude. All her children met (as it proved, for the last time) at her funeral, on Sunday, June 22. Those days at Bristol seemed as sabbaths, bringing a hallowed change from common life, and sanctifying family affection. But though "to depart" was, for her, "far better," her departure made a sad blank. There was no more a parental home, blessed by a mother's love. Her daughter Mary, who had always lived with her, felt the loneliness acutely, though her brother and sister (Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thomas) had

welcomed her to their house; and she poured forth her heart to Philip. He replied:—

"DEAREST SISTER,

"You say 'you dear people have no difference in your homes.' Not to the outward eye; but, oh! how it seems as if the only link was broken that bound me to life and work. The thought of my mother was the only one that made this even the shadow of a home to me; everything I did had reference to her; the only pleasure was, when something happened that I could write her that she would like: and how often the one thought of her alone kept me to my way of life, and restrained me from utter uncontrol. The only strong hope that I had allowed myself to cherish has now been granted, that I might be kept going during her life without bringing her into sorrow. I never dared to wish she should recover; I felt it was far better that she should enter into her rest—but for me all is now a blank. I know you all love me most tenderly; and yet this very love I find it hard to bear. There is such a thing as a broken heart, when it cannot bear sympathy. And if my body should sink under it, *pray*, dear people, *don't come to nurse me*, but let me be *quiet*, quite quiet, for that is what I can bear best. I do not *in the least* doubt the Father's love; and I know, if He has more work for me to do, He will give me strength to do it; but I have no desire at all for life; and when the struggles weaken the body, I welcome such signs that the powers of life may fail. I seek, in my mother's verse, to '*wait* on the Lord.' I know it is very ungrateful not to be happy, and I strive hard to be cheerful: but it is always forced; and a minister ought to be cheerful. I can do the sorrow-sympathy well enough; but with rich folk and children one must have a cheerful way, to do good. Well, it will open out in its time. I have ties of work enough to keep me for the present; only if I should be ill, *do leave me alone*, I beg: and don't, dear sister, answer this letter, or write to me more than you can help, till after the Association; for it will only be by the greatest economy of time and strength and feeling that I shall be able

to pull through [the Report]. There's no particular news—people drowning themselves in drink and such like. Best love to A. and H.

"Ever your affectionate brother,
"P. P. C."

In September he had to confess himself weak, both in body and mind, but was deriving much refreshment from a visit to Mrs. H. Martineau. "I had the great pleasure of calling on Mrs. Arnold (who reminded me not a little of our dear mother) and meeting there Archbishop Whately—old and feeble rather, but just the same fine honest face which we remember of old." The next week, he came to us at Halifax (whither we had removed that year) to preach our school sermons. Our neighbour, the Rev. L. Taplin, M.A., of Todmorden, was visiting us; and after Philip's death he wrote: "One evening, he and I had a quiet talk together—his fingers straying ever and anon over the keys of the piano, in a sort of accompaniment. . . . As often as I think of your brother, I shall think of that sweet intercourse we had in the gloaming, and of that fresh and earnest and deeply religious spirit of his, which made the night shine as the day."

He enjoyed his visits to Halifax, when we could persuade him that he had some work to do there! The hills and bracing air invigorated him, and he was cheered by the cordial welcome of the congregation. Once (when he was preaching in my absence) he intimated, before the sermon, that the singing of the previous hymn had been such as to quite upset him; but the choir, instead of feeling indignant, very gladly met him for a social evening, in which he practised with them. We used his chant-book in the chapel, and his song-book at our Band of Hope meetings. One thing he used to ask—that he should not be required to make any formal calls; they fatigued him more than an open-air address in the market-place, which he was very ready to give us! His fervent eloquence was much appreciated. One friend (formerly a Methodist) paid us the doubtful compliment that hearing him, after me, was "out of

the frying-pan into the fire;" while she had to allow that, from the length of his morning sermon, he was a "spoil-pudding." It was not surprising, however, that his preaching was not always acceptable to his usual congregation: his feeling of weariness sometimes could not be concealed in the pulpit: there were many depressing influences in that mouldering old chapel; and when he roused all his powers, and gave way to his feelings, his hearers could not be satisfied both with themselves and with him.

In the winter of 1855–56 he wrote a series of eighteen lectures on the work and teachings of Christ, and their relation to human nature; ending with one on the Presbyterian Societies. He observed that the name Presbyterian, as applied to their body, had come to be of no more significance than a man's family name, and was therefore preferable to any name which might bind their congregations to any form of doctrine. "This society was at first, I presume, Trinitarian and Calvinistic like the rest, then gradually became Arian, then Unitarian, and then proceeded to that extreme form of materialistic rationalism which was represented in the hymn-book which their minister compiled for their own use, in which the authors congratulated themselves that they had at last framed a collection of hymns in which all Christians could agree; because the principal part of what most persons consider Christian was scrupulously left out of it, to the exclusion of angels and even (except in one apparently overlooked passage) the very word 'soul' itself. It is manifest that the same principle of freedom which led to all these changes will lead to many more. . . . With regard to the Unitarians, it is natural to conclude that as their form of faith was created by antagonism, and was doubtless a necessary reaction against the then prevalent dogmatism; and as reactions always tend to counter-reactions, and so truth goes on (not in a direct line, but in a series of oscillations like the tacking of a ship, struggling against adverse winds in the great ocean of life); those among them who do not go on to an entirely human and self-working religion will revert to those great spiritual

truths . . . which lie at the basis of what is essentially Christian in religion—man's need of regeneration and the new life which is by the spirit of God through faith in Christ. That this change is in progress is shown (among other things) by the eagerness with which so many of our societies have laid aside their old hymn-books compiled during the days of materialism; and at a considerable sacrifice of money, and still more of the pleasures of old religious associations, have adopted the hymn-book which we have now in use,* and of which the preface shows how entirely different was the spirit in which the work has been undertaken and executed. . . . That which distinguishes us, therefore, as a religious society, is simply that we allow each other liberty of conscience: that we put up with the danger of licentiousness, as did the apostles, for the sake of the inestimable privilege of being free to learn from the Lord alone, instead of having to square our convictions to the judgments of mere men." He allows that he sees few *positive* reasons why they could ask others to join them. "Of *negative* reasons why we should not join ourselves to any of the other sects, there is this one, which to me at least is perfectly conclusive: that I must then, less or more, either act the part of a hypocrite, appearing to believe what I do not; or else I must shut my mind up to learn nothing but what is taught under the authority of men, and rest content with the little candle-burning of light that happens to be now vouchsafed to me. Here we are; and so long as we have freedom, here we remain, and do each other, and the world, good, so far as we are able: but if we do not stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free; if we set up one of the many forms of Unitarian orthodoxy, from the sectarian standpoint of what are already called the *Old* Unitarians, to the religion without Christ except as one of many teachers, which gains favour in some quarters; or if we set up any of the forms already crystallized in the Christian Church;

* "Hymns for the Christian Church and Home, collected and edited by James Martineau" (first edition, 1840). Feeling that in a "generation remarkable for rapid change, Christian piety itself, notwithstanding its essential permanence, has insensibly modified its complexion," Dr. Martineau in 1874 published "Hymns of Praise and Prayer."

there is an end to all growing light, and to the purpose for which, as it appears, we have been thus far held together by the hand of the Lord."

Passages in these lectures were very objectionable to some of his hearers, especially to two gentlemen of influence, who had come to the neighbourhood after his settlement. He lent the series to me, and has preserved a long letter of friendly criticism which I wrote after their perusal. As they were designed to combat what he regarded as hurtful and prevalent errors, portions of them were one-sided. He meant to say what would strike, and some felt hurt.

A paper was privately circulated, charging Philip with preaching Original Sin and Election; and as it was known that his stay in Warrington had been for some time in deference to his mother's feelings, his friends after her death presented him with an address of condolence (with ninety-four signatures), which also assured him of the high regard they entertained for him, both as a minister and a pastor. This address (which was published) did not discourage his opponents from expressing strong disapproval of his teaching at the annual meeting of the congregation, at which he presided, and moving that he be requested to allow his pulpit to be used by neighbouring ministers for a course of doctrinal lectures.* However willing they might have been to hear them in other circumstances, the meeting felt that such a resolution would be regarded as showing a want of confidence in him, and rejected it by an overwhelming majority. The minority then sent a memorial to the chapel committee, stating that many besides subscribers had voted at the meeting:—"By the terms of the trust-deed of the chapel, all power rests with the members of the congregation, which expression has been universally, and even

* In the previous month, Philip had finished a course "On the Good and Evil in various Protestant Sects," and commenced a morning course on "The Gospel History," which he continued for some time. The large placard (printed at the Oberlin Press) ends with this announcement:—"N.B.—Men and women who do not think their clothes good enough to appear in a church or chapel, are particularly invited to attend and sit where they like."

jealously, held by Presbyterians and Unitarians to mean only pew and seat holders who subscribe to the funds of the congregation." As a majority of the committee confirmed this statement, Philip convened a congregational meeting to consider it. The people, though it was a very inclement night, were zealous in attending, and passed resolutions rescinding the act of the committee as unconstitutional, affirming the usage of the society, adding two non-subscribers to the committee, and thanking the chairman (Philip) for convening the meeting —his right to do which had been questioned.

There is, perhaps, no Denomination so wholly devoid of church-government as the English descendants of those who, at the time of the Commonwealth, had hoped to make the National Church Presbyterian. In the time of persecution which followed, the Scotch clung to their forms; but their brethren in England gradually abandoned theirs, and became more jealous of the independence of their congregations than the Independents themselves. When, after the Revolution, they felt free to build meeting-houses, these were vested in trustees: and the deeds were usually of the most general character, "for the worship of Almighty God," etc. In some cases the trustees had exclusive powers. At Warrington, however, the property was made over to Dr. Charles Owen and other trustees, "to the intent that the said Charles Owen may hold the same during the full term of his natural life, if he shall so long continue the preaching minister to the congregation of Presbyterian Dissenters;" and, in case of a vacancy, it shall be lawful for the "trustees and the rest of the members of the congregation that shall frequent the said chapel for religious worship, or the major part of them, at all times hereafter to elect such a Presbyterian minister." It has been held that English Presbyterian ministers (as in this case) had a freehold for life, for which they were entitled to a vote for the county; and sometimes they have refused to retire, whatever the wish of trustees or hearers! It is now usual, when an invitation is sent to a minister, to make the connexion dependent on mutual consent. It is generally thought undesirable that the minister

should attend the annual meetings for business; but at Warrington it was the custom for him to be present, and to preside at all congregational meetings, and to summon them if he saw occasion; and in petitions to Parliament from the "congregation" his signature stood first, followed by that of the treasurer.

In Philip's opinion, and in that of many of his friends, the attempt to impose a money-subscription as a test of membership was extremely unchristian. In America, a church edifice commonly belongs to a body of proprietors; but in England it is usually raised by free gifts, and invested in trustees for the benefit of the congregation (sometimes an endowment is specially for the minister). Its annual value is often much larger than the amount of subscriptions or pew-rents. Many of those who attended the Cairo Street Chapel, without subscribing, gave an amount of time and effort, as teachers in the Sunday School, etc., which was of far more value than a money-contribution. Among the English Presbyterians, admission to the Lord's Table is entirely free (as, in the lapse of discipline, it has become in the Church of England), and there is not the distinction which is known in most Denominations between church-members and members of the congregation. A very lax and informal mode of transacting business has its inconveniences in any emergency; and, whatever rule may be adopted, it seems desirable that there should always be an authorized register of voters. After the decision of the congregational meeting, many came forward to subscribe, and it was suggested by their opponents that the money was not paid by themselves. Philip, however, wrote home: "All the new subscribers are those who would have subscribed long ago if I had given them the least encouragement, and whom I would not let subscribe till they had maintained their rights as non-payers. Surely, when rich people threaten to withdraw their support, the poor are not to be blamed for helping with their shillings when it is a pleasure to them. I don't like having their shillings,*

* It is usual for a fixed salary to be guaranteed to a minister, in which case a few subscriptions, more or less, do not immediately affect him. At Cairo Street, however, it was the custom to give the minister the receipts, after deducting expenses: there was a separate chapel-warden's fund.

but I have no right to refuse what they are pleased in giving."

The congregational meeting was held February 2: on the 18th a deputation called on Philip with a memorial. He heard it in silence, taking shorthand notes of what was said respecting it. The liberty of the preacher is not to be so asserted as to destroy that of the hearer: and a minister who upholds the rights of others would be glad that those who strongly dissented from him, but were attached to their place of worship, should free their consciences by a faithful protest, which might help him to consider how conflicting claims could be met. The memorial entered on those doctrines which seemed to form the basis of his preaching, and asked, "How is it possible for us to listen, Sunday after Sunday, to views entirely opposed to our own, so as to derive from them any religious life? It is with extreme reluctance we confess our fears that positive moral and spiritual deterioration must necessarily ensue to us from a long continuance of this state of antagonism between us." Unfortunately the memorial, however correctly it expressed the convictions of those who prepared it, was obviously untrue in the case of many who had signed it with the view of displacing a minister for whom they professed "high and long-continued respect" as a man, subscribing themselves "very sincerely and affectionately yours." Philip observed that only a minority of the forty-five memorialists were regular attendants at the chapel (six of them he had not seen there for three years), and that persons of notoriously immoral life, who had not attended his ministry, had been asked to express their fear of "moral and spiritual deterioration" from it! He found among them only fifteen subscribers, and no unpaid voluntary labourer in the congregation or Sunday School, in the choir or in the Night School, or as visitor of the sick. He wrote a very powerful reply, which he invited some of his friends to hear, and printed copies of it for their consideration and for his family; we thought it too personal. Ultimately he sent a note to the memorialists, thanking them for the free expression of their opinions, which he had carefully

considered. In "The Inquirer" containing (as advertisements) the memorial, with the names and his brief response, he appended a note in which he referred to the signatures.

In the reply, which he withheld, he protested that his opponents should not lay an exclusive claim to the designation Unitarian: "That name, though I disclaim it as my own, and oppose it with all my might when used to designate the opinions which some of you hold, and which (in common with the great bulk of Christendom) I regard as subversive of some of the plainest principles of the Gospel—that name, next to the name in heaven by which alone we can be saved, I reverence more than any other name on earth. It is consecrated for ever by him whom you quote in part, and whose one voice was sufficient for many years to arrest a mighty nation in their deeds of oppression against the slave [see Channing's Letter against the Annexation of Texas]; by Tuckerman, the founder of the Domestic Missions; by H. Ware, the earnest pleader for temperance; by Noah Worcester, the founder of the Peace Societies; by Thrush, first among English officers whom Christianity taught to renounce his bloody calling [see p. 86, note]; and, most of all to me, by those who gave me birth, and whose lives of Christian holiness and service are for ever before me as a priceless benediction. It is the name under which I was trained in the principles of the Gospel; which those most dear to me love; which many of my flock cling to, as representing the doctrines of the Unity and Free Mercy of the Father, happily no longer confined to that name alone."

The Unity of God is the first article of the creed of every Christian Church: if the name of Unitarian is usually confined to those who deny that there is a Trinity in this Unity, it does not involve any doctrinal system. Unitarians differ among themselves, as Trinitarians do, on matters that relate to the very foundations of belief; and many of Philip's brethren felt it important that Unitarians should not be tied down to any creed as to human nature.*

* During this controversy, I sent to Warrington two verses from a hymn-book then used at Halifax, compiled by the late Rev. R. Aspland

Philip printed a letter to the congregation, in which he showed that he had been faithful to his engagement with them to preach Christianity "as a spiritual influence, irrespective of sectarian distinctions" (p. 78), and also to the chapel trust. The attempt to dismiss a minister on the ground of doctrinal difference seemed the more inconsistent, because some of the memorialists had taken an active part in executing the school-deeds, which gave the use of the new building to the congregation only so long as it "shall profess and practise the principles of religious liberty unrestricted by articles of faith, creeds, or *other religious tests*," and emphatically affirmed "the express intention of the founders in no way to prescribe to their successors, or to any persons connected with the management, the religious opinions they themselves entertain." Philip also referred to the Ministers' Stipend Augmentation Fund, which had just been raised by Unitarians to supply the place of Lady Hewley's Charity, of which they had been deprived before the law was amended by the Dissenters' Chapels Act: this prescribed that the ministers who benefited by it, and the members of their congregations, must not "submit to any test of religious doctrine, unless it be the simple acknowledgment of the Scriptures . . . as containing a record of Divine Revelation." The memorialists considered it "essential that, at least on all the great fundamentals of religious thought, the opinions of our minister should be in harmony with our own;" and on the subject of human nature, which was the only doctrine to which they specially referred, they expressed their

for Unitarian worship, which I casually met with in looking out my hymns for the day. Hymn 199:—

"To this vile world Thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe."

Hymn 262—

"Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day."

Philip could scarcely have used stronger expressions as to the condition of human nature without the assistance of divine grace.

belief in a selection of sentences from Dr. Channing—the last man to wish his words to be adopted as a creed! He concluded his letter thus: "I call upon the dissentients to do what they have to do forthwith, and then cease. It is not right that I should be any longer prevented from visiting my flock, lest I should be accused of making up a party; that I should scarcely dare to perform the most trivial acts of kindness, because they are taken as a bribe; and that the time which I ought to devote to the public service should be consumed in mere contention. They know that I am carrying through the press two works of great scientific research,* and preparing an important gift for our National Museum, both requiring a vast devotement of care and thought; that I have to rearrange a considerable part of our Town Museum; that I am engaged, week after week, in writing a course of lectures on the Gospel History, at the request of the congregation; and all this in addition to various classes and unusually pressing calls on my pastoral service, through sickness and other wants. It is neither right that they should take up the time which the public had previously engaged, nor fair that they should prevail merely by wearying out the flesh. They have taken their stand by attempting to shackle (1) a Christian society by a *Money Test*, and (2) its minister by a *Human-Nature Test*. My stand remains where it has always been, on the full liberty to preach required by the Presbyterian trust, and solemnly guaranteed by the congregation. Let every honest Christian man and woman that cares for these principles judge between us; and if I can be proved to be unfaithful to my trust, I will resign at once."

He had said that if, in an earlier stage, any considerable portion of his congregation had expressed their objection to his preaching, he should have felt himself free to resign; but he now considered that to resign would be to betray principles of paramount importance.

After writing to his sister Mary, who was reprinting her

* The Report to the British Association, and the Catalogue of Mazatlan Shell. See pp. 141–146.

"Meditations" with some of the prayers he had added in his cheap edition (p. 110), "You must *on no account* print any names to the prayers, which ought never to be thought of in connexion with persons," he says: "I have put it to the people over and over again whether they would give me my dismissal in order to save the great folk,* but they have never yet let me go, as the Stand folk did: and yet the Stand folk (humanly) loved me far more; for I have always been here as a stranger and a pilgrim: and yet the Lord has never let me go. As soon as ever He does, I have not the grain of a wish to stay. You need not be at all anxious about me, or trouble yourselves with sympathy, etc. When people have gone through great things, they don't care much for small ones. I am so completely devoid of any will of my own in these matters, that any trouble is simply physical weakness, and He appoints that as other things; and as long as He keeps me going from day to day, it is all I ask for. And you, dear people, give me most rest by not fretting or sympathizing more than you can help about me. Of course, I should like to go to America and do a little for Anti-slavery; but if the Lord has anything for me to say for the New Life among Unitarians, He will keep me here, strengthen me while I am here, and open out my dismissal in His own time and way. I have no doubt about its being right to stay at present. To increase the power and dissensions of worldly men by going, would be to desert the little flock of sheep over which I have been forced into a position of power I don't at all like. *Nolo episcopari*, even over a bishopric of a hundred people."

Since Philip viewed the matter in this light, it was obvious that all attempts to remove him were in vain. The possible withdrawal of subscriptions was to him a matter of the smallest consequence. He made a large pecuniary sacrifice in going to Warrington; he was prepared to make a similar sacrifice to remain there, if he thought it his duty. When a congregation is in a state of warfare, many painful things will be said and

* Many of the leaders of the congregation, however, were Philip's *warmest* friends.

written on each side; but it was striking to see how he retained the personal esteem of his opponents. He sometimes wrote of them with little tolerance, as "enemies of the truth;" but though some, who loved him best, regretted that he disregarded the feelings of others when he thought great principles at stake, showed little desire to conciliate, and was in danger of sacrificing not only courtesy but candour through the ardour of his convictions, it was known that he judged himself as severely as he judged them, and that in simplicity and godly sincerity he had his conversation in the world. There was such evident goodness of heart, and kindliness, and genuine humility in his deportment, that even those who disapproved of his course were often charmed by his geniality.

On Easter Monday (1857) a congregational tea-party was held, at which persons were present from most of the religious societies of the town; some of whom, and the Rev. Dr. Bayley, of the New Jerusalem Church, London, took part in the proceedings. Letters were read from the Revs. J. Martineau, J. J. Tayler, and J. H. Thom, expressing their firm attachment to the principle of a free theology, which Mr. Carpenter and his congregation had faithfully carried out. A reporter was present, and a full account of the meeting appeared in "The Inquirer." Philip's predecessor, the Rev. T. Hincks of Leeds, and his intimate friend from college days, the Rev. W. H. Herford, were among the speakers. It is noteworthy that all these ministers belonged to what was then called the New School of Unitarians, who had given up the views held by his father, and still more strictly maintained by himself, of the paramount authority of Christ's words as related in Scripture. Philip said in his address, "We do not possess liberty to think as we like, but liberty to be taught by the Lord Jesus—liberty to receive whatever doctrines the Lord in His mercy vouchsafes to us through His Son. . . . We are a *Christian* society, and we do not consider that any one has liberty to be among us who does not believe in Jesus Christ—who does not put himself under the absolute and complete service of our Lord Jesus Christ." Some of those who were most ready to sustain him

in expressing his convictions, felt that the example of Christ led *them* to consider not so much what was *His* will, as what was the will of the Father who sent Him. Philip seemed to ignore the fact that it is impossible to say what were the exact words of Christ, or what is their true meaning, or what is their application to ourselves, with infallible certainty. Happily, if "the letter killeth," "the spirit giveth life."

A note to his sister Mary (July 11) shows how ready he was to welcome the kindly advances of those who had opposed his teaching, and to promote innocent mirth: "Last Monday I went to——, a pleasant little party: strawberries and a grand supper, games on the grass, music, etc. The hosts very kind, and people in good humour. Mr. S. proposed the runaway's [Mr. W. Robson] health. He is much pleased with Boston people, and is in the thick of Abolition and spirit-rapping. We had to wait an hour and a quarter at the little poky station, till quarter-past eleven, for the train; and amused ourselves by a game of chairs in the waiting-room, dancing reels, singing 'Muffin-man,' etc., to the great astonishment of the porter in charge. . . . I have worked out a second new genus of Cæcidæ, and have my monograph nearly ready for publication. I have been obliged to give my eyes a little rest from the microscope. In all other respects we are *in statu quo*."

On November 30, 1858, a public meeting was held, to receive the report of a committee which had canvassed the inhabitants of Warrington to know their opinions as to the Permissive Bill, promoted by the United Kingdom Alliance for the Legislative Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicants. From the formation of the Alliance, June 1, 1853, Philip had taken an active interest in it: whilst he laboured to promote temperance in every way in his power, he felt strongly that the laws of the land should help morality, and not countenance and license the incentives to crime! At this meeting he stated that voting papers prepared by the Alliance had been left at most of the houses in the town, and the sub-committee in each ward had *collected* them. All the labour, which was great, was gratuitous.

"He had the tabulated statements handed in with the vouchers, and had laboured incessantly to verify them, as secretary; he had worked night and day to make the returns complete." There were returns from 3282 houses. Of the 5619 adult males canvassed, 4402 were for the Bill, only 495 were decidedly opposed to it, and 722 were neutral: this exceeded their most favourable anticipations. He found, however, that "those who are looked upon as the leaders of public sentiment in general do not, it appears, lead it in this instance." "There was one gentleman who, a short time ago in that hall, had professed a great anxiety for their spiritual welfare, and who appeared to think he had a right to direct them; but on this subject he had no directions to give!" Philip added that he had declined to vote for their Liberal member, for whom he had a great respect, because he was a brewer. Most political questions seemed to him "mere molehills, compared with the mountain of the drink-traffic." (Such, however, was not the prevalent opinion; and very few of those who gave their names for the Permissive Bill were then prepared to make any sacrifice to obtain it.)

Incidental mention has been made of Philip's adherence to Vegetarianism. He had for many years gradually adopted the principle, before he joined the Society, in 1851. Among his Oberlin Tracts he gives "A Few Reasons for not eating Dead Bodies," viz. (1) "Because flesh is dear food," and "the less money I spend in eating, the more I have to do good with;" (2) "Because animal food stimulates animal desires;" (3) "Because a tender heart is outraged by killing beasts to eat them;" (4) "Because experience proves that people may live long, be healthy, and work hard without eating flesh," etc., etc. He did not however, feel towards a meat-diet as he did towards smoking, or drinking intoxicants; and he provided meat for his guests, if they believed it requisite. When he was himself a visitor he needed no vegetarian dainties; and, as regards some articles of diet, he did not think it necessary to inquire whether they contained any animal ingredient!

He was desirous to train up the young in what he thought

sound views in this matter. In the "Recollections" of one of his pupils we read:—

"On one occasion some one suggested that meat-pies should be taken, among other things, for the evening meal on the 'Walking day.' This rather shocked Dr. Carpenter, and as the matter was to be decided by the children themselves, he spoke at considerable length on the cruelty, to say nothing of the sin to his mind, of killing a beast to eat, and wound up by asking if there was any boy or girl who would kill the sheep to make the mutton pies. Of course he expected none to offer to do so, and waited a little, when Tom Massam stood up and offered to kill and skin the sheep. This created quite a scene, and ended by the majority voting in favour of fruit instead of meat. . . . I know we youngsters enjoyed Tom Massam's offer, because it came within the range of our knowledge, and though defeated he was quite aware of our sympathy for mutton pies. I never remember, however, such a question again being submitted for the decision of the children."

Soon after the return of his friend Mr. Robson from America, Philip felt that the time had come in which he might carry out his own long-cherished desire: his natural history labours furnished him with the means. After preparing the collection of Mazatlan shells for the British Museum, he arranged other collections from the duplicates in his possession; and he offered the best of these to the State Society of Natural History at Albany, New York, U.S., on condition of his being employed to take it over and arrange it. He was ready to resign his pulpit; but the congregational committee assured him that this would not be for the interests of the congregation: they granted him leave of absence, and relieved him from the responsibility of providing supplies. He sailed in December, 1858, and did not come back till June, 1860.

Although he resumed his ministry for a year and a half after his return, it may be well, before closing this chapter, to add a few details respecting his work at Warrington. It is said that "he worked as the pastor of the Cairo Street congregation

as perhaps few ministers there, or anywhere else in Warrington, had ever worked before or since;" but he did not fulfil, nor did he aim to fulfil, the common ideal of an assiduous minister. As a pastor, he grudged neither time, money, nor effort when he felt the claim of distress: he and his friends of a kindred spirit did not spare themselves in cases of illness, and he strove earnestly for some who specially needed his services; but he disliked to make calls on those who neither gave nor seemed to want sympathy or help. If he had kept a record of his visits, as he did at Stand, it is probable that the number would have fallen short. As a preacher, he did not devote the time which many ministers think requisite to render the Sunday services effective. He had little inclination for pulpit composition, and only cared to write when he felt strongly. Though occasionally he gave considerable attention to the preparation of lectures and courses of sermons, he was far from deeming it necessary to think over a subject once a week, and write an elaborate discourse. His hearers might have felt the want of variety more, if he had not acted on their permission to preach the sermons of others, as he had done at Stand. His preaching was the effluence of his life. He did not work himself up into a Sunday religion: those who appreciated his life felt the power of his preaching. Both had their phases. Sometimes they displayed an intense spirituality, a lowliness and sadness of heart, a depth of sympathy with Jesus, and a perception of the beauty of His earthly ministry; and sometimes that vehement rebuke of wrong, and that sternness and elevation of conscience, which made him speak like an ancient prophet. At other times his weariness and deadness of soul could not be quite overcome, even in the pulpit. He did not attract a large stated congregation; but whenever it was known that he was about to speak on any passing event or public wrong, there was a crowd to listen to his word in season. Conventional proprieties might sometimes be shocked; but no one doubted that he would speak the truth, as it was in him, with directness and power. Such preaching, except in length, answered to Bishop Latimer's description of Jonah's ("Sermon before King Edward," 1550):

There was "no great curiousnes, no great clerklines, no great affectation of words, nor paynted eloquence; . . . this was a nipping sermon, a pinching sermon, a biting sermon—it had a full bite—a rough sermon, and a sharp biting sermon." Like the good Bishop, he declined to deal in abstractions, but testified to what he had seen and known; and he spoke with the authority of knowledge discerned by the "light of life." After one of his sermons, "The Offence of Drinking," afterwards printed, he notes: "Gave great offence to some, but clearness of vision to others." He did his best to brighten the services in the mouldering chapel with flowers and choir-music, but he felt more at home when he preached in the spacious schoolroom. There was a class whose needs he wanted to meet, who would not come to hear him even there; and his open-air services at the Bridge Foot formed part of his regular Sunday duty: there the working-men would gather round him, and listen even through a shower of rain. He occasionally spoke at Town End and elsewhere.* Some of his teachers or other friends would accompany him, and their singing was the attractive call to the meeting. He distributed copies of an Oberlin Tract (see p. 110) which often bore reference to his address. These tracts† were generally only a page in length, and imparted vigorous moral or religious teaching, sometimes in the form of a dialogue.

His Sunday's work usually commenced with a teachers' meeting, about eight a.m., followed by a short meeting for prayer; then the morning school and morning service; after-

* July 16, 1856, he writes: "As I had a chapel holiday, I took an extra open-air meeting [beside Bridge Foot], and beat up fresh ground in a district where several children's parents live. An audience had already assembled to see two boys fight, who after I had separated them went, I presume, to fight it out elsewhere. The people seemed pleased at my coming, and I agreed to go again next Sunday."

† In addition to many Scriptural titles, they bore such as these:—"Respectable Sinners;" "What do you wish for?" Show Works and Good Works;" "Outsiders;" "Votes of Thanks where really due;" "Let us alone;" "The Fighting Way and the Loving Way;" "Have you a Right?" "A Few Plain Reasons for Plain Living;" "Field Paths;" "The Soul's Food;" "Who are the Brave?" "Buttermilk;" "Why will ye die?" etc., etc.

noon school and service (except in the winter, when the service was in the evening); then his open-air service; and if there was no teachers' meeting, etc., a prayer-meeting at some house in the evening. Sometimes he would act as superintendent, or take a class at the Sunday School, which was, Mr. Robson writes, his greatest delight and care. "All the riches of the Doctor's well-stored mind were freely spent on the instruction and education of the children and the teachers. Religion, science, music, were freely taught, as his hearers and scholars were able to bear and receive; and it was here his breadth and liberality came more fully into play. Never laying much stress on the tenets of theology or mere doctrinal preaching, believing that the life and the life only in imitation of Jesus Christ was the Christian religion, he united men of very diverse religious opinions in a common work. There were associated with him in his religious work at Cairo Street, Unitarians of various schools of thought, Methodists, and Swedenborgians; and yet, though the most perfect liberty of utterance was not only allowed but encouraged, there never was a theological quarrel amongst them. The simple rule laid down was found sufficient to preserve unbroken peace: that in all religious discussions the speakers should affirm and never deny."

The affairs of the school were managed by a monthly committee of all the teachers, some of them persons of much ability and force of character; but a singular harmony prevailed among them, greatly to be attributed to the uniting and forbearing spirit he manifested, and his desire to respect the convictions even of small minorities. Many with whom he worked in the school were among his most valued fellow-workers in his other labours.

When our school committee at Halifax were revising their rules, I asked him for information on various points. He replied, "I think rules must always depend on those who work them, or for whom they are worked. Importations don't answer. We just carry out what we find we can, and don't make rules that we are unable to enforce. Our school goes on more by a 'sense pervading' than by rules or discipline. Each class

is the index of the teacher. The children soon go away if they are not interested." The whole school was an "index" to his punctuality, thoroughness, and religious feeling. The singing and the liturgical service were of no ordinary excellence. He had a fondness for boys, which they could not fully reciprocate; but "they were attracted by his good-humoured, laughing ways," and by his efforts for their happiness. They were trained to contribute to the school treats, which they valued all the more. He has described one Christmas party at which he was host: at subsequent ones, when tickets were bought, he exerted himself to make them successful; and sometimes he invited the elder scholars to tea at his house. Of one of those occasions he writes: "The size of their stomachs was very wonderful. I gave the invitation to 'all who wished to be good lads;' they all came—except the nicest of the lot!"

A Wednesday-night meeting he devoted to the elder members of the congregation; most of the other evenings were at the service of the young—night classes, mutual improvement societies, Band of Hope meetings, etc. "Those youths who came more directly and personally under his influence well know of his earnest words of advice, encouragement, and reproof, when needed. He was easily accessible, and his study was often the place of devotion and repentance and the beginnings of a new effort. If one were to speak of conversions, there were far more conversions in his study than in the chapel."

He early saw the importance of Bands of Hope. The pledge was a simple one: "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage;" there was generally added, "and also from opium and tobacco." "We make the children take hands, and repeat the words of the pledge to me, and then end with prayer." "His Band of Hope meetings were always sources of pleasure. In winter months they were held in the school-room; but in summer they were more frequently held in the lanes, like a camp meeting, or in the Cobbs at Stockton Heath"—a somewhat wild, picturesque spot, with a small natural amphitheatre where his audience could seat themselves. His party sang as they walked along, and would

often gather in its course a larger crowd. When the halt was made, speeches, singing, and recitations were the usual proceedings of the meeting.

"His Saturday afternoons were often, in the summer, spent in long country walks, attended by any who cared for the excursion—usually big lads who were at work all the week. He would pluck a flower from the hedge-side, and teach from it the elements of botany to the circling crowd; or he would turn aside into a stone quarry, and make it his text for a lesson on geology." We have already mentioned his Sunday walks, when he would discourse on some religious theme. In his ordinary conversations with his young friends, "he would often stop to correct bad grammar or faulty pronunciation." For some years he had a boating crew: it was very pleasant to go out with them in the "Old Teetotaller" on a fine summer evening, and hear their glees and catches.

In March, 1857, he and ten others went to the neighbourhood of Peterborough to see an eclipse of the sun, of which he sent a graphic account to the Warrington papers, especially noting the general effect of the "'darkness that might be felt:' it *was* felt by each of us with more or less of unaccountable dread. . . . A young man (with so little fear about him that he lately allowed the Warrington drunkards to give him a thorough thrashing sooner than pay his 'footing') felt 'as if the least thing would have knocked him down.'" He characteristically ends by remarking that "the whole expense of a journey of nearly three hundred miles was less than a month's drinking and smoking to an ordinary working-man."

Shells and music were from a child his chief delight, and to each he devoted a great deal of time for the good of others. He not only taught music gratuitously to members of his congregation, but gave lessons twice a week, for some years, to the scholars of the excellent British School, afterwards known as the People's College. For their use chiefly, he printed "First Notions of Singing" (and "First Notions of Elocution") in 1856, which took him "an enormous quantity of time." He writes (December 21, 1856): "I have got the British School concert

over. . . . They sang far better than last year, indeed very well, both as regards time, tune, point, expression, etc., and the music was far more difficult. For a choir of seventy children to sing the entire Kyrie and Gloria of the Twelfth Mass, with all the orchestral accompaniments which they had never heard before, and the altos with no leader, in a crowded hot room, and do it correctly all through, is not what every one hears in a common school. But there was no fun this year, and the Quakers complained that it was too much like psalm-singing—no catches. I fancy I had no heart for fun-making. [His mother had died that year.] Our third concert (inauguration of our Philharmonic Society) comes off with the 'Messiah' next Tuesday. In this I have only a subordinate responsibility, with the altos, whom I have been working up at the harmonium." The next year, when reporting his Christmas Day, he says, "We had the morning service [seven a.m. !], and at it baptised one of our youths after a year's probation. I breakfasted with them, and went to Mass, to help in singing Mozart's Seventh, as an acknowledgment for their helping at our concert."

In 1857 he published two editions (one "four-part," the other "for two trebles only") of his "Songs of Progress and Affection, etc.," viz. sixty-two melodies for the popular little song-book already mentioned (p. 108). Some of these were copied by permission from Hickson's "Singing Master" and Mainzer's Choruses. A few were his own composition. Others were adapted from popular glees:—"Here's a health to all good lasses" continued "Vainly sought in brimming glasses!"

"We sober men are met again
To sing in cheerful measures"

was sung to the tune of "Mynheer Van Dunck," * etc. In the

* This is not printed in his Tune-book, perhaps because of the copyright. It is related in a Warrington paper (May 13, 1879) that a glee-party had arranged to sing "Mynheer Van Dunck" at a Christmas dinner of workmen, but found that they had not a copy of the glee. Knowing that Philip had it, Mr. H. (one of the party) went to ask him to lend it. After some hesitation he said that he could not consistently encourage the singing of those bacchanalian words. Mr. H. offered to sing his tem-

following year, he printed the "Hampstead Chapel Psalmody," prepared by his brother, Dr. W. B. Carpenter; and he himself edited and printed "Tunes for the Christian Church and Home," for the use of congregations employing Dr. Martineau's Hymn-book and his own Selections from the Psalms, etc. He acknowledges in his preface the kindness of "authors and proprietors who have allowed him the use of most valuable tunes. . . . He also wishes to express his deep veneration for the memory of the late Rev. S. C. Fripp, B.A. [see p. 7], the friend of Latrobe, under the guidance of whose exquisite taste the organ of Lewins Mead Chapel, Bristol, was wont not so much to play the tunes, as to utter forth the very hymns the congregation were singing. Whatever is good in the editing of this Collection is due to his influence."

These twelve years of Philip's life were those perhaps in which he seemed to accomplish the most. He had earned a high reputation as a practical philanthropist and as a man of science. He had helped to save many lives, and to elevate hundreds more. Thousands owed to him the brightness of many happy hours, and he was not devoid of mirth and sportiveness. But underlying all, there was the sadness of sacrifice. The strength of his affections measured the intensity of their frequent disappointments; while his ideal of holiness rarely allowed him peace of conscience,—his was "hard doctrine," which few could bear. He also suffered the natural penalty of an overstrain of his powers. At Stand the bracing atmosphere rendered life a delight; but he never ceased to feel the depressing influence of Warrington. "The first fresh joy of a Christian life, and the unchilled warm burst of youthful hope," had departed; but he was sadly and humbly reaching onwards towards Christian perfection.

perance words; but Philip smiled and replied that he knew that they would not be acceptable to that Christmas party, and asked to be excused from lending the glee. When Philip met Mr. H., a few weeks after, he said, "After you left me, I could not rest to think that I had in my house something that I could not lend to a friend. I went to my music and turned it over, till I found the glee. I then went to the fire and burned it."

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN JOURNEY: 1858—1860. ÆT. 39, 40.

ALTHOUGH Philip was scarcely a year and a half in America, it was one of the most important periods of his life, and that of which we have the fullest records. Before he had been away a twelvemonth, he seemed to himself to have lived there many years. His old habits were broken up; the change of scene and society was complete. He had little to do with teaching, much with learning. He resolved to leave himself open to impressions, and await new light; and he had much enjoyment, but also very deep sorrows. He had often an intense craving for sympathy, and felt as if there was not a soul to which his could pour itself out on that vast continent: he thought that he had become almost unable to express himself, from his habits of silence. But in these times of silence he poured himself out in his letters, which are remarkably full and graphic. He wrote in the tossing ship, or the shaking train, or the noisy station—in all sorts of circumstances unfavourable to composition; but his pages scarcely contain an erasure. He wrote in pencil,* at first in long-hand: but his home readers complained that it was hard to decipher the faint writing on the thin paper; so, after a few weeks, he resolved to write to me in shorthand, which saved him a great deal of valuable time; and I copied, and sent on their round, those portions which seemed of general interest. This plan enabled him to write with entire freedom—just as he thought and felt at the time; and to record impres-

* He used a "manifold," keeping a copy for his own use.

sions and opinions which he knew he might afterwards find to be erroneous. He was not travelling for his own welfare only, and he was very desirous to acquire information which would enable him to be of service to those who wished to emigrate; and this was one reason why he often cast in his lot with the humbler classes. What I copied would fill a volume; it will be my aim to select that which seems most characteristic.

He sailed from Liverpool in the "Kangaroo" steamship, December 8, 1858. It was divided into first cabin and steerage cabin: he chose the latter. Being winter, the cabin was little more than half full, and he could stow some of his luggage in the empty berths near him. One of his fellow-passengers (who was returning from executing a contract in Egypt), whose berth was under his, was not aware that he had to provide bedding; so Philip shared with him the bag of paper-shavings which he had brought for that purpose, gradually adding to the part he kept by tearing into shreds a number of old letters that he read over on the voyage! He often spoke in praise of this paper-bedding. When dinner-time came, he was much amused at seeing all the people with their mugs and tins receiving their rations: it reminded him of the old Industrial School days. The weather was often very tempestuous, and sometimes it was bitterly cold. Twice, from some carelessness, three or four feet of water were found in the hold. Happily his collection, etc., escaped injury; and he was not one to complain of hardships. As a lover of nature, he found much to interest him in his voyage, and he helped to keep up the spirits of his companions, among whom were persons of great intelligence and varied experiences. On the first Sunday he got a group of men round him, reading his tracts. When it was known that he was a minister, he found that there was not so much lewd talk and singing on the part of some rough Americans; they still swore awfully, but *that* they seemed unable to check! By request, he gave a temperance lecture, leading off with singing "The Staunch Teetotaller," and ending with inviting a discussion. The next Sunday evening, the captain asked him to take the service. The people were

standing or sitting, how they could, many remaining in their berths; during his extempore sermon, they "were as quiet as mice! We then sang 'Lord, dismiss us,' and I offered prayer. It was a very impressive meeting altogether; and, I believe, gave general satisfaction, from captain to swearers. The latter signified their appreciation by adjourning to the bar and getting drunk. As to me, I went on deck, where the moon was shining brilliantly on the water, the wind was fair, and our speed kept increasing up to fourteen knots. I felt light-hearted, and happier than I have been for many a weary year; and sang 'Ave sanctissima,' and songs and hymns; and did not turn in to roost till near twelve: not however for much sleep, for the wind freshened, carried off mainsail and sheets, and we were well bounced and whacked till daybreak." On Christmas Day the captain read prayers, "treating us to the Athanasian Creed, during which I took my Greek Testament, and read from the first Epistle of John, which I found more edifying." Instead of their usual rations, they found a table spread in their cabin with knives, forks, spoons, etc., and a sumptuous Christmas dinner, with fifteen stewards, etc., to wait on them: he did his part as carver, and "the feast went off with immense *éclat*." He afterwards went with a deputation to present an address to the captain, with whom he was much pleased; and the evening was spent by the passengers with hearty enjoyment and very little drunkenness. It was the first Christmas for fifteen years on which he had had a complete holiday. Philip had written a number of verses to the tune of a German students' drinking song. The chorus was—

> "Merrily, cheerily, sing we in chorus,
> Packed in the pouch of the 'Kangaroo';"

instead of—

> "Edite, bibite, collegiales,
> Post multa sæcula, pocula nulla."

He did not forget to refer in it to "our brothers in bonds." There was no opportunity for singing it; but he had (by invitation) given a lecture on slavery, answering all the objections to Abolition which he had heard on board. The next morning

(Sunday), they reached New York; the cabin passengers were allowed to land, but the Custom-House officers would not attend to those in the steerage. The captain had asked Philip to take the evening service: "We had a very solemn service, singing 'Jesu, lover of my soul,' and 'For ever nigh me, Saviour, stand.' I preached with great liberty from 'This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments:' I took illustrations from the ship and storms, and touched the hearts of the people by picturing their probable future lives in varied circumstances. Then the passengers devoted themselves to packing up their boxes, deluded beings!" This exclamation arose from finding that they were all rummaged next morning by the Custom-House officers, who were in an ill-humour! His collection, etc., was removed to the Custom-House, and he was indignant at the treatment it received. It appeared that as one of his boxes was declared as a magic-lantern, slides, etc., they suspected that others might contain similar goods which he was intending to smuggle! At length they gave him for signature a declaration on oath—that the slides, etc., were for his personal use as a lecturer: and the duty was remitted. "They made no bones about affirmation; so I simply drew my pen through the wicked words, wrote *affirm*, and signed it. My landlord, who had been in the C. H., laughed, saying that a few judicious dollars would have settled it easier. However, it is good for learning experience and patience."

On arriving, December 29, at Albany, the capital of the State of New York, he was kindly received by Colonel Jewett,* the curator of the State Museum. Although the curator was an officer, and also opposed to the Abolitionists, he had such kindness of heart, as well as ardour as a naturalist, that they soon became cordial friends. He found Philip disturbed at

* The number of "Harper's Weekly Journal" which gave an obituary of Philip, also paid a tribute to Colonel Jewett, who died in California, a week before him (May 18, 1877), æt. 85. He had an eventful career as a soldier, and was one of the explorers of California in 1849. His valuable geological collection, very rich in fossils, was sold to the Cornell University for 10,000 dollars, and he left behind him a conchological collection said to contain some 14,000 species. Philip often referred to his collections in his Reports to the British Association, etc.

seeing goods which he had brought from England for the Anti-slavery Bazaar "mauled and messed," and good humouredly said that he would find some "fanatic" lady to iron them up, before he forwarded them; and he took four days in trying to hunt up an Abolitionist! He was struck with the promptness with which Philip, instead of resting and amusing himself after his voyage, at once set to hard work in arranging his collection. The Custom-House officials had not only opened the boxes of shells, but had ransacked some of the inner boxes, and broken the chief of the Pinnas, Anodons, spiny Venus, etc. So he mounted the pieces in order, and wrote under, "Broken by the U. S. Custom-House Officers." He filled the cases provided for him, 120 square feet, and found he wanted sixty feet more. He resolved therefore to go on his travels, and to return to Albany to complete his work, which he did in November.

Philip spent five weeks in Albany at a comfortable boarding-house: "You may fancy me, in clover, full bloom, with everything that heart can desire, *except* some one to care for." He attended some Orthodox churches: but the apparent irreverence of the congregations disturbed him, and he was "disgusted with their cold aristocratic ways;" so he looked out for some "Bethel:" even there he felt a stranger. The Roman Catholic Cathedral was the only place where he found religious sympathy. After Mass, on the second occasion, he went into the gallery, and made friends with the organist: and twice sang in the choir. Being much impressed by the sermons of the Bishop—"a beautiful old man, the very picture of piety and benevolence"—he paid him a long call, and was introduced by him to some of those who were engaged in the institutions of the church. He also made the acquaintance of the Rev. J. Mayo, the Unitarian minister, and heard him deliver a very interesting discourse on "'Common-school Teachers and Religious Education,' extremely plain and pointed; but delivered so slowly and quietly that you did not want to smile often." He attended a convention called by his old acquaintance Elihu Burritt, who introduced him to Mr. Delavan, the *veteran* temperance reformer. Mr. Burritt wished the nation

to purchase the slaves, and send them out of the country; but the difficulties attending the plan were exposed by other speakers. Messrs. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and A. Powell subsequently held an Anti-slavery convention, where he felt more in sympathy; and he conversed with "a station-master of the underground railway," *i.e.*, one of those who made it a business to forward fugitive slaves to a place of safety. Business had been very brisk of late!

On February 2, 1859, he took the train to Montreal, where he had agreed to lecture. On entering Canada, "one's heart seemed to beat with home feelings, particularly when, after riding a mile, I felt that the slave-catcher had lost his power, and the poor fugitive was free. . . . I have felt in the country of the alien and the despot all the time I have been in the States." * It might have been expected from his habit of treating the poor as respectfully as the rich, that he would have sympathized with republican manners; but he felt most keenly that slavery gave the lie to professions of equality, and his intense horror of this crime made him a severe critic of those who countenanced it. The self-regard and self-assertion, which he noticed, offended both his taste and his principles: and he satirically wrote of the "S. P.," which stood for Sovereign People, or Sovereign Person, as the case might be.

He was much impressed with his winter journey—"the wooded ravines, down which frozen streams had tried to dash: it was like the Arabian Nights—everything suddenly turned to stone: the forests in ruins—the clearings, where rows of snow hillocks testified to the stumps below; or else ghostly sprawling creatures, which were the stumps torn up by the roots, and turned topsy-turvy." The Britannia Bridge at Montreal was not finished. Instead of a steam-ferry, he entered a sleigh, and, after dashing down a deep descent, he crossed the St. Lawrence on a road cleared through the rough ice and deep in snow: an avenue of trees planted all across on each side

* The editor has to record Philip's opinions, not his own. He has the pleasantest remembrances of most of his tour in the United States; but at this juncture the cloud of slavery was at its blackest, and cast its shadow on everything.

marked the track. Montreal seemed to him a truly magnificent city, with its towers and domes backed by a wooded hill. He was most hospitably received by Dr. Cordner, the Unitarian minister. It was very pleasant to him, after his boarding-house life, to be in a refined home where there were children, with whom he was soon on the best terms; and after holding his tongue for six weeks, he enjoyed giving his temperance lectures (followed by exhibitions with the magic lantern, which proved very popular). His first audience was a "respectable" one: but the people clapped when he told them that he should consider he was speaking to a plain English teetotal meeting; and then the ice was broken! One afternoon he "gave a Mazatlan lecture to the Natural History class at the McGill College (the university), at Professor Dawson's request: a very intelligent class of students in their gowns. Professor Dawson is the Principal, who has raised the college to its present high standing. He seems a kind of mixture of my beau ideal of professors, J. D. Forbes, with the Natural History talent of Edward Forbes." During his visit to Montreal, Philip had much intercourse with Dr. Dawson, who became his intimate friend. He also spent some time at the rooms of the Geological Survey, at the head of which was Sir W. Logan, who had devoted much time and money and ability to the object, and had gathered round him a number of men eminent in their respective departments. Philip exchanged books with him; and Dr. Dawson got him to arrange the shells at the new Natural History rooms, which were opened with a grand soirée.

On two Sundays he preached in the morning for Dr. Cordner: he doubted whether his plain speaking would suit the congregation; "but if people *will* ask strangers to preach, they must take what comes." In the afternoons he attended vespers at the great Catholic Church of Notre Dame. "The organ gallery and parts of the others were filled with thousands of children, mostly boys. Fancy the swell of their voices in the grand old Gregorian chants in that vast building: the altar choir antiphonizing with them, all in solid unisons reverberating through the vast space, with the harmonies given

by the choir and organ: . . . there was deep chanting by the men, as in France, relieved by pleasant peals of response from the thousand children. . . . After the service was over, the children set up a pleasant song in two parts. It was the greatest mixture of cheerfulness and solemnity that I have ever seen. A large number of the people stopped, praying, waiting for their turn to confess. On going out, the children were tossing each other in the snow in charming fashion. The Catholics have no idea of gloomy Sundays."

He had been invited by the Sons of Temperance to lecture at Quebec. Four of them met him at the station, and he was glad to put his luggage in the sleigh, and to cross on foot that mighty river, there about a mile wide and thirty feet deep, with the torrent waters of perhaps a quarter of North America rolling unperceived beneath him! He was much interested with the quaint, Frenchified old city, with steep rocks jutting into the streets, beautifully covered with snow and icicles. His friends took him to see the monuments of the battles; but he "could not like them, in the midst of nature's eternal grandeur and beauty; paraded, too, over the descendants of the conquered people." There was an eclipse of the moon, and he sallied forth about half-past three, with the thermometer about 10° below zero (!), mounting the hill outside the fortifications. "I was surprised to see how much sharper the penumbra was than in our hazy atmosphere. When the obscuration was nearly complete, I attracted the attention of some soldiers who were changing guard to its beauties; but, before that, I had descended into civilized regions, for fear of being lost in the darkness." Finding no one up at his lodgings, he took refuge in the Catholic Cathedral: a priest let him sit in the sacristy till six, when he attended early Mass; afterwards he enjoyed the glories of the sunrise. He found that the residents did not share his enthusiasm for the marvellous tints: they wanted him to see their country in summer. However, he got a young artist to see their beauties. A friend offered to take him in the afternoon to the Falls of Montmorency, the frozen spray from which forms a huge cone some forty or fifty feet high. A

snowstorm came on before they started, but he did not wish to give up. As long as they kept on the river the sleigh went along rapidly: he admired "the natural roads from everywhere to everywhere else, smoother than railways, without pike or trespass." When, however, they diverged through fields of rough ice, and large holes covered with the new snow, they found it impossible to proceed; but he enjoyed the ride extremely, especially when they had turned their backs on the wind and snow. "It is not every man that has ridden fourteen miles on the St. Lawrence in a violent snowstorm." In the evening he gave his lecture. On the morning of his arrival, Father Chiniqui (the Father Matthew of Canada) had been obliged to leave Quebec: the Catholic authorities had set themselves against him on account of his heretical tendencies.

The next Sunday Philip spent at Côte St. Paul, with Mr. Higgins, a manufacturer who boarded many of his work-people: he saw a new phase of life, and his sermon in the school-room met a warm response.

On his return to Montreal he caught himself saying "coming home;" but he left Dr. Cordner's hospitable roof the next day for Ottawa, where he had arranged to lecture. Everything was then unfinished in the new capital of Canada; but he was enraptured with its picturesque situation, and the effulgent magnificence of a sunset scene, which was beyond anything he ever saw, or expected to see. He wrote a graphic account of the Chaudière and Rideau Falls, which he explored at some risk. At his lecture he experienced the unruly character of American boys, whom he in vain requested the "Sons" (of Temperance) to quell. He told them "how the Quebec astronomer could not take the longitude of Hamilton properly, because of the boys; but found a place in Montreal 'not much infested with boys, and those who did heave in sight were perfectly tame.'"

At Toronto he visited his old tutor and friend at York, the Rev. W. Hincks, F.L.S., who was a professor of the new university. He found himself in another climate, the winter there having been unusually mild. From some mistake, the lecture-

hall engaged for him had been subsequently let for a lecture by Dr. Rae, the Arctic explorer, who discovered the remains of Franklin. Philip declined to stand in the way of one whom he so much honoured, and much enjoyed Dr. Rae's lecture, and his private intercourse with him. Dr. Rae heard and approved Philip's lecture on "Alcohol as Fuel Food:" his experience in the Polar regions was very decisive against the use of spirits. At Hamilton Philip lectured in the hall of the Good Templars (whom he describes as a modification of the Sons of Temperance), and afterwards saw how the Canadian amateur firemen manage their work. At Woodstock, where he gave two lectures, he had a pleasant surprise. The mansion and park of his host, Mr. Cottle, reminded him of England; and "on entering the library, behold a picture of old Alderman Daniel [a leader of the Tory party in Bristol] who had brought him up as a boy, Dr. Parr who was his godfather, and other celebrities!" He inherited an estate at St. Nevis, but finding little prospect of success as a planter, he migrated to what was then a forest, cleared himself a farm, and was joined by others from the West Indies. He was an ardent naturalist, and had a delightful family; so these were happy days for the traveller.

Philip also lectured at London, whence he went to Chatham (sixty-five miles off), to make acquaintance with the settlement of fugitives from slavery. He had no introductions, but soon made friends: he addressed a school, shaking hands with all the scholars as they left; and in the evening attended a revival meeting of the Baptists. "There was no excitement, as at a Methodist prayer-meeting: no shouting; only now and then a low murmur, and a few suppressed sobs, or an earnest Amen. After a man had prayed, a woman began her prayer, in a soft, sweet tone, rising and falling on the minor third, often both tones on the same syllable. Gradually she rose a little, and continued in a plaintive recitative, quite different from European music, but extremely musical, and thoroughly *natural*. It was to woman's nature what the bird's singing is to them. The language it breathed was tenderness itself. It seemed as though passion and hatred could not breathe the

same atmosphere. It was altogether unlike singing a liturgy, which is simply to hide the *individual* tone. Here was prayer clothing itself in its own musical utterance. It was just loud enough to be heard through the still chapel, and that was all. How different from the conventional tones of our ordinary worship, the worked-up excitement of the Methodists, and the receptive forms of the Catholics! It was to me an entirely new experience of worship." He slept at the house of a former fugitive, and was much pleased with his refined manners and those of his wife. The cottages he entered were neat and clean, and he was satisfied with what he heard of the general condition of the people. He made many inquiries respecting the coloured people in Canada: and was also much interested in ascertaining and noting the differences between them and the people of the States. On his return to Toronto, he spent more than a week with Professor Hincks, and preached for him at the Unitarian Church, which he was then temporarily supplying. He undertook to arrange the Mazatlan collection, which was to be put by itself in the beautiful new museum: this occupied him many days.

He twice visited Niagara at this time—once from Hamilton, when he stopped at a small Irish inn at Clifton, C.W., and again on his way to Buffalo, when he lodged at a little German inn * on the American side of the bridge. He writes (March 26, 1859): "Yes, I have seen Niagara! The dream of my boyhood, the ardent wish of my mature life, the greatest pleasure that I looked forward to, when rocked in the cradle of the deep Atlantic, has been fulfilled. I have seen the waters of a country nearly as large as Europe leap over a rocky ledge, and hasten through their narrow channel to repose in the deep hollow of the blue Ontario." He had resolved

* "Thought I, 'If I can't go to Germany, I will learn their ways here.'" He was so pleased, that at Buffalo he went to another German inn which he had eyed from the station. "One gets a little more time to eat at these places: they treat you with consideration; and you are free from the horrid ways of hotels." He elsewhere complained that, from the rapidity of the Americans at their meals, they had often finished before he was satisfied!

on no account to *do* the Falls, even if he left them undone. When he had visited Snowdon, he found that he could overcome the overwhelming sense of awe with the pencil; so he prolonged his way to the Falls with sketching, and calmed the excitement of desire. The water of the Niagara is usually of a most beautiful colour, but it was then turbid after a thaw. He was surprised, as he walked, to look down on a muddy stream about the width of the Bristol Avon at high water. He was impressed at first by the beauty, rather than by the awfulness, of the Falls. Owing to the cold, the spray was condensed, and did not rise to any height: he had expected an awful roar, but was surprised to find that he heard the gulls cawing to each other, as they flapped the very foam over the Falls. Few travellers could have gained a fuller conception of the scene: he was alone, and devoted himself to its examination from every point of view. His scientific knowledge, his intense love of nature, and his close observation of it, make his descriptive letters very vivid and interesting: they are far too long to be inserted here, and (at the time) he desired that they should not be published. Some of his experiences were unusual, as few travellers go behind the Falls in the winter. He met a guide who was looking for spars, among portions of a rock that had just fallen; and followed him through a channel of broken ice, till he found that he was *inside* Niagara. "I looked up. I almost shudder to recall the grand magnificence. Above me rose in tiers, each one projecting over the last, the rocky foundations which support that mighty river; below me went down to the abyss the deep mass of loose broken stones; and here I was in the angle formed between the two! In front was the truly awful cataract, as much below me as above; and how much below *that*, the foaming abyss alone can tell. Inside, as out, the volumes of cloud were rising up, but leaving the principal part of the cave quite clear, so that you could see each separate beauty of the Fall. Add to the solemn effect an unearthly, sulphurous smell. I hope you will not think it too presumptuous; but to relieve my mind I deliberately planted my knees against the

ledge of snow, and—hastily sketched it. . . . I breathed freely as I got into the pure air. As far as nature is concerned, I feel disposed to sing my *Nunc dimittis.*"

When he afterwards looked down from a tower into the middle of the Fall, he remarked that "it was an intensely exciting scene, and exquisitely delightful; but I have still to confess that, for awful grandeur, the entombment in the mighty Snowdon, looking up its precipitous sides for thousands of feet, made a very far deeper impression on my mind." He fully appreciated the Rapids, which are usually a surprise to those who are familiarized with the Falls by pictures; but, on the whole, he felt disappointed in the scenery from its sameness. This sameness, however, as far as the waters were concerned, had a wonder and beauty of its own. "In *grandeur* the storm-tide, rushing on till it discharges in dashing foam against the rocks, appears to me greater. But for *beauty*, the eternal succession of the same water, in the same forms, throwing off spray-clouds at the same points, ever the same yet ever fresh, filled my soul with reverent delight."

The beauty of nature could not shut out his thoughts from the crimes of man. On going down the staircase to the Fall, he found that, although it was new, it was covered with names. He thought there was something better to write than a name; and near a little side door he found space to inscribe—"Ever glorious Niagara! that stoppeth the slave-catcher in his northward pursuit, and separateth the *States*, *United* together to afford him a hunting-ground, from the free soil of Canada! roll onward in thy unchanging and irresistible might; fit emblem of the power of Divine truth to check the tyranny of sin, and separate it by an eternal barrier from the heaven of God's love."

On the Sunday, he went with his Irish host to the Catholic chapel—a plain unplastered building, used also as a schoolroom. "Fancy coming to worship through the snow to this primitive chapel, with the distant murmur of Niagara. I did not wish myself in any cathedral. The extreme simplicity was far more congenial. Nature does all the grandeur here, and

her deep diapasons required no added organ." When he left, the sun was up; "and, the air being warm and abounding with moisture, the smoke of the great cataract ascended in a column till it met the clouds. The birds had come in great numbers to the woods; the bluebirds especially were very distinct in their happy song. Strange to wander where the very birds sang different tunes, and to look down over the snow upon the leaping waters, ever steadily intent upon their eternal mission."

From Buffalo, N.Y., he wrote: "This Sunday morning, April 3, is Mary's birthday, and I wish her 'many happy returns:' I expect the old sister and the young brother have still some work to do, before they go to the other world. . . . About ten o'clock I went to the Cathedral. . . . It will be a magnificent building when complete, but the congregation is poor: I saw only a few of the seats cushioned. When I went in, the body of the church was filled with the children of the schools, and a young priest was speaking to them from the altar. His subject was the love of Jesus; and no one could address children in a more simple and touching manner." After they were dismissed, the people began to assemble; and Philip read part of a great budget of letters, which he had got from the post-office. "Charming employment—to sit in that grand Cathedral, the sun shining in through the windows, all of which were of painted glass, and quietly be recalled to English loved ones. Presently there came in some Sisters of Charity—such nice motherly-looking women, in blue dresses and large white bonnets, followed by a train of girls of different ages, all dressed in blue, with blue head-dresses, who came up the centre aisle and stood by the high altar, and then went to their places with the greatest order and cheerful solemnity. The candles were being lit, and I thought of Mary and her girls: and how the Lord uses so many different servants to do His work, in so many different ways. You will not wonder that I sobbed downright. At the same moment, they began the soft Kyrie, and the tribe of innocent-looking young boys in white came and sat in a circle round the altar-rails—the girls in their

blue being outside, a heavenly sight. The priests came in with great simplicity; the officiating priest being only waited on by two very young boys, and the preacher going up without attendants. The music was exquisitely beautiful, abounding in simple chants, and a number of hymns introduced. The priest had a most melodious voice, and there were no discordant tones in the responses, which were all from the organ-gallery. I never hear the Catholic service alike in any two places, and yet, in all the variety, there is a oneness which makes me feel at home everywhere. In the Protestant places there is any quantity of uniformity in each sect, and I feel at home nowhere. It was so exquisitely beautiful, when he chanted in the minor key, and the organist accompanied him with a deep pedal base and warbling choir flute: then the singers with single voices, and breaking out into chorus. I cannot recall the music of any of it; and I understood no words but the simple *Dominus vobiscum*, etc.; but I felt it altogether congenial to my feelings. I have got to that state in which *words* rather interfere with, than help on, my devotion: and in which the spirit seemeth to strive with groanings which cannot be uttered; and then music comes in and utters them. Music is as much part of our nature as articulate speech. Sometimes I was convulsed with emotion. . . . Another blessedness of the Catholic worship—that each soul is occupied with its own worship, and no others are disturbed. If I had cried so in a Protestant place, all eyes would have been upon me; as it was, my next neighbour took no notice. On one side was a young woman praying in French with great fervour. Here were Germans, French, Irish, English, Americans, losing their nationality, and even the necessity of hearing their mother-tongue, and engrossed in one act of worship. Truly it was a solemn scene. . . . I stayed to calm down, after they had all gone, with John xiv."

He was not one to make a display of feeling, but he had not the usual English shame at giving it expression. Unless it caused disturbance to others, he showed pain as well as pleasure, and wept as well as laughed. He had great courage

and fortitude; but he was not prevented by pride from giving vent to his sorrow. In Scripture we often read of those who "lifted up their voice and wept:" the ancient Romans, and many continental nations, have not the stoicism which is the boast of wild Indians! He subsequently wrote to a bereaved sister: "And now, struggling against the words of faith as I have written them, rise up the deep sobs of anguish at the parting. Nature will have it so, and I do not think it wrong. I trust you will let the same feelings find their natural expression. I found great relief, even from the wild cries of agony, when I watched by my mother's lifeless form. It is one way by which the bursting heart finds repose: even the Lord experienced and hallowed these outpourings."

He was in no danger of excess of feeling in a fine, large cruciform church, which he entered that evening, and found it arranged as a Protestant preaching-place. "The pulpit was a huge elevated platform, with an entablature of masonry with buttresses, as though it needed all that, to withstand the heaviness of the preaching and the doctrine. . . . After a lecture on the history of Paul as dry as tinder . . . they sang the hymn, 'Watchman, tell us of the night.' A young lady shouted the inquiry, and a fat old watchman bellowed the reply; and then the choir generally yelled a chorus, to the great delight of the congregation, who all turned round to listen and look on: evidently thinking it a fine amusement after a dry sermon. Then they stood up to look at the parson blessing them, and the church was cleared in a marvellously short time. I went to look at the organ, being close by; the organist was shocked at any musical person hearing him, explaining that he was a decent hand at fiddling, but could not do justice to the organ. I thought he did quite well enough for the instrument and the singing. If I had to choose my religion between Catholic and Protestant from that day's specimen, I fear the Seven Sacraments * would carry the day against the Two."

Throughout his tour he frequently expressed his interest in

* At the Roman Catholic Cathedral there were large oil paintings from Poussin's "Sept Sacremens."

Catholic worship, and his dislike of what he too often found among Protestants. "I am no Puritan," he subsequently wrote. "Symbolic worship is as much to me, often far more, than that of words. When I saw the indescribable magnificence of autumn on the Canadian rivers, I thought that all kinds of beauty had their place in Christian worship. . . . My experience in this country has made me the more prize the kind of religion I have been led to believe in and preach. Speaking in general terms, Christianity as a transforming power over men's lives seems almost dead here. Only in the Roman Catholic Church does it seem to live, and in that but poorly. Of course I can't believe the doctrines, and be a Catholic; still less can I work in one of the Protestant sects. I can find what I want in the Catholic *worship*. For many years I have said the same: and now that I have an opportunity of getting what it has to give me, I see nothing more wrong in satisfying some of my wants at their altars, than in warming myself at the fire when I am cold. But to introduce that among Protestants is just as impossible as to believe the Catholic doctrines myself. I believe with Dr. Bellows that the time will come when there shall be such a *Catholic* Church; but neither he nor I can *begin* it: we can only show the want. To preach the *Gospel* still appears to me the highest work in life."

The enslavement of the soul is worse than the enslavement of the body; and those who believe Romanism to be spiritual despotism may wonder that it should receive any countenance from Philip, who had such a horror of slavery. It is evident that he did not then look on it in that light: he had usually seen Catholicism in its gentlest aspect. When, in after life, he lived where it was the dominant religion, he showed that he had not lost his Protestant love of religious freedom.

From Buffalo he went to Wellsboro', in the north of Pennsylvania, to visit a numerous colony of his cousins, whose father, Mr. William Bache (his mother's half-brother), had been one of the first settlers there in 1812. He was struck with the culture and prosperity he found in this pretty village in the

midst of the forest. One of his cousins, Mr. Laugher Bache, fully shared his Anti-slavery zeal; and all received him with great cordiality. He had engaged to return to Montreal, to preach three Sundays during Dr. Cordner's absence. On his way he called at Albany, and spent a few days in Boston, whence he took the Portland route to Canada. His experience on crossing the frontier, after leaving the temperance State of Maine, was not so gratifying as when he had congratulated himself on entering a land of freedom (p. 175): "At Richmond I was disagreeably reminded that I had crossed the barrier, and was very near breaking my teetotal pledge. I had got my bread in my bag for dinner, and wanted some water, of which there was none in the car. . . . In the refreshment-room there was an open decanter, containing apparently water, and tumblers by the side. I poured out half a glass, and took a good mouthful with my bread; and all of a sudden there was a most horrid taste, and intense burning. I suppose it was whisky. At any rate, I rushed out, to the astonishment of beholders, and spat it out with great zeal. How can people torture their stomachs with such abominable stuff? I went back, and asked the old lady what I must pay her for her poison. She professed not to understand me: and I explained, giving her a stiff lecture on leaving her stuff about in such a dangerous way. She did not seem to like to be taken to task in presence of her customers; while I drew an unfavourable contrast between the State of Maine and Canada. I paid for my lecture with my smallest coin—the same of which 'thirty pieces' have sometimes been presented to United States judges who have sent men back into slavery."

At Montreal he was the guest of Mr. Archbald; and enjoyed, as before, the great beauty of the neighbourhood. His host took him a walk up the Mountain—the steep hill which rises over the city, on the side of which he afterwards built his home. "The view from the top is very magnificent—the vast plain, the glorious blue St. Lawrence, with its islands beyond the beautiful city, and the fork of the Ottawa running into it. The Carmels and Tabors rise up, each with beautiful

outlines, in the distance [twenty or thirty miles off], which is bounded by the hills of Vermont and New York; the White Mountains [of New Hampshire] are hidden by the Carmels." He continually refers to the Carmels, etc., in his letters: he thus named them from their resemblance to the pictures of these mountains with which he had been familiar from childhood. In a partial valley of the Mountain were the cemeteries; "the Protestant and Jewish on one slope, the Catholic on the other." They did not then equal in beauty Arno's Vale at Bristol; "but, when prettily planted, it will be as beautiful a spot as can be desired." The north side of the Mountain was still thickly covered with snow; but the thaw had filled the lower parts of the city with disgusting filth.

It was Easter, and he was much impressed by the Catholic services, especially at Notre Dame, which is not the Cathedral, but the immense parish church, of Montreal. "From a boy," he says, "I have been very sensitive to the effect of worship with a large number; and the idea of a grand parish church where all are bowing in adoration of the 'Word made flesh and crucified,' and where you are left free to utter forth the language (or rather what cannot be clothed in language) of your own spirit, comes up nearer to my idea of worship than any that I have joined in elsewhere. . . . In the Protestant Church,* one minister pours forth his heart (we will hope) before the Lord in the name of the congregation, while they join with him, or wander; and this—just twice in the whole week. How many hundreds and thousands of secret prayers are offered in these Catholic churches . . . where the Protestant sees nothing but formalism, priestcraft, and idolatry!"

He was "introduced to Mr. Clark, the (Catholic) Bishop's English champion, who edits 'The True Witness,' set up in opposition to 'The Witness,' the organ of the Evangelicals." This gentleman kindly devoted much time to him, and took him to various Catholic institutions. The Hôtel Dieu, a hospital chiefly for infirm old people and orphans, under the

* Had he been writing with deliberation, it is obvious that he might have qualified this general statement.

care of the cloistered nuns, was the first nunnery Philip had visited: they then saw a larger establishment, called the Grey Nunnery: "they have 750 in the house, and as many in the city, dependent on them for their bread." Much work was done by the inmates. He was touched at finding "ladies, many of them of the highest station, who consent to perform menial and loathsome offices for the poorest and lowest people—for those who have brought on their diseases by profligate lives, or are dragging out an imbecile old age—simply for the love of God." In the schools of the Christian Brethren, the French boys were taught English, and the English French, etc. "At eleven o'clock there was a sudden silence; and a boy got up and read, in a slow, serious tone, that at the hour of eleven it was proper to remember that the Lord was with us in our studies, etc., followed by an act of faith, of hope, and of charity; and some prayers in which they all joined; and then went on with lessons. There was nothing constrained about the thing; just as natural as when, in our school romps, we subside and have a hymn and prayer. Of course, —— would say that all this time spent in religion might be devoted to Greek roots and other showy accomplishments; but, for my own part, I like children to associate religion with everything, in their play and their work." He was much pleased with the specimen of instruction which he witnessed, and considered it a libel that the Catholics wanted to keep the people in ignorance: "it is a special instruction to all the visitors—the Sisters of Charity, and the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul—to urge the parents to send their children to [these schools], and keep them there as long as possible." He also went to see the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Le Petit Seminaire, a kind of high school for girls; and the large Jesuits' College for Youths, where there were 230 boarders. Here he was told that it was absolutely forbidden to see the classes at work; but they were allowed to walk in the glazed passages between the class-rooms, and formed a favourable opinion of the discipline maintained: and he was pleased to find a museum, with philosophical

apparatus, etc., from Paris, in the top story. Some of the fathers were always with the boys, both at night and in play hours.

What touched him most was the cloistered nunnery of Le Bon Pasteur.* Mr. Clark had obtained a special order of admission from the Bishop. "Scarcely any layman had been admitted," Philip writes, "and certainly no non-Catholic before me. The orders were that we should be shown the entire establishment without reserve. . . . It is a society for the reception of penitent women. I never like to look criminals in the face, or mad persons: hospitals I do not mind; that is *only* suffering which one ought to face bravely, as medical men and Sisters of Charity do. However, Mr. Clark would hear of no reason against going . . . so we went to a spacious cruciform house in Sherbrook Street, standing in a large garden enclosed by a high wall. I thought of the 'wicket-day' at Port Royal. We applied for admission at the outer gate; and the portress, having first asked our business through the grating in the middle of the door, let us in. We went through passages and rooms, all ornamented with pictures and emblems and beautiful texts of Scripture. At last we were seated in the outer parlour, separated from the inner by a wainscot below, and a lattice and sashes. Presently the sash was thrown up, and behold the Lady Superior, seated in a chair, with a very simple dress, not unlike the pictures of the Port Royalists, to whom Mr. C. handed the Bishop's letter. She received us very graciously, and had been previously notified of our visit. She was of middle age, looking very benevolent and at the same time decided. Fortunately she was from Paris, and I understood her speech pretty well,† as she also did mine. . . . Everything was perfectly white, almost dazzling, for cheerfulness; all sorts of ornaments in every room, and evidently intended to

* "Organized in 1844 by a company of Parisian ladies of the Order of Le Bon Pasteur, established in 1640 by Père Eude in Caen, Normandy:" there were (1859) twenty-seven sisters and seventy penitents.

† He found a difficulty in making out the Canadian French. He was told that the language and pronunciation is principally of the Norman *dialect,* and has undergone little change from the time of Louis XIV.

give an idea of the happiness of a religious life. In answer to my questions as to the mode they took for reformation, she replied: (1) Religion; (2) Constant employment; (3) Cheerfulness. The penitents are free to come whenever there is room for them, and free to stop as long as they like. . . . Of those who returned to their homes in the country, they had good hopes; but those who returned to homes in the city generally fell back." The infirmary was a touching sight; but in many parts of the building he heard merry laughing and clatter. "However, when we appeared in the long hall, they hushed, and appeared in rows on each side. We were urged to walk through, which I did under orders, and unwillingly; for I neither wanted to look at them, nor did it seem good for them to look at us. . . . I felt ashamed, even in the presence of the sisters, as though each of them might say, 'Ah, see the fruits of wickedness in your sex; you ruin them, and leave them to us to take care of as best we can. We . . . have to give up our life to what you consider too loathsome even to be named; but we do it willingly, for the love of God, not to be seen of men. Our very names are not known, but we are followers of the "Bon Pasteur," who gave His life for our redemption.' I cannot but weep as I call to mind the feelings with which I followed the Lady Superior, and saw the perfect cheerfulness and happiness which seemed apparent in the countenances of the sisters. Here were the young and beautiful among them, as well as those of matured experience, consecrating their youth and beauty to save from ruin those whose youth and beauty had worked their degradation."

After one of his afternoons with Mr. Clark, he gave his lecture "Hints to Young Canada;" and met Mr. Dougall, the editor of "The Witness," who took him to his pleasant home. He had previously been with Mr. Dougall to a Band of Hope meeting, at which a boy presided. Philip gave a lecture in the Bonadventure Hall, "On the History of the Prohibition Movement in England, with a parallel with New England and Canada; and showed them that they already had what we in England wanted, the power to prohibit in their own districts.

They said it was new ground to them. [He] showed up their great distillery,* which devours two whole farms per day."

His chief work at Montreal was his effort to rouse the inhabitants to sanitary reform. He was horror-struck with the abominations which the thaw revealed; and personally explored places "where the frame houses positively stood on liquid little better than from a sewer, with undrained, unpaved back-yards, into which were melted down the accumulated filth of the winter. During five months the stinks are frozen up, like the tunes in Munchausen's horn; but when the thaw comes, instead of beautiful tunes thawing out, it is a flow of stench-making nastiness, of which only a part drains away, and another part is carted away, leaving a large portion ready to be changed into the fevers, etc., of summer. And here, in this glorious city, on the island between two grand rivers, with its Royal Mount, its splendid stone, and its great wealth, you see the streets in some places with a foot or more of unmelted ice and snow, others in squash, while the majority are with I cannot tell how many inches of the finest dust, which is in itself the precipitation of the winter stinks upon the dust atoms as the snow melts; and even in the calmest days it spoils your clothes, gets *everywhere* (to an extent that English dust bears no comparison), and you breathe it with its seeds of disease into your lungs, and even the double windows will not shut it out of the houses. And the Corporation, pleading poverty, not only will not water the streets; but, last year, actually refused to allow the inhabitants to tax themselves and supply them with water, though they have an *unlimited* supply, only for the trouble of pumping, which the Lachine rapids do. . . . The worst places in Warrington in 1846–47 were not so bad as some I went to here."

His first lecture on Sanitary Reform was on Good Friday:

* Philip wrote: "Close to the distillery is a great college endowed by him [the distiller]; and in front of this, the church, on which is inscribed, 'St. Thomas Church: erected A.D. 1841, by Thomas ——, at his sole expense' [some read it 'at his soul's expense']; on the other side, a little lower down, is the jail. The church is to me the more frightful object *of the two!*"

"a little against the grain; but the people here don't care. To the Catholics, it is not a *fête d'obligation;* and many of them were working at their trades: it is only the Episcopalians that keep it. I enlightened their minds by facts and figures in general: and promised Montreal in particular the next lecture." For this he prepared by making himself acquainted with the state of the city, and copying hosts of figures from the protonotary's office, and hunting up statistics in the city offices, etc. He spared no pains in analyzing the census returns, and making the necessary calculations. He found that the residents had never ascertained their rate of mortality, nor examined into its causes. Fortunately he had procured from home his sanitary notes and papers. He wrote, "Of course I dreaded the lecture—a stranger not liking to inveigh against the place, and make known their deaths and horrors. However, the thing was clear, and I went through it in a calm, orderly manner, to the great astonishment of the people. At any rate, it is pleasant to feel that if the U. S. people do not want me to lift up my voice among them, my visit has not been altogether useless; but that here, where first on this continent I broke silence, the seed sown *may* be the means of saving thousands of lives, and preventing the sickness that those good Christian ladies are endeavouring to cure: and it may be that seeds of temperance truth and of Christian truth may find entrance into some congenial souls, so that I am not obliged altogether to hear the voice —'What doest thou here, Elijah!'" He found the newspapers ready to admit full reports of his lectures, and his statistical tables; and a fortnight later, when he was in Boston, he composed with very great care a paper "On the Relative Value of Human Life in Different Parts of Canada," which was first printed in "The Canadian Naturalist" (16 pp. 8vo). He showed that, even excluding the cholera year, Montreal presented a death-rate higher than that of Liverpool (the most unhealthy and overcrowded of English cities) in its most unhealthy epoch, when myriads lived in cellars or fever-beds; "although for five months in every year its laboratories of pestilence lie harmless in the safe prisons of the ice and snow. . . . On the

present population of (say) 65,000 inhabitants, the people of Montreal kill off 1365 of their own flesh and blood every year, who would not die, did they only pay as much attention to health in the city, as they did in the country."

In addition to his Sunday services, he did what he could to cheer and benefit the Sunday-school teachers at the Unitarian Church; and stirred up some among them to take Sunday walks with, and to visit, youths who seemed to him like sheep without a shepherd: and after his last sermon, many came and wished him an earnest good-bye. "My Montreal visit," he wrote, "prevents me from thinking myself altogether a barren fig-tree; but I found everything a great effort, and I am free to say that I do not feel yet able to resume work at Warrington. . . . I do not love them any the less; but it seems to me that I have taught all I know, and finished my work there."

From Montreal he went to Quebec, where he lectured on Sanitary Reform and Prohibition: and the friend who had driven him on the ice towards Montmorency now walked with him there. They examined the Falls very fully, although climbing was then dangerous; and he was not deterred by his twenty-mile ramble from going next day, before his lecture, to the less-known falls of the Chaudière (the boiling river), which he thoroughly explored by himself. These he considered the most picturesque he had seen; they reminded him of the loveliest bits of the Lynmouth (North Devon) falls on a vast scale: "the river springs down a rocky chasm as irregular as anyone could wish, with huge masses of very dark limestone piled up anyhow, not flat and slaty like the Ottawa and Niagara."

On his way back to Boston, he spent a few pleasant days with Mr. Neal Dow, the hero of the Maine Law, at Portland. At that time the law was efficient in the smaller towns and country districts, but was continually evaded in the city: Mr. Dow expected that it would be enforced when the magistrates were less timid, or more alive to its importance. Philip here *became* acquainted with Mr. Morse, an enthusiastic young

naturalist and an excellent shell-artist, with whom he explored the shore, where he felt it curious to find almost everything different from what he had seen in England.

Boston and its neighbourhood, including the University of Cambridge, are the head-quarters of Unitarianism. Many of the most eminent men and women there had been his father's guests, or were at least familiar with his name: and once Philip would have felt a thrill of delight at going there; but now the tie that bound him to the Church of his youth seemed broken, and he looked on it as only one of the sections of a pro-slavery formalism. In England the battle against slavery had been won by the religious part of the community; in America, the most earnest Abolitionists were usually "Come-outers," denouncing the U. S. constitution as "a league with hell," and the Churches as responsible for the maintenance of the greatest crime against humanity. The Unitarians had hardly any societies in the South, and in their ranks were to be found some of the foremost friends of freedom. On the other hand, they were, in Massachusetts at least, the representatives of the old State Church,* and many among them were Conservatives. The eminent Daniel Webster (who once had "thundered" against slavery) and President Filmore were Unitarians: and they were chiefly responsible for the Fugitive Slave Law. One of the first places that Philip went to see was the ground round the Court-house that had been enchained at the rendition of Burns to slavery. The site of the Federal Street Church, where Channing had preached the gospel of freedom, was then a mass of rubble and dirty water—a new church had been built in Arlington Street.

He was in no hurry to meet those who could little enter into his feelings: and spent most of his time as the guest

* In England, Ireland, and Geneva, the Unitarians are mostly descended from the Presbyterians; in Massachusetts, the Congregationalists were the Established Church, till compulsory support of religion was abolished in 1833: and many of the oldest parishes in Plymouth, Boston, Cambridge, etc., embraced Unitarianism. It was, however, first avowed in the old Episcopal Church—"King's Chapel," which the English Governors attended before the Revolution.

of Dr. Gould, a physician and eminent naturalist, who had entrusted him with his valuable conchological collection when he was preparing his Report (p. 142). He was introduced by him to the meetings of a scientific club, and of the Academy, where he met some of the most eminent residents. At Cambridge he "went to Professor Agassiz at his den! Such a den, and so orderly, is rarely seen. Here are boxes, barrels, bottles, etc., all piled up, a houseful, so close that you can hardly pass by. A frame house, and the idea of fire is appalling; and yet he and his assistants are constantly smoking. . . . He explained to me his plans, and I pointed out what we want in the West Coast. He has people collecting at the various stations. . . . I established friendly conchological relations with him." Agassiz was distinguished, not only as a naturalist, but for his success in stimulating a great zeal for natural history; and an immense fire-proof museum was to be erected for his collections. His collectors were instructed to obtain large quantities of the various specimens, and to label them on the spot, for fear of mistake as to their locality. When Philip saw all that was done at Boston and Cambridge, he regretted—as indeed he had done at Montreal—that his collection was buried at Albany.

He was hospitably welcomed by Mr. Emerson, Mr. Longfellow, and other celebrated men; but he intimated that his "organ of veneration" was too large for him to feel quite at his ease with them. The late Dr. Howe, distinguished by his successful labours for those bereft of sight, and for idiots, introduced him to Laura Bridgman—deaf, dumb, and blind—whose mind he had so wonderfully awakened and cultured. She was reading her Bible, as was her custom every morning, and Philip noted that if anything happened to him he should like some of his shells sent to her: she referred with pleasure to a present his sister Mary had sent her many years before. It was from Dr. Howe that he first heard of John Brown, who was in Boston to make preparations for the attempt by which his name is immortalized. "The night before, Dr. Howe met J. Brown, the Lynch-law Abolitionist. He considers his mission to be,

to make war on the slave-holders with a band of about a hundred men; ties them up, makes them find waggons, etc., to convey the slaves to a place of safety, and then lets them go. Dr. Howe, who went to Greece and Poland in his youth to fight for liberty, greatly approves of this proceeding, considering it practical. J. Brown had an argument with three Conservative Orthodox clergymen in Boston, which he says was 'hard sledding' (driving a sleigh over rough land without snow). However, one of them afterwards sent him a hundred dollars as his own private contribution towards the work. He is getting recruits for a new onslaught; and the Governor of Missouri has offered three thousand dollars for his head." At the cemetery at Mount Auburn, there were two monuments on which Philip looked with especial interest—one to the Apostle of Peace, another to the Martyr for the Enslaved! On Noah Worcester's was inscribed, "Blessed are the peacemakers." There is a long inscription on the monument in memory of Rev. C. T. Torrey, who was arrested in Baltimore, June 24, 1844, for aiding slaves to regain their liberty, and died in the Penitentiary of that city, May 9, 1846.

He visited many of the institutions for which Boston is renowned; * but what touched him most was the Channing Home. Miss Ryan, who had been brought up with her sister at an Orphan Asylum, gained a living by dressing ladies' hair. She had taken to heart the condition of the poor in time of sickness, and got leave, two or three years before, to use the unoccupied vestry of Dr. Channing's church, and fitted it up with beds. She took in the first sick person she came across, and others one by one, maintaining them as well as herself by her trade. She was a Roman Catholic, but had a great love for the Unitarians and their ways, though she shuddered at their doctrines! When the church was pulled down, some of the ladies belonging to it raised a fund to fit up a house: they wished to call it the Ryan Home; but this was utterly opposed

* At the public schools he noted the dialect: "The Massachusetts tune is at the same time drawling and bounding; proceeding in a succession of slow leaps, something like the motion of a Truncatella."

to her unobtrusive nature, and she would only accept it as the Channing Home.* Philip had a deep religious sympathy with the spirit she displayed. They both felt great delight in good Cardinal Cheverus, whose Memoir was published in Philip's boyhood. The Cathedral where he ministered was very near Dr. Channing's church, and Philip made a pilgrimage to see the altar which he built, and the pulpit where he preached. He called on his successor, who had been a poor Irish boy brought up in the common schools of Boston, and saw the portrait of Cheverus. They had a good deal of conversation on slavery, which the Bishop stoutly defended.

Among those whom he most wanted to see were his Anti-slavery friends—Mrs. Follen, Mrs. Chapman, H. C. Wright, and, above all, W. L. Garrison. He was delighted to hear his "beautiful gentle talk" in his home, among his family, to whom Philip felt much drawn. He would not speak in public on the subject that was so near his heart, till he had taken his tour in the South: he also refused to preach; but his earnest and confidential conversations with many whom he met probably left a deeper impression than sermons.

At the suggestion of Dr. Gannett (Dr. Channing's colleague and successor), an invitation was sent to him to speak at the Unitarian festival, which is annually held in May. He declined, however, in a note to the chairman; since he did not feel himself one, either of the Unitarian or clerical body, and could not be true to himself while on the "slave-catchers' hunting-ground," without saying what would not add to the harmony of the meeting. He expressed respectful thanks for the courtesy offered him, and went as a spectator. He made no arrangement to sit with any of the friends with whom he might have had pleasant intercourse, but found his way to the

* Dr. Gannett's daughter, Mrs. Wells, who (like her father) is prominent in the philanthropies of Boston, informs me that "The Home is maintained on the same plan on which it was started; but Miss Ryan has died of consumption. She married some years before her death, but still gave her time to the Home. She was its genius and its founder, and it still does well its good work. She was a sincere religious Roman Catholic, with a nurse's bent in her mind. However, she married a Unitarian minister, but, I think, kept to her own faith. She was truly liberal."

top gallery of the hall—the largest in New England—and looked for a few minutes on two thousand well-dressed people, seated at ten wide tables the length of the hall, covered with flowers and fruits and pretty eatables. He never thought an eating-display so beautiful before; but he noted that while the waiters were "coloured," there were none of the proscribed race among the guests. He soon went away, sad and dispirited, to write his letters. After a time he came back, and was taken to the platform by Dr. Gannett, whose earnest, feeling, and eloquent speech at the end of the meeting, in which he referred to those who had died during the year, came home to his heart; but he had been longing in vain, at this great meeting of the élite of the State, for some appeal for humanity. He was now a guest of Dr. Gannett's. They were both struck with noticing that the heartiest response during the speaking was to an allusion to Theodore Parker, who for many years had been under the ban of the Unitarian leaders: he was now on that journey from which he never returned. Though on many points Philip and his host differed, they were alike in their intensity of affection and tenderness of conscience.* He felt it good to be in a home where prayer was wont to be made, and he was greatly in sympathy with Dr. Gannett's son, William Channing Gannett, who a few years after left the university to devote himself to teaching the freed negroes in the Sea Islands, South Carolina, during the war.

One evening, there was a meeting of ministers at his host's, at which Dr. Bellows and Dr. Osgood of New York took part. The latter (who afterwards became an Episcopalian) spoke of the "denying school of Priestley and Belsham" as the very worst form of Christianity; and there was a general feeling that it had never taken root among them! Among those present was Starr King, "who is thirty-four, but looks eighteen. He attended to everything, but did not speak a word: said to be very clever." He it was who, in the coming war, did more than any man to induce California (where he

* See "Ezra Stiles Gannett, a Memoir. By his son, W. C. Gannett." Boston, 1875.

then ministered) to take her stand for Freedom. Philip was impressed with the earnestness and seriousness of the meeting. He afterwards went to the prayer-meeting in the First Church (Unitarian), which was quite full, many standing; and to the ministers' conference, where he heard Dr. Bartol's address.

He then found his way to the Anti-slavery Convention, where he "got out of the atmosphere of beautiful, liberal, fashionable Christianity, straight into humanity. There was no mistake about it. Hall crammed, and I was thankful to sit on the floor of the platform." He heard the usual invectives against those who, while they were opposed to slavery, maintained the Union; the speakers not dreaming that in two years' time the disunionists would be the pro-slavery party, and that a war for the Union was to end in the destruction of slavery. One of the speakers was "a hard man, who blows up every one else, except Abolitionists, and nine-tenths of them." Garrison, however, expressed his dissent from him: "The cause never was in such a flourishing state. 'The winter of our discontent is now becoming glorious summer.' I feel sunny—I am glad in view of the signs of the times. This subject is now No. 1 in everything. The slave is seen by everybody, and cannot be put down. He is Banquo's ghost in every entertainment," etc.

On the evening after the Unitarian festival, he went with W. C. Gannett to the Music Hall, where it had been held, to another thronged meeting of Abolitionists. At the table where he sat writing his report for his friends were one male and two female reporters. He heard Garrison, C. V. Remond, and C. C. Birley; and then Wendell Philips rose amidst enthusiastic applause. Philip gave a long report of his speech. "You stand," he said, "where for ten years Theodore Parker has uttered sentiments which, when I was first called to the bar, were deemed blasphemous by the old Puritan law of Massachusetts." Mr. Everett told the legislature, a few years before, that Abolitionists ought to have been in a prison cell: they were, instead, in the most luxurious hall in the city. In the course of his speech Wendell Philips contrasted the conduct of Massachusetts with that of England—a refuge for

the free, a country deserving to be loved. He gave a thrilling account of a heroic girl, whom her lover had conveyed in a box from the Slave States: for eighteen hours she was resting on her head, yet no groan escaped her; God had written in her heart the love of freedom. For a month after, she hovered between life and death. "Had she been born in Massachusetts, and there was not a spot where she could be safe in the State, why then—God damn the State!" (Immense applause, mingled with hisses.) It is a matter of course for good churchgoers to pronounce God's damnation on their fellow-Christians who differ from them, as part of their worship; but it is unusual for patriotic men to speak thus of their country. Philip remarked, "You must fancy this uttered, not by a firebrand or a hard logician, but by one of the most benevolent-looking men of the country, the Chrysostom of New England. You see to what a pitch of apathy the nation had got, when such men think it their bounden duty to use such language, in order to stir them up. I asked him if he uttered the curse (a conditional one) in the heat of excitement: he said, 'No! He thought the devil ought not to have all the good words.' I asked W. L. Garrison, afterwards, if this was his usual style. He said that the cursing part was a new feature of that evening. He did not approve of it, because you cannot separate the Commonwealth from the individuals who form it; adding, 'I think "Father, forgive them," is the better form of the statement!' He himself has the sweetest look and tones, when you get into his own sphere."

Philip paid a brief visit to some New England towns; his longest was to Amherst, where there is a college, of which Mr. C. B. Adams was a professor (he died in 1853), and where his collection of Panama shells is deposited, of which Philip quotes the catalogue in his Report, etc. (pp. 267–280): he there speaks in warm terms of Professor Adams's patient and laborious accuracy, though he differed from some of his conclusions. He worked incessantly for most of a week, from breakfast till supper, examining these shells and those from Jamaica, and comparing them with the list; and sketched

some species under the microscope. At this college is a magnificent collection of "footprints:" one slab is about eleven feet long. "It is curious to see the very different appearance of the same foot in different layers. There are the great birds, and other pleasant little birds which hopped about, frogs who 'would a wooing go,' crustaceans, and insects: at the same time our beasts were waddling about at Lymm" (near Warrington). At this secluded college there are other valuable collections, especially one of meteorolites (said to be the best next to that at Vienna), which was shown him by the owner, Professor Shepherd. He boarded with Mrs. Adams, and enjoyed his stay there; seeing a little of college life, and hearing many particulars of Professor Adams, who, like himself, was an enthusiastic naturalist. In 1863, Philip wrote a "Review of Professor C. B. Adams's Catalogue of the Shells of Panama, from the Type Specimens," which appeared in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society in London (pp. 339–369); and (in 1865) a paper on some new species in that collection (Proceedings, etc., pp. 274–277).

From New York he wrote: "I called on Mr. Bland, the conchologist, who received me with great delight, and instantly carried me off to his house at Brooklyn, and we set to work at shells. He has the best collection known of North American and West Indian shells, and truly lovely they are: the new forms of some of the West Indian are very extraordinary and beautiful." Mr. Bland took him to see the collections of other conchologists. On his way to Philadelphia he called on an emigrant from Warrington at South Amboy, noted for its oyster-grounds; and at Burlington he stayed two days at the hospitable house of Mr. Binney, to examine his father's great collection of American land shells. Mr. Binney, whom he had met at Boston, was from home, but had left instructions that he should help himself to duplicates. It is not often that collectors have such confidence reposed in them!

At Philadelphia he boarded with Mr. W. Still, a mulatto, who was the chief agent of the underground railroad. Two fugitives had just arrived from the South on their way to

Canada. He called on Mr. McKim at the Anti-slavery Office, from whom he heard many interesting particulars; and he felt much sympathy with the work done in Philadelphia in enlightening a pro-slavery community, and helping fugitives.

On June 18 he embarked on board the steamer from Philadelphia to Savannah, Georgia. He had quailed a little at the thought of this Southern tour; but felt it right. He took with him no more than he could carry himself: "a satchel slung over the right shoulder and under the left arm, containing my writing materials, etc.; a large botany-box, strapped over the left shoulder; small carpet-bag containing change of linen and sundries, and a quire of blotting-paper (for drying plants) between two mill-boards; and an umbrella. My long hair and beard hang in curls all round, and serve to keep off the flies from my neck." He was so much amused with his appearance that he had a full-length likeness taken for his family, which he inscribed, "An English Naturalist on Southern Tramp." He never had been photographed before. When he landed at Savannah, he was delighted with the flowers; and in a cemetery he saw "a beautiful passion-flower growing in wild luxuriance all about the ground, creeping about like our convolvuluses. It was worth the journey down to see." But he saw nothing to attract him in the town. "I found a steamer that very afternoon for Charleston (S.C.), so I got my traps together, and went on board. Having come down amongst the slave-holders, I thought I would go back among the slaves, and save three dollars at the same time." He had been told that Charleston was the only place in the South where science was cultivated, and he brought introductions to some naturalists there. Professor McCrady took him on a dredging expedition:——

"He lent me a dress, viz. trowsers, blouse, and slippers. Thus equipped, and each with a jar in a wire framework in a basket, and he with a gauze net, we sallied down to the beach and began prowling about; he after Medusæ, I after shells in the crevices of the stones. The absence of barnacles, seaweeds, etc., is very curious all along the coasts. I got plenty

of those queer flat sea-eggs. The tide was coming on fast and strong, and several great Portuguese men-of-war were thrown up upon the beach. The bladder, which Mr. McCrady regards as the true Medusa, was most exquisitely coloured with purple, puce, pink, and a golden streak along the edge. You may handle them there, but woe to you if you get touched by the long feelers, which are some two feet long—each one is like a necklace, and it was beautiful to watch the creatures drawing them in and out. These creatures are a reason for bathing in clothes; but it seemed very queer, walking into the water with one's dress on—in and out just as it happened. At last we determined on going to the end of a breakwater they were making. We had to walk on a single plank supported by framework, some eight feet above the water, which was dashing on the stones under us—walking in this way for about a quarter of a mile, carrying our things. He had first ascertained that I could swim. So we got to the end, where they are dropping fresh stones, descended under the scaffolding, and began our search. Presently he found a new coral. There was one of the common species in the same rock to compare. It was charming to see the corals in their own seas, though of course these are only the outliers. Then the difficulty was to get it off. After rummaging about for some time, we found an iron bar. So we edged ourselves down,—planting our feet in, to avoid being washed off by the waves, which were dashing strong against us; stooping our heads under the rafters above us, one of the ferocious showers of rain pelting its cold masses on our heads, while our nether portions were warm in the waves of the sea. (An interesting position, if only —— had been there to sketch us off!) I had to seize the bits as he knocked them off, and grab them tight, least the next wave should dash them out of my hand. At last we secured the specimens, and retraced our steps: the tide now being too high for further research. Feeling considerable difference in the temperature of my rain and sea water regions, I suggested the propriety of an honest bathe. Mr. McC. taking the same view, we rushed in to breast the waves. Several of

them threw me down, and carried me along for many yards. . . . On our return we stripped in his den, rubbed with rough towels, and put on our clothes. He was much surprised that I would not take any whisky; but I took no harm from this or any other wetting. He then showed me the most lovely little Medusæ under his microscope. Among them was one which only one or two others had seen, and which he was glad for me to verify: he calls it the nursing Medusa, for it harbours the larvæ of another species."

Philip stopped at Sullivan's Island, the watering-place of Charleston. He preferred to stay at a boarding-house; but visited some naturalists, among them Dr. Ravenel,* the Governor of the island. He had scruples in accepting their hospitality, but he made no secret of his Anti-slavery principles. He found that, as an Englishman, he was expected to be opposed to slavery. He was pleased with the courtesy and refinement he witnessed, which reminded him of good society in England; but he took care to see the other side of the picture.

While he noticed that some of the coloured people seemed much more at home than in the North, where they appeared to feel as interlopers, there was a general servility which pained him. He made acquaintance with some slaves, who saw that they could trust him, and heard their view of the "patriarchal institution." While he was so kindly received, he knew that any coloured British subject, on entering the State, would be imprisoned; indeed, only a short time before, the sheriff took British seamen from under the British flag, and put them in prison while the ship was in port. If the gaol-fees were not paid, they were in some cases sold as slaves.† He could not feel happy in the head-quarters of slavery, and in three or four

* In his manifold are copies of letters to Dr. Ravenel and Professor McCrady, written from Warrington, November, 1860, announcing collections of shells he had forwarded for them, and thanking Dr. Ravenel for a box he had been kind enough to send him; also to Professor Gibbs, to whom he sent a collection of British flowers from his sister Anna.

† In 1852, forty-two British seamen were thus imprisoned. See "Imprisonment and Enslavement of British Coloured Seamen," Leeds Anti-slavery Series, No. 89 (by R. L. Carpenter).

days went by rail to Richmond, Virginia (afterwards the capital of the Confederacy). Its situation charmed him, and the James river, with its rapids, was in all its grandeur from the rains. He noticed here "that the whites and blacks seem to mingle much more freely than at the North:" but, upon a hill overlooking the city, "stands the gaol, where lies the man who helped Box Brown to escape; and several others are confined, and rotting away their days, for helping fugitives. These are the true patriots of the country: I should like to have visited them, but presume that I should not be allowed to speak my mind." In the City Directory, he found the names of fourteen "negro-traders;" and in the next morning's papers were advertisements of five slave-sales—120 of both sexes and all ages.

He went by way of Liberty (!) to the Peaks of Otter—between four and five thousand feet high. Starting from the inn in the twilight, he ascended the rocks at the mountain-top soon after sunrise, and was rewarded by the most extensive view he had ever seen: "It looked as if the horizon were a boundless distance, and you saw a whole kingdom stretched out around you: it was only in the direction of one other peak that you could not see a complete horizon panorama: stretching off to the north-east in regular parallel lines were the great Blue Ridges, the backbone of Eastern America,—blue in the haze of distance, else deep green from the woods that covered them: it looked as if the surface of the earth had been wrinkled up, as you furrow your brow!" He was struck with the absence of towns and villages: and on his journey he had noticed the neglect and sterility with which slavery had cursed Eastern Virginia. He came back to breakfast, and after a short rest set out for the Natural Bridge. His landlady told him that the shortest way was through the woods, following the course of the Otter, which, however, he would have to cross thirty-two times. He found it at first very charming and refreshing to go through the woods, with their new foliage, new flowers, new insects, and new birds with new notes; and at first he did not mind wading through the little stream, though he was surprised

that no one had taken pains to fell trees as bridges for foot-passengers ("but who goes afoot in this country except 'niggers,' and who cares for them?"). The heat, however, was tremendous; once or twice he lost his way: he was impressed by the loneliness of his walk, for he scarcely met any one through the day, and found no place for refreshment. Some time after dark, he reached the inn after his perilous walk, having met with only one fall. He had walked about twenty-five miles, carrying his "traps." He devoted some time to the Natural Bridge, which surpassed his expectations. He was struck with the symmetry of the arch, resembling in form our best sewers! "Fancy this Nature's Cloaca Maxima, but flushed only with pure water to wash away the stinks of slavery! . . To see the huge mass of suspended rock face to face, is very grand and awful. It is indeed more *wonderful* than Niagara: you understand *that* at first sight—if the river *will* flow over table-land, and come to the edge of a rock, it must fall over it!"

Lexington was his next resting-place, where there was a military college; but he had no desire to inspect the place where youths learnt to fight, to keep down the negroes in case of insurrection! Several of the students wore the family badge, on a gold plate on the coat. At the inn he wrote (June 30): "My spirit boils within me. I have stood it a long time passively, but now I have no other vent but to write it down. There was a beautiful boy of thirteen, waving the peacock's fan at supper to-night, with scarcely a tinge of colour,—intelligent, with curly pate and bright eyes, and full of fun—just such a boy as —— might have been at his age. I was one in the middle of a great company of guests (it was the college commencement, next day), and yet the host at his table watched me and saw how I noticed him. I went up afterwards and made inquiries from him. His name was Henry: mother mulatto, father white. The host has bought him to make a waiter of. If he does not please him, he will cowhide him well; and if he does not do then, will sell him down South. He is too white to make a good servant. He is now worth, at the market price, nine hundred dollars. And so that is the

future of that beautiful boy. How I wish I could buy him and bring him to England: but I cannot afford such prices. I gave the man to understand what we English thought of the system: as to him, if he could turn a few hundred dollars by buying and selling negroes, he had no objection to do so. O Lord, how long shall such things be? and wilt Thou look down on this poor boy, and keep him from evil: and all the others that are in bondage?" Philip was surprised at the number of slaves nearly white, whom he met in this State: sad tokens that those who made their boast of freedom became the fathers of slaves, having first become the slaves of their lusts. On other occasions he let his hatred of slavery be known. At one inn he recorded it in the hotel-book, with his name. At another hotel he met at the breakfast table "two horrid men who looked ready for slave-driving, or any kind of wickedness: they were swearing terribly. I went to the office, and asked whether I was to take that back to England as a specimen of Southern manners; which made the landlord ashamed and apologize."

He did not hesitate to travel on the Sunday: he thought it "as good an employment of the day as going to slave-holding churches. It was refreshing to ride through the mountains and valleys and woods, which were free and spoke of the Lord; while the men who lived there set His laws at defiance." This journey was by rail: when the alternative was a jolting stage, he preferred to walk, which caused much surprise. Once, after a walk of twenty-two miles, he woke very sick and faint after sleeping in the shade; but stale bread, a jug of cold tea, and a night's rest set him up again. "I think you will agree with me that it speaks pretty well for my plain living, that this was the only ailment I got in the South, although I was in lat. 32° on Midsummer Day, and encountered the warmest week's weather on my walking tour. That very day, as I heard afterwards, several poor slaves had been sun-struck in the fields in the neighbourhood, and several whites were killed in the Eastern cities." After visiting the Sulphur Springs and Weir's Cave (which reminded him of the pictures he had

seen of the Grotto of Antiparos), he made his way to Washington.

It was one of the special objects of his American tour to examine the types of previously described species of shells, that he might compare them with those known in England. At Washington he wished to study the types of the United States Exploring Expedition, and he called on Dr. Henry, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution,* with an introduction from the Regents at Albany. After a little conversation, Dr. Henry invited him to take up his abode there (which Philip at first declined on account of his walking-dress). He found it a very interesting visit, and it led to consequences which

* The following brief notice of this Institution is derived from a very interesting account which appeared in "Harper's Weekly," after the death of Professor Henry at the age of eighty years, May 13, 1878. There is a fuller account in Philip's Supplementary Report to the British Association for 1863, pp. 577–582. Mr. James Smithson was an Englishman of scientific tastes, who died in 1828. He left all his property (about £110,000), after the death of a relative, to the Government of the United States, to found an institution which should bear his name, and be devoted "to the *increase* and *diffusion* of knowledge among men." In 1846, when about £50,000 had accumulated in interest, Congress appointed a Board of Regents to carry out the trust, and a circular was addressed to the leading scientists in the country to ascertain their views: they were almost unanimous in recommending a university; but President J. Q. Adams affirmed that it was not the province of a university to *increase* knowledge, but only to teach it. Dr. Henry, who was then Professor of Physics at Princeton College, suggested the plan, which he was afterwards appointed to work out. It encourages original investigation, and diffuses its results. The building is one of the most striking in appearance in Washington; and the income, about £9000 a year, is employed partly in publications and partly in exchanges. Treatises on all subjects are received at the Smithsonian, and those that are approved are printed in the "Contributions to Knowledge." Besides the Annual Report, there is another series—"Miscellaneous Collections:" one of these octavo volumes, No. 252, consists of reprints of most of Philip's papers on the Mollusks of Western North America. These books are sent, under certain conditions, to all public libraries of importance, both in the United States and in Europe. The system of exchanges is remarkable. It transmits, free of cost, collections or books of science which *savants* may desire to send each other; and also, from its own stores, sends out about 12,000 specimens a year, which are always accurately labelled. Its parcels pass all custom-houses without examination, and are carried at a low rate by most steamships and railroads. It is said that there are between eight and nine hundred persons scattered over the world who are making collections, or recording observations, to send to the Smithsonian. It is the custodian of the National Museum; but its National Science Library is now transferred to the care of Congress.

affected his future life. Dr. Henry was eminent in physical science, and the assistant-secretary, Dr. Baird, was "great in birds and reptiles." Philip's knowledge of mollusca was therefore peculiarly valuable, as there were large collections at the Institution awaiting arrangement. Dr. Henry asked him to devote a few months to this object, and he promised to learn the wishes of his friends at Warrington. In the mean while, he spent a week in studying the museum. He was greatly interested in learning the working of the Institution, and the successful efforts of Dr. Henry to give it a cosmopolitan character; but he found his host, though a kind and religious man, very conservative on the slavery question. "He came into my room one evening, and talked to me on slavery. To whom I spoke out, and repeated a little of my Southern experience. He was very much surprised that I had come to no harm, and considered that a person with such strong feelings as I had ought not to go South. So the mere common feelings of humanity are considered in the North so 'strong,' and in the South so 'dangerous!' I had to walk about the room to keep the peace while I was talking with him; and he was evidently surprised at any one, non-political, thinking it such a great matter."

At Baltimore (which he next visited) he called on Archbishop Kenrick, to whom he had an introduction from Bishop Fitzpatrick: he told Philip of the Oblates (who offered themselves to God) founded by M. Joubert, in 1828, to train young females of colour. Philip went to these coloured "Sisters of Providence," and made inquiries respecting their pupils, many of whom were slaves. Thence he travelled to Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, by the remarkable railroad which crosses the Alleghany Mountains. This college had been founded by the "Christians;" but when it was involved in financial difficulties, the Unitarians consented to support it as an unsectarian college. The eminent Horace Mann, to whom the schools of Massachusetts had been so greatly indebted when he was Secretary for Education, and who was afterwards a Free Soil (Anti-slavery) member of Congress, was its president:

and Philip, who had reprinted extracts from his writings, as Oberlin Tracts, was very desirous to see him. He was much pleased with the college, where coloured students were admitted, and young men and young women were taught together (living in separate boarding-houses); and a lady (Mrs. Dean, a niece of Horace Mann) was one of the professors.

Mr. Mann, who received him very cordially, was overcome with hard work; and a few days after (August 2) he died of typhoid fever. Mrs. Dean, who wrote to inform Philip of her uncle's death, said that, after the tenderest parting words to the family, "for more than two hours he took students of the college by the hand, speaking, with the nicest appreciation of the character of each, such words of counsel as each most needed—earnest, eloquent, loving Christian words, which will live and bear fruit in the hearts of these young people all through their lives. He died as he had lived, with his thoughts devoted to the interests of others, with expressions of reverence for God and love for men upon his lips."

At Cincinnati, he found a congenial home for several days with Mr. Anthony, who had the reputation in England of being "a most careful, accurate, and honest naturalist, to be trusted in all matters of Unionidæ," etc., and whom he found an earnest friend of freedom. Philip gained much interesting information respecting the working of the Fugitive Slave Law, and crossed the river to call on Mr. Bailey, who had suffered severely in his attempts to publish his paper, "The Free South," in a Slave State. The heat was then extreme—about 100° in the shade, 130° in the sun. Many were killed by the sun in the streets; and yet, from the clearness of the air, he did not feel it so oppressive as a London summer.

Thence he went by steamer to Louisville, and walked mostly through woods to the celebrated Mammoth Cave, so called from its size; for it is "the Niagara of caves." He felt much repulsion to the hotel life there. "It is very appalling to pass the entrance and thread one's way through the pack of lazy, drinking, smoking Southerners, all staring at you with the air of men who are accustomed to know everybody's busi-

ness, and if not satisfactory to lynch them. Fortunately I was shown a back way. I was a marked man from the beginning: (1) Because I walked (which was generally allowed to be best in theory; but catch any of them doing it! One of the stage-horses fell down dead: all they cared about it was that it delayed them on the road. Of course, none of the lazy fellows smoking on the roof of the coach offered to walk when they saw the poor beasts flogged: people who flog men and women can't be expected to be very particular about other men's horses). (2) Because I was an Englishman. (3) Because I went out with my botany-box and umbrella, without any hat." He explored the caves very thoroughly, and wrote a careful account of them. On his first visit he was obliged to join a large and noisy party: the usual habit of visitors, he was told, "was simply to do the cave and make fun." He was ten hours in the cave, and walked eighteen miles. Two ladies were of the party. After luncheon "the gentlemen smoked. I ventured to remark that it was a wonder the female part of the population could do without smoking, while the men were always doing it. Whereupon one of them said that the females got their share. I replied, 'Yes, indeed; and we men that don't smoke have to breathe all the puffs that have been in the men's dirty mouths!' This struck them all of a heap, and there was a great silence. One of them then suggested that I should be punished. I suggested, however, that I had punishment enough in being obliged to walk through smoke all the way through the cave, and it was agreed that should suffice."

He had the pleasure of finding that the next room to his own was occupied by Mr. A. Hyatt, a young naturalist whom he had seen at Agassiz's museum at Cambridge, drawing the animals of Unios, and again at Cincinnati collecting them. He came from Baltimore, but now hated slavery; and Philip had much interesting conversation with him. They bathed together in the Green river, where Unios, etc., were found. A great many persons came to his room to see the Unios, "without knocking or asking leave. One 'gentleman' spat on the carpet, close to my feet, so unexpectedly that I gave an involun-

tary shudder. He seemed surprised that an Englishman should be so particular, but apologized."

On the Sunday, "the young men smoked and drank, and went out shooting: there were the usual parties in the cave; and the pianoforte was generally going, with such things as 'Pop goes the weasel,' etc. If I had been a pious orthodox parson, I would have proposed a preachment in the cave: but my kind of sermon would not have suited the taste of the people; so I preached to myself in the river. It seemed a shame to miss the opportunity of picking up such fine Unios, [the animals of] which the musk-rats had eaten, and which were as good as living, lying on the bank or shining under the shallow water. I thought of all the people at home who would be glad of anything I could get, and thought it a poor story if they were not worth carriage. So I put on the shirt I intended to wash; put my clothes in the umbrella under a tree in the island; and proceeded by a zigzag pilgrimage through the channel, sometimes standing, sometimes sitting in the stream, and making heaps on the gravelly shore as I went along, undisturbed, except by a party of boys who came to bathe towards noon. . . . There were three times as many shells as I could carry; so I shouldered what I could, and left the rest. It was 3.30; but they gave me some dinner, and I arranged to pay a man for bringing up the rest, Hyatt offering to go down and show him the place. However, what did the young Hercules do, while I was at dinner, but arm himself with two buckets and his great bag, and brought them all up himself at one journey. I did not know whether to be most angry or grateful, but decided on the latter. Then came the sorting out and packing, and my room presented a curious spectacle (so thought the strangers), so covered with heaps of Unios that it was hard to pass between. They said I could not possibly pack them: they did not know my capacity in that line. However, after I had done the heaviest box, H. came, and began to lay them in order for me; and Mr. Glover, a young man from St. Louis, also came in, and considered himself honoured in helping a

naturalist. So I got them all done by ten o'clock, and persuaded them to go to bed, while I attempted the much harder work of packing my crystals and bottles of fishes. . . . I got all the things into three boxes: not one left out, and not room for another. Kind H. got up in the morning, and nailed them up for me; and the stage agreed to take his and mine for the two fares, he preferring to walk. Mr. Procter, the hotel-keeper, made a deduction from both bills on the ground that we were naturalists. I begged him to take full price, but he would not. As I had distributed many dollars among the slaves, I was not sorry for his kind proposal." On their walk to the station he was delighted by finding a magnificent wild dahlia.

On the way to see some Warrington friends in the West, he stopped at St. Louis. He had written, a fortnight before, to the Mayor of that city: "Will you kindly inform me whether I should be allowed to give a lecture at St. Louis on the First of August next,* on the 'Causes and Effects of Emancipation in the British Dominions,' or some such title? I should come as the agent of no society, hire my own room, and announce it as privately as you thought proper. I would also write the lecture to refer to, if need be to print, in case of misunderstanding afterwards." The Mayor courteously replied, "I have not the least doubt that you can, wholly uninterruptedly, deliver your sentiments on any subject you may select." On arriving at St. Louis, Philip called on the Mayor, and by his advice advertised his lecture in the four principal papers. The editor of "The Express" was astonished, and seemed pleased, at the idea of his doing it all at his own expense. The next two days he chiefly devoted to writing his address, having borrowed Dr. Channing's works, and read articles on the slave-trade and "The West Indies as they are and were" in recent numbers of "The Edinburgh Review." "Monday morning (August 1) came, and I finished my lecture; then set forth to witness the sights—the election, and the advertised sale of a negro woman aged twenty-six, with a girl of four, a boy of two, and twins aged two months. I had gone through all the feeling of my lecture

* The Anniversary of Emancipation, in 1834.

before, in order to be calm at the time; and so I wept and felt for the poor woman beforehand, and then turned myself into a looking-glass. The election went on as quietly as could be." . . . At the post-office he found a letter written in a good hand, addressed to "Philip P. Carpenter, Abolition Nigger-thieving Lecturer, City:"—"St. Louis, July 31, '59. A committee of fifty staunch and tried men, of which I have been elected foreman, has been appointed for the purpose of tarring and feathering and riding you on a rail, should you dare attempt to lecture to-morrow night, as advertised.—ZACHARIAH BROWNING, Foreman." "I went to the Mayor's office, put it in his hands, and he smiled. I asked him if he advised me to proceed, or to give it up. He had no advice to give; his duties would begin if there was a row. . . . As I was not at an hotel, and had given no name at the boarding-house, I was pleasingly incog.: and had written my lecture in manifold; so that if there was any row, my bag and contents would find their way to the Mouldings.

"I went back to the Court-House, and there was the poor woman seated on a step with her four little children; the twins of two months old in her arms. She did not seem to be guarded, but of course she was watched. Persons passed by: looked at her: sometimes stopped to talk to her: sometimes she was left alone; but the election was evidently the exciting subject. She was a very pleasing-looking woman, well dressed, and evidently a well-cared-for house-servant. She was a mulatto: and a man of the same colour came and brought her water, etc. The day was very hot. I waited a long time in an unobserved corner: till at last the coloured man took part of the children, and they all went down back-stairs through a side-door, and so on through the streets. I wondered whether it was a trick to escape, and followed at a distance. At last, when I got where I was unobserved, I spoke to the man: found that he was the husband and father, that the sale was postponed because of the election, that he was the slave of another master. Of course I told him what I thought of the thing: and so the poor woman will have to go through it all

another day, very likely to be bought by some trader, and the children raised for the market, which is extremely high (the current Richmond price being 1350 dollars on an average) and likely to continue so, unless they reopen the African slave-trade. When will this horrid system be looked upon as a matter of common humanity and international law, and dealt with accordingly, among all civilized nations? The negro-hatred in this country, both among Republicans and Democrats, and especially among the Irish, is truly appalling.

"At dinner time I chanced to see an article in Sunday's 'Republican' against my lecture, and warning me that I was breaking a law (giving chapter and verse), and that the Mayor must have given permission under false representations, etc. So I went down to the 'Republican' office and asked what the law was. Editor would not tell. I suggested that the Mayor must know what is, and what is not, against the law: he laughed at the idea. At last, with great difficulty, I got him to hand out the copy of the laws, of which I transcribed the one in point. It was evident that, though my lecture would not be really breaking the law, a pro-slavery judge could easily give it that direction. It was a law threatening punishment for any one who should in any way publish any statement or opinions the tendency of which is to excite any slave or *other coloured person* to *insolence* or insubordination against his master or owner. [Philip had hired the hall at the Museum; but he found that the proprietor wished to back out of the arrangement, and that he could not engage any other suitable place.] About a quarter to eight, I went to the hall. The door was open, up a pair of stairs; but the hall was dark. I went in, some evil-eyed men on the stairs staring at me, and took my seat in front, calmly waiting. At last a man came, and said he wanted to lock up the hall. 'Are you not going to light it up for the lecture?' 'No. Mr. W. is afraid there will be some disturbance, and refuses to let you have it.' 'Well! it is his property: and I have no written agreement: so if you tell me to go out, I will go out.' Which I accordingly did: and he locked the door, in the face of the people, and was proceeding

to walk off; when I asked him to stop, which he did unwillingly. I then took out my correspondence with the Mayor, and read it: and also Mr. Z. Browning's letter (I had tried [in vain] to find him out in the afternoon. . . .). I asked if Mr. Z. B. or any of his committee were present; but no one answered. I then detailed my engagement for the room: I took out my lecture, showed it to the people, and asked them what they wished me to do. There were present several ladies and gentlemen. . . . I saw that nobody knew anybody else: that there was no union among friends of freedom. So I decided on my course. The delivery of the lecture was nothing to me; it was simply an occasion for the lovers of freedom in the city to vindicate their rights, if they chose: I, as a stranger, left them to themselves. . . . Finally, I put it to the meeting, whether, in consideration of the hall being locked against me, they wished to absolve me from giving the lecture I had promised; or whether they wished me to deliver it elsewhere. They put it to the vote, and I was absolved. I then recommended Channing's Lenox Address, and especially the two articles in 'The Edinburgh Review.' . . . I ended with a public 'God bless the State of Missouri, and may she be the first of the Slave States to become free,' which was received with a scowl from a number of evil-looking young fellows who lined the passage." He returned, and passed the night with Mr. and Mrs. Gates, who were present. Mr. Gates sent a report of the proceedings to "The Liberator," and Mrs. Gates to "The New York Tribune," from which it found its way into other papers. Philip wrote to a local paper, calling the tar-and-feathering committee to account, for not fulfilling their contract; since he did "dare attempt" to give his lecture.

He went by steamer to St. Paul's, eight hundred miles up the Mississippi: "There are very few refined-looking people on board, those few being evidently Southern slave-holders. I do not wonder at English people being corrupted by them, or Northerners either, when they meet them face to face at Washington." (In a former letter, he refers to the pleasing manners of the superior class of Southerners.) The voyage

was expected to last six days. "I have got a room to myself, and now at last am having real holiday, so peaceful and beautiful is the ever-varying scene. It is so charming, the having nothing to do, and time to write up my letters. The only thing is, that I have no one with whom I can exchange sympathy and affection: I fear that my present habits of quiet observation will fit me to become a spy"—he never cared in England to take an excursion or taste any pleasure by himself. He got some interesting information from the pilots as to the river, and the people who frequent it: and was not heedless of the cries of the babies on board—one of which he thus interprets:—"'It's no use, I cannot make myself understood. I shall certainly die if they don't find out what ails me. They will be sorry when I am dead; yet they *will* not understand what I want when living. It is no use crying; I shall get nothing by it. Still it is my duty to go on, lest they should have any excuse for their neglect!' Such a wail of utter despondency and injured virtue, I don't remember to have heard!" The Sunday found him still on board: "August 7. It is, I think, the most complete sabbath that I have had. The day is calm and bright, though not cool: most of the passengers have left; the rest are quiet: but of course there is no social worship. The scenery is only too beautiful."

He was much struck with St. Paul's, Minnesota, the capital of this north-west world; but he hastened on to the famous Falls of St. Anthony. He was disappointed at finding them little more than rapids; but he "came to the conclusion that it was not a cataract, but a *fall in ruins;* and, as such, proceeded to take in the idea of it, as one would of a ruined abbey as compared with a cathedral." The ruins of a broken bridge, of mills, and the tossing drift of logs and rafts, strengthened this feeling. Next morning "I got up early, found a good place where the back-eddy broke the force of the stream, and got a cautious swim. I found a number of Unios cast up by the eddy, and a few alive; also a Melania, Cyclas, and live Paludina crawling on the sand. This was improper, as Paludinas live *buried* in soft loamy mud, for which purpose they are viviparous,

and have a very broad gelatinous foot. Presently I found a stratum of said mud, in which they abounded. I went on and on, collecting these creatures, thinking from hunger that it must be getting towards breakfast-time, when Mr. J. [his landlord] appeared with his team to rescue my body: his wife having moved him thereto, several persons having been drowned; and the hot night made her ladyship, as well as me, dream uncomfortably, and as I had been two hours away, it was settled that I had been drowned by the current." After breakfast he bought some more shells. "While I was packing them as close as I could fit them, a very heavy load to carry on a hot day, sundry people came to see the Englishman who did not come to buy land, and concerned himself with shells and flowers. Among them a Philadelphian young man, evidently well educated, but with the usual Western appearance and manners. He talked learnedly on scientific matters:—No one here cared for such things: had not time, etc. To whom I said that it appeared to me that the people had plenty of time for anything, from the way they lounged about smoking, etc.; and that all that was wanting was the taste and the will: soon after which he and his cigar decamped. I paid my dollar, shouldered my box and satchel, and was off to Minnehaha, five miles across the prairie, but my load and the heat made it ten. I got there, however, about one o'clock.

"You cross a beautiful little river, narrow and pretty deep, rushing hastily on over its stony bed, turn to the left, and find yourself at the top of the Fall. It is about the size of one of the Rideau Falls at Ottawa. After running through the open rolling prairie, with nothing to show that there is anything beautiful near, it suddenly comes to a ledge of rock, and falls over, into a deep, narrow wooded ravine. There is a little house of refreshment, and a muddy path and a strong wooden bridge below the Fall. It was beautiful to stand on the top, and to see the body of water, narrow and deep, suddenly rush to the edge and lose itself; but far more beautiful to see it below, as it suddenly expands out again into the most beautiful expanse of diamond-drops you ever saw. No name could be more

appropriate than its own—'Laughing Water.' Imagine a semi-circular ledge of rock all hollowed out below, after the formation of Niagara, with the screes below. This passes into a woody ravine kept constantly wet by the spray, which condenses on the rocks, and drops again charged with lime, petrifying the moss, etc. The multitude of dead shells bear testimony to the constant wet. The water, long pent on each side, suddenly expands and breaks into drops, forming a semi-balloon encased with diamonds. The sun was shining brilliantly on it, making one mass of sparkle, while the cavernous part on each side was in deep shadow. Below, there was a pretty basin perfectly clear, from which the foam rose above, making a lovely little rainbow. However tired or uncomfortable you were, you could not but be instantly impressed with a feeling of happiness. It is the most sprightly, good-tempered little fall I ever saw! It seems fairly to laugh at you, and to call upon you to be merry too. I can fancy an American girl picturing it to herself as a huge crinoline dress, covered with pearls and diamonds. I can imagine a Yankee, looking after water-power, conquered by its beauty, and resolving that this at least should be let alone, as there is such capital millage to be had at St. Anthony. But whatever you think of it, there it goes, dancing and laughing away, always the same as it comes from the springs; and the stream after the fall rushes on, not angrily against rocks, but with exuberant and impetuous haste, winding through its rocky channel without stopping to make any more falls—trees and flowers to the water's edge—in haste to laugh itself out into the bosom of the old mother. Fancy what a charming little chink in the vast uniform table-land! And the country abounds in such streams and falls, with beautiful lakes, filled by springs, out of which the Mississippi and Red River of the North and the great Lake Superior are formed—a kind of parental country—the great watershed that pours its treasures over an area nearly 4000 miles long, and 2500 across. Is there not something exhilarating in merely being in such a country? It is melancholy to think of the way it is cursed *by* Yankeedom, and the Indians cheated and driven out, and

the Federal pro-slavery laws, and their own laws refusing votes to the coloured race; but somehow the freedom and beauty of the country seems to be too strong for human curses, and fills you with a sense of expansion and liberty that I have not enjoyed in any other part of the United States."

After exploring the stream, and getting a bathe, and gathering ferns to dry, since Longfellow had made it classic ground, "I came away with no little reluctance from such a beautiful spot, and walked across the prairie two miles to Fort Snelling, formerly the *Ultima Thule* of the American frontier, now deserted. Over the vast down, you trace the valley of the Mississippi by the band of trees; but as you turn the corner round the Fort, you have a beautiful prospect—the junction of the Minnesota ('river of sky colour,' I believe): it is nearly as long as the rest of the Mississippi, and gives its name to the State."

He made a pleasant visit to some Warrington friends, who had a farm a few miles off, where they were busy with the harvest; and then went through Wisconsin * to Chicago, and stayed with Mr. Moulding and his son, whose homes were not far distant. It was a great delight to him to spend a fortnight with his old fellow-workers, with whom he was in such close sympathy. He read his Emancipation Lecture to a little assembly, cleared off some arrears of work, and enjoyed a rest.

From "Prospect Farm" he wrote (August 25) to the members of the Cairo Street Congregation: "The very varied experience I have met with on this continent has not materially altered, though it has in many ways confirmed, my previous views. You know that I long since left off believing in that form of religion which embodies itself in a corporation of persons, employing a person to 'conduct public worship,' etc.; and that I have not for many years felt easy in the position of being the sole mouth-piece of the congregation, to utter its prayers and undertake to teach Christianity. I have long

* When walking along a railway, "I beguiled the time with singing; and found that in this extremely clear atmosphere I could make a musical sound for the compass of three octaves."

thought that those only should hold the office of a minister who believed in its recognized functions; and that I was not fitted to 'build up a congregation,' being destitute of that kind of faith. I do not regard it as *wrong* for a man, at the request of the congregation, to utter such and such things, Sunday after Sunday; else I would at once resign my office. Still, if I am again to be elevated every Sunday morning into a narrow pulpit, to go through a set form of uttering my own prayers aloud, and preaching to people shut up in square pews in an atmosphere whose physical emanations from the dead below always appeared to me typical of the effect of the system on the living worshippers, I wish to be fully assured that to do so is my real duty. I fear that if I were to follow my own inclinations, it would be to seek a new sphere of labour on this continent, where the principles I have so long taught among you are less understood, and where I should be freed from constant collision with those who think I ought long since to have resigned a position for which I confessed myself unfitted. [He reminds them that the experience of the past year removes the plea that they could not do without him; and while thanking them for their affection and confidence, and recognizing ties which were not lightly to be put aside, he concludes]:—But it is true that 'one soweth and another reapeth:' and it may be that now is the time for the sower to go elsewhere, and for another, as reaper, to come in. Whoever be the instrument, it is the Lord alone who can work in our hearts; and to His grace and love, and the truth that is in Christ Jesus, I commend you all. Your faithful and affectionate servant," etc. This letter did not deter his friends from desiring his return to them; and on hearing from them, he wrote, October 22, that he did not feel at liberty to hesitate any longer in again placing his services at their disposal, after completing the work at Washington, for which they were ready to spare him.

Before receiving their reply, he had resolved to pay another visit to Canada, partly with a view of learning where there would be the best opening for him in case he settled there.

On his way, he made a third visit to Niagara, which he enjoyed even more than the previous ones. It was the very perfection of a day. There was less water and impetuosity of current than when he saw it in the spring: the river was then muddy; now "the water of the Fall was of the most delicate transparent emerald green, shading off into the whitest of brilliant foam: the waters below of a dark turbid green, showing great depth. The banks had the richest contrasts of colour with the dark pines and the rich tints of the changing trees, ending in the gorgeous crimson of the maple." He went on the steamer "The Maid of the Mist" to the foot of the Falls: opposite the American Fall, "you look upon the wall of water, half-way up the sky, with a very irregular margin at the top, and the brown rocks at the bottom half-hidden in the clouds, the land on each side hidden; so that you only see the water-wall, some cloudy sky, and the water. But there was an entirely unexpected sight: the water was fairly on fire—just like the pictures one sees of the prairie on fire. It was really the red and yellow part of a rainbow on the mist, which for some reason did not touch the water, being absorbed, I presume, by the cloud; but it appeared as if the water was sending out volumes of flame and smoke. It was a most magnificent spectacle."

He intensely enjoyed his sail to Montreal on the St. Lawrence, "the Queen of Beauty," with the Thousand Islands, and the Rapids, and the autumnal glories. At Montreal, he took some of his fellow-passengers to his favourite point on the Mountain, "where from out of a beautiful framework of forest we saw the exquisite prospect. . . . The distant mountains, the vast prairie studded with its villages, the immense flood of the river, with the islands and necklace-looking bridge, and the Queen-City with its churches and silver roofs, interspersed with autumn foliage, formed a spectacle not only the most varied in its beauty I have ever seen, but passing anything I could have imagined." He longed for us to have one view of this glorious country, where he almost seemed naturalized already. He was cordially welcomed by friends at Montreal; among others, by Dr. Dawson, with whom he worked till past midnight at the

Astartidæ: and he met, by appointment, the committee of the Board of Arts and Sciences, to confer with them on Sanitary Reform. As he wanted quiet, to complete his drawings of shells, he stayed with Mr. Higgins at Côte St. Paul, giving lectures in the evening: and then went to Ottawa by steamer.

"The first view of the water is very striking. You see a vast extended sheet, covered with little waves, for the wind is blowing cold and fresh from the north-east. There are very few islands, and those rather distant—low rocks covered with beautiful trees. The water is not hemmed in, as the Mississippi is, but you look to a distant horizon, interrupted here and there by islands and vessels in full sail. The shores, where you are near enough to see the objects, are studded with neat villages, with church spires; and (between them) with land all under cultivation, with the trees not too thick to display their individual beauty. It is hard to fancy that such a scene is more than five hundred miles from the ocean. You think it must be an outlet from the sea, or at all events the debouchement of a mighty river. This expanse is due to the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa; and in due season you enter the latter river at the rapids of St. Anne: these, and not the Lachine, are the real rapids of the 'Canadian Boat-song.' There is the village, with its pretty farms and pointed spire, all painted white. If you have seen a Normandy village on the banks of the Seine, you have it exactly. You hear the chiming of St. Anne's bell, echoing over the water, faintly making itself heard over the noise of the rapids. You fancy it evening, and the brothers rowing towards the spire, just visible in the short twilight. The simple sweet music of the song is exactly congenial to the scene: only instead of a river you must fancy a broad lake; for you are just entering the Lake of the Two Mountains, below which the Ottawa is divided into two branches by the island of Montreal." His sail up the Ottawa, with the wonderfully rich and varied colours of the woods, the beauty of the scenery, and the magnificence of the swiftly flowing river, with its delicate tints of burnt sienna, suffused at last with the glories of the sunset, quite enraptured him.

From Ottawa he went forty miles by stages to Brooks' Farm, along the banks of the Gatineau. This excursion made him better acquainted with the forest and the lumber-men. Mr. Brooks was a settler from New England, who had a large house on his farm, which was a great resort of the lumberers. It happened that the surrounding forest had been burnt the summer before. It gave Philip a most dreary sensation, to see the great tall pines and hemlocks, as far as his eye could reach, bare, charred, and bleak. He spent a Sunday in this quiet place. He soon found the family school-house, and made friends with the children, and got the boys to be his guides to the Pawgan Fall, the giant "Strid" of the Gatineau: with which he was the more delighted, because he had no wrong anticipations. "My pleasure was indescribably increased by the very unwonted circumstance of having some one to enjoy it with me. Young Oscar seemed quite riveted to the spot, and we stood a long time enjoying it, embracing each other on a ledge of rock, whence a false step would precipitate us into the whirlpool, and mingling our talk with the sound of the torrent. A morning service neither Protestant nor Catholic, but altogether to my taste. . . . Does not Nature adorn herself and symbolize in outward act her own religion? . . After tea, by previous arrangement, the family and neighbours assembled in the parlour, for me to preach. There were some thirty persons sitting round the comfortable room. We managed to sing 'Jesu, lover of my soul:' I read Scripture, and then gave them an earnest address on retribution and self-love, and the love of God; after which we prayed. The people were very attentive and serious. The old man said very little afterwards, and, I think, was impressed. No argument that I could use next morning could induce him to take any pay for my board and lodging, only for the stage fare. . . . The great topic of interest in this region has been the unfortunate descent of the ballooners, who went up for an evening ride from New York State, without food, and were carried up into the Canadian wilderness: wandered without food, except two frogs and some clams, for several days: at

length got to a shanty-man's hut: were shot down the river with amazing rapidity by the Indians: and at last reached Brooks', the first place of civilized life. This was about ten days before I was there, and the paper came which they promised to send, with the account of their adventures. This I read aloud to them."

He returned by the stage. Near the Pêche (a resort of fishing and hunting tourists), "an Irishman getting in, and having forgotten something, began to curse; so that I ventured a few words very quietly. He fired up terribly, and gave me a great volley, to which I did not reply, having borne my testimony. He kept on harping on it to his fellow-passengers, who endeavoured to pacify him, and yet considered that cursing was not a good thing after all! Once, in walking up a hill, I talked to him quietly, when he apologized for his Irish blood—said he had sworn more than for twenty years before," etc.

On the following Saturday, Philip left Canada with great regret. On landing at Osnaburgh, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, "the instant we touched American shore (I had got my botany-box, etc., shouldered) a Yankee asked me what I had got to sell! I had not prepared my mind for Yankeedom, and, being taken aback, simply stared at him: and having made my way through the runners (who generally give me up as a bad job), proceeded to survey the town; the keen stares of the men, and the sharp, sneering look of the boys, evidently not Canadian."

The next day found him at his old quarters at Albany, where good Colonel Jewett gave him a hearty greeting, but his letters brought him sad tidings. Some friends whom he had lately seen had lost their only boy, and his dear niece, Margaret Anna Gaskell, æt. 8, was gone. In writing to her parents, he dwells on the beauties of her character; and adds: "I trust you will always talk, and let us talk, of Margaret, not *as if* she were alive, but *as being* alive: more truly so than if she had gone into a far country; for there you would have had the same separation, joined with anxiety. To me, in this foreign land, Margaret is nearer than when in the body; it may be so even

to you, without your knowing it. The loss is only in the outward ministrations. The little presents I had destined for her on my return must be given to others. The daily, hourly ministrations of your love must be expended on others: they will not, I know, return chilled and useless to your own bosoms. It may be that there are many who will benefit in this world for the loss of that one.* . . . I have ceased to believe in the old Protestant doctrine of an absolute separation between this and the next state. I believe that there we go on as here, only with changed *media* of operation, and in more close communion with each other and with the angels: that the little ones are being taught, and the elder ones doing all sorts of useful works to each other, and to us in the body. I always look forward to finding employment there as a teacher of children; why else have I been given such an intense love of children, and the gift of teaching?" He had been listening to that exquisite Kyrie (Haydn's 2nd) which his sister used to sing, and thought of the changes since they had lived together. She was now richer in objects of love; "the other half of that old household has been going to and fro on the earth, ofttimes with heart filled to gushing, pent up in its own loneliness, like the Gatineau hemmed in by desolate mountains before it bursts its rocky chasm: . . . what would he not have given for one child, even if that one were taken from him straight to the unseen world! What a blessing to feel such an interest *there!* I write not these things in complaint: my only complaint is with my own cold heart, that will not be happy as it ought to be; for the Lord has given me ten thousand times more than I deserve. I write in hopes only to show by contrast how rich you are. And yet nature *will* have her tears and sobs. Well, let them roll, so long as the voice of faith and submissive trust underlies them all. The rainstorms are as needed for the ground as the bright sunshine. The rain, without man's labours, makes swamps and breeds sickness: with labour, it bears crops. Let

* R. and S. Gaskell built a school-room, near their residence at Penketh, in remembrance of her; and though they have long left the neighbourhood, they still maintain the school there.

our tears be dried up with hard work in the Lord's vineyard, during the short remaining day."

Not long after, he heard of the death of a little son of Mr. T. Moulding, who seemed full of health and happiness when he had visited him. He was thunderstruck, and "felt like Daniel when 'he was astonied for one hour.'" When, after some time, he was able to write to his dear friend, he says, "As for me, I have left off believing in *death*, so called. The spiritual world appears to me close and near. Judging from all accounts, there are only a few hours, or days at most, before the spirit wakes up again. . . . I believe my deprivation of home sympathies has made me live more in the spiritual world, from which I feel separated only by a *veil* of flesh; I feel as though it would never surprise me to find that I had died and was there: it often seems more *natural* than the present state. In old times, when I believed in an external heaven, and thought we left off being *men* and became some queer kind of undefined angels, it was not so. Now I feel it to be a waking up of the same humanity without the hindrances of flesh. . . . In my intercourse with the 'Spiritualists'* it is evident to me that they do not mourn for death like Orthodox Christians, whose heaven is more ideal than real. They really do believe that their friends are living happily, and have intercourse with them. About this 'medium' work I care very little: its principal use is to teach the reality of things unseen; and it must be a *very* imperfect thing at best, because it is only the *lowest* elements of *their* nature that can communicate with the *highest* of ours. But for us all to look on the next state as an *absolute* continuation of this, only in a far purer and in every way better sphere, is good for us all, and especially for those who have 'treasures in heaven.'"

While his heart was sore with these bereavements, he found ample work to occupy him. "It took me four days packing

* In the summer he had attended a "circle" of "mediums" at Plymouth, Mass.; and had been subsequently introduced by Mr. Garrison to Mrs. Underhill, formerly of Rochester, then of New York, with whom he spent an evening, of which he gave a full account: he believed that he then received messages from the departed.

up my accumulations, not daring to let them have the knocking about between here and Liverpool without better packing than I could give them in my travels. It is a good thing I did so; else my thousands of Unios would have been all mixed up, so that it would have been an endless job pairing them. I often wondered why the Unios were never sent us with the ligatures whole; on opening them, I found them all dried to such a tinder, that the strong cartilage, which when fresh I could hardly cut with nail-scissors, snapped at a touch; the epidermis, of course, cracking in like manner." The arrangement of his gift-collection, owing to the difficulty of finding suitable accommodation, took him about a month. During his stay at Albany, he gave a lecture on Shells to an appreciating audience, the Chancellor of the University in the chair; and had the opportunity of examining several valuable collections, among them that of Professor Hall. He was greatly interested with the microscopical investigations of Judge Edmonds.

One Saturday evening he found his way to a Shaker settlement: not that which is best known, at N. Lebanon, but the one at "Watersliet, the first place where Anna Lee, their female Christ, settled." After a long, dark, muddy walk, he was very kindly received by the "Church family," to whom he introduced himself, and was much interested in what he saw and heard of the community. He attended their peculiar worship, next morning: "I had as soon dance to the glory of God, as sing or pray; but then it would be either out of gladness of heart, or to minister to the enjoyment of others. This appeared to me nothing more than a serious drill. . . . In the Catholic idea of the monastic life, there is at any rate a high state of devotional feeling, to supply the want of the human affections; but in the Shaker system, they seem to turn out human relationships and the devotional element alike: nothing but pure goodness and self-denial. But in this wicked lustful world, it was a refreshment even to come among virgin purity and patriarchal simplicity. . . . I got back in time for dinner and the vesper service at the Cathedral, with its good Bishop and religious organist, the only spot where my sympathies cling in the Empire

State. I was very sorry to bid it farewell; not without adding a stone to the tower, which is being raised another story as the money comes in."

On his way to Washington, he had pleasant visits to several naturalists who asked him to examine their collections. When one gentleman spoke to him of the harm which the Abolitionists were doing, and that slavery "ought entirely to be left alone," Philip silenced him by quietly saying, "That was what all the devils said in our Lord's day; and Caiaphas and all the people thought that the Lord was ruining the nation."

At Philadelphia he again boarded with Mr. Still (see p. 202), and heard many particulars respecting the negroes and the Harper's Ferry affair of October 16th. John Brown (p. 196) was hanged, December 2. Philip was much surprised at the effect it had produced, and wrote: "When I first read the account in the papers, I thought it a madcap thing, out of which no good could possibly come; and that it would retard anti-slavery, and that none but a few fighting Abolitionists would approve it. But the event has been different. There has been a very general sympathy with it among the Republicans, and everybody in the North (except the most violent Democrats) admires the man. Even several of the Southerners were obliged to do honour to his character, and I don't wonder at it. Peace-man as I am, I am constrained to admire his noble character in the gaol. If one admires any fighter for liberty, one must him. Tell, Washington, and other heroes, were fighting for their *own* freedom and their own people: this man laid down his life for the oppressed of a despised race. Others fought in the spirit of revenge; he did not *wish* to fight at all; and when he had the lives of his opponents in his power, he refused to take them. The means he adopted I cannot justify. In England any such thing would be considered a riot, and would be put down at once, and all the world would condemn the act. Here even Democratic papers call him *Captain* Brown, and print all sorts of things in praise of his character. I greatly admired his simple, straightforward way of turning off the slave-holding parsons who came to whitewash

him for the next world. He just told them that he worshipped a different God from what they did, and that they had not yet learnt the first principles of the Christian religion. He was a typical Puritan, and far nearer the kingdom of God; for they killed the Indians as game, and persecuted the Quakers: he simply intended to protect the slaves in their escape to freedom. He acknowledges himself in error; evidently expecting that the slaves would flock to him, which they did not. Probably they were afraid and distrustful: how could *they* tell what he intended to do? As the American world does not yet believe enough Christianity to be non-resistant, I suppose it was necessary to teach them by a man of the old stamp; and it is curious to see conservative men and clergymen, who generally would not touch Abolitionists with their fingers, coming out, of their own accord, to speak in favour of Brown, and openly applauding his act. . . .

"It has made the Republicans more completely anti-slavery, and the Southern faction more completely pro-slavery. I like what will hasten on the final conflict. . . . Then again, the spectacle which Virginia has set before the whole world has proved how hollow the slave-system is. . . . The tremendous military array to guard the prisoner; the patrols throughout the country; the shooting of the cow, because, poor beast, she could not give the watchword, and did not think of lowing! and, above all, this hanging business, intercepting mails, forbidding all travellers except with passes, shutting out all persons from the execution, lest Brown should say something and some one should hear him, keeping even the children at a respectful distance! Really, taking the very lowest view of it, to see the Old Dominion, which boasts of the blood of Washington, etc., the largest and most respectable State of the Union, absolutely white with terror, and quivering like an aspen leaf; and the infection spreading to the other States, so that the whole South has shaken. . . . And then to see the Democrats and many Republicans eating all the dirt; standing, hat in hand, before the enraged South, humbly beseeching them not to take away their Northern trade, etc.!

The Model Republic—Sovereign people! Bah! Really Old England, with all its aristocracy, and even its Chinese war and opium trade, looks highly respectable in comparison."

On arriving at Washington he was struck by Dr. Henry's manner. "At last he burst out about Harper's Ferry. He said that we were treading on a volcano, which might explode any day. What we read in the Northern papers, and it was no little, gave no idea of the real state of panic in the South. He himself could not offer me hospitality, as their rooms were filled with a Virginian family who were leaving their home. He looked on many things as more unlikely than the breaking up of the Union within a year, the burden of the song being, that it would bring the Smithsonian into trouble, unless I would hold my tongue. I made him easy on that score: saying that I had not come to Washington city; only to the Smithsonian Institution, and simply on shell business; therefore, as he had brought me, I would attend to his wishes."

It was arranged that Philip should have a bed made up in the Institution; and he was soon at work in the midst of dirty boxes, unpacking and cataloguing. He had reckoned on assistance; "but decent boys cannot be had in this vile city, and Dr. H. is afraid of getting another into the building. . . . There is a little orphan of ten, as lively and quick and clever as can be. Miss M. (the janitor's daughter) nominally teaches him at odd times, but the times are so odd, that no one has found them; so that he can barely read, and cannot write or do figures at all: so I have got their consent to spare him a little time in the evenings to come to me for instruction. Not altogether a disinterested act; for I felt so terribly lonely, tongue-tied in this slave city, not even the colonel to let out to, and not the comforts about the place that I had at Albany, that looking forward to three months of it, I was beginning to be rather down in the mouth, or rather in the heart. All goes on pretty well when I am at work; but in the evenings, to sit down in the cheerless office with strange people continually coming in and out to take the observations, with a stove that roasts, and long dreary passages to move about in, made me

feel rather queer. I thought I had a right to some recreation, but of course none was so pleasant as to teach such a sweet little fellow. I think I never had such a young pupil before—so sweet-tempered a one, with such bright eyes. The poor boy's only amusement is piety. He is not allowed to play in the park, or skate, for fear of other boys corrupting him and following him back to the Institution. . . . I believe with Swedenborg that such children are under the special care of the heavenly angels.

"I went the first Sunday to the oldest Catholic church; a very plain place, but a pleasant congregation: blacks and whites sitting together, and I among them. . . . The only way in which one can bear one's testimony is, to sit among the slaves and be kind to them. I looked on at a christening of black children before mass. There was no godfather; only the woman who brought the baby answered for the children, in one case a mere girl. That is an accommodation of the Church to the prevalent idea that slaves have no father. It would certainly be very inconvenient for the father to show himself, very often. How this horrid corruption goes through everything! I am reading [Mrs. Gaskell's] 'North and South,' which brings up old times. I shall never forget the horror of those strikes and starvations—evils from which here they are at least free; but then at home we can speak our minds on evils, and fight openly against them. . . . I went on New Year's Day to the same church. I bid all the coloured people I met a Happy New Year, but without knowing whether it were not almost an insult. (Of course, the free blacks are now treated worse than ever. Solomon, a very clever factotum here, cannot get the paper he has paid for. The [coloured] Methodists, who are always obliged to ask leave to hold watch-nights, and always have a policeman to watch them, this year thought it prudent not to ask. If one made improper prayers, one might be taken up! Another congregation, with a white minister, was allowed to meet. I did not feel in a humour to watch where one's prayers are watched, nor to worship with the white slaveholders; so kept watch-night by going to bed.) I felt some-

what refreshed by Haydn's 3rd [Mass], after which they sung a special Te Deum in honour of the New Year. After service, the coloured people set to shaking hands and kissing each other very heartily. I went to a priest in the choir to get the name of a hymn they sung, which sounded like 'Foresters, sound the cheerful horn.' It was 'Veni, Sancte Spiritus.' I like the cheerfulness of the Catholic worship. In my melancholy frame of mind and dreary life it is congenial: and the Puritanical forms are repugnant.

"One evening the professor asked me to a private exhibition of some experiments of electric light. . . . I took up Robert under the shadow of my wing: there were several grandees present. . . . I talked before lecture with one of the Charleston representatives, who had been a professor. I wonder whether he would understand my tones of voice, when I spoke of the Southern laws about *human* property. The conversation was principally on the Maine Law, and how it was observed towards the slaves in the South. . . . [Another day] I was introduced (in the way I like best—as the brother of Mary Carpenter) to a gentleman whose name I did not catch. He was pleased to find that I was your brother, and said that he had had the 'honour' of receiving more than one letter from you. He invited me to his house, which I gladly accepted, and found afterwards that it was Charles Sumner. He looks old and careworn. It is pleasant to think that one may go to a place where one may open one's lips." Subsequently they became intimate, and Philip found him as kind and agreeable as possible.

He gave lectures, for which Mr. W. Henry made large drawings. The first was on the Mazatlan Oyster, and the second on the Cuttlefish; and as his style of lecturing was popular, he was invited to give a course on the Mollusca. When he thus became known, many, including some English friends, invited him to their houses; but after his hard day's work, he rarely felt in spirits to pay visits in that "city of magnificent distances." "My life," he says, "is tolerably jog-trot, and quite as disagreeable as I expected it would be.

Physically, morally, and spiritually, Washington stinks. At Paris, if you are tongue-tied, you have at any rate plenty of cheerfulness and fun. Here you are enthralled in this corrupt atmosphere, with nothing to relieve the gloom. It certainly has the effect I expected, of making Albany in the past, and England in the future, very pleasant by contrast."

As to his English future, however, he felt very uncertain. After consenting to return to Warrington, he received letters from some of the congregation, informing him that his return "would only reopen wounds which perhaps may otherwise heal in time." He thanked them for "the very kind and frank way in which they had expressed their sentiments," and said, "It is hard for me not to accede to your request, when my own very strong feelings and wishes lead in the same direction;" but he felt himself bound to consult the wishes of the congregational meeting, and it seemed to him that the differences of opinion had only ripened during his absence. He stated that he had "been gradually led out of the system of opinions known as Unitarian," and gave a summary of the principal points in his teaching, adding, "I utterly disclaim the imputation that I am an example of godliness; that those who think with me are the saints; and that those who think differently are the sinners. I only say that, however inconsistent my life, I must faithfully preach these doctrines: that my sympathies of Christian brotherhood extend to all, whether Unitarian, Calvinistic, or Roman Catholic, who are seeking to become new creatures in Christ Jesus, however various their theological opinions or feeble (as yet) their Christian life; but that I can feel no fellowship, as a Christian, with those who only want so much of Christianity preached, as they themselves can see: and so much lived as may be convenient and agreeable for the purposes of this life. All such persons, however numerous, wealthy, or kind-hearted, are only a hindrance to the spread of true religion."

As might be expected, his letter only intensified their desire that he should not return to his pulpit: and his own family felt that it might be very injurious to his health, both of

body and mind, to re-engage in conflicts which had worn his spirit; while it might be better for the congregation, as he had himself suggested, that another should reap of the good seed he had sown. He wrote to his sister Susan that even she seemed not quite to understand him: "If I had been less free in writing, you might have made me out better. I see, from the answers I get to things which merely passed through me, that the instantaneous photographs which I have been in the habit of sending home do not give a truthful picture of my spiritual state. My *proprium* possesses intensely strong affections, and an intensely strong self-will. The Lord's course with me has been to require a sacrifice of all this, step by step. Each step as it comes rouses up the self-hood to a desperate height; but it *has to be conquered.* After a long fight, I lay the thing on the altar, and contemplate the new relations; and after a longer or a shorter season, according to the strength of evil in me, I accept, first as a fact, afterwards from choice, what before I shuddered at. You get your letters during the writhing process; I get your answers by the time I have found peace. The intense overstrain of many years naturally threw me into a reaction over here. Not knowing the will of God in the matter, I resigned myself to *impressions* from within and from without, let all things have their fling, and waited for light." He had at first to lay on the altar his desire for Canada: now, just as he had reconciled himself to Warrington, he is advised to give it up; and immediately he discovers how he had been planning for his future life there. "The idea of being unsettled a year more, with long farewell visits which I feel I *could* not pay * (my heart will bear a good deal, but not *that*, unless *required* of me), is harrowing to me; and I pine for the rest of daily duty-life. . . . One's *own choice* is the dream of self-love; the actual lot in life is the reality of God's will. All I gather from the family letters is, '*You* don't like Cairo Street; *you* wish Natural History or Canada: there's a

* When sailing to America, he wrote: "It was terrible work getting away; if you had not been all so kind in avoiding feelings, I could not have managed it."

good case for quitting Warrington, therefore resign.' If it means no more than this, I understand it from the Unitarian point of view, but it runs off me like water off oiled paper. Cheverus's rule, 'The man who wants me is the man I want,' is my standing text. . . . Here is a school ready prepared for all my work, and the people who used to be the stiffest of Unitarians want me to return. Am I at liberty to refuse this call, because *I* think I should like to try and *create* preaching openings in Canada?"

He was most anxious to gain any light as to his duty, and his letters reveal a painful state of indecision. This was increased by the depressing nature of his life. In the previous summer he had looked forward to his stay in Washington with much pleasure. The work assigned him at the Smithsonian Institution was one which he regarded as very important, and for which he was peculiarly qualified. He anticipated great benefit from intercourse with men eminent in science and politics: but he could not enjoy himself in the presence of that iniquity which was so soon to convulse the nation; while he felt pledged to raise no voice against it. He was "lonely and broken-hearted"—"oppressed by the slavery in which he dwells." He plodded on at his work: it took him five months instead of three; but he would have condemned himself if he had left it for any refreshing change. His journal-letters became very unfrequent: the last of them, after an interval of nearly six weeks, was dated "Senate Hall, Washington, D.C., Feb. 29, 1860":—

"I have come here in the expectation of hearing Seward: so have several hundred others. Here you have the best side of Republicanism—no getting orders from members or bribing officials; but the place is more open than a church, plenty of room for all who wish, broad open daylight, and the people conducting themselves with great propriety (all except the spitting), a great contrast to the disgusting ways of the Albany House. The doorkeepers, etc., are very civil and obliging: and I can actually take out my manifold and write, without exciting universal curiosity and 'want to know what's to sell,'

as in Yankee land. . . . Half the gallery is appropriated to ladies, and, as it seems, to gentlemen who come with them; as they have filled their part, they are turning into the few unoccupied seats at our side. Senators are beginning to buzz about, and have a little chat before they sit at their separate desks. . . . The pages are a pleasing feature of American Houses. They stand by a senator while he writes, and then carry off the spoil with great zeal. . . . At one p.m., punctually, there was a rap: people became quiet, and a parson made a short prayer with a Northern twang. Then the clerk read the minutes of yesterday's proceedings: the Senate has to be informed on all matters of diplomacy, etc., and often meets with closed doors. Very few senators are in their places while this goes on. (I have a Southerner on one side, a Northerner on the other [who express their views]: the Englishman keeps his own counsel and observes.) Senators shake hands lazily, walk in and out: gallery people talk: great waving of fans by the ladies, who have winter dresses on this warm day: the clerk's voice shouts out over it like a town-crier's—he does the thing in a kind of chant: a small senatorial son snoozes in the paternal chair, learning the trade of governing as they do in the South: in the North they have not time, and just take their chance. . . . Meanwhile they appropriate many thousand dollars: it is declared, for a variety of things, that the Ayes have it: filial senator sits on paternal senator's lap: the crier chants out appropriations: honourable gentlemen don't like it, and interrupt each other; but it is soon settled up."

The Hall became very crowded, and several Representatives came in and had chairs provided for them, to hear Mr. Seward, who was hoping to be the Republican candidate for the Presidency. He had affirmed "the higher law" to be supreme, and was known by his phrase—"the irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery; but it was now his object to reassure the timid members of his party.

"Seward, thin, spare, and gentlemanly, looks magnificent, and quite prepared to define his position, which is to reconcile 'the irrepressible conflict' with amiability to the South. He

changes seats with some one else (his own being at the very back, by the door), to get a better speaking-place; he lounges lazily, while they read the resolution (for the admission of Kansas) :—'The admission of Kansas without further delay seems to me a measure equally necessary, just, and wise.' He speaks deliberately and plainly: wishes to allay the feverish breeze by which the nation is excited: a poor story, if thirty million, Eurōpĕan by extraction, American by birth and discipline, Christian by faith, cannot get on, notwithstanding the one disturbing story of slavery. [Seward describes how slavery deprives a man of his natural rights, and regards him merely as a chattel.] My Southern neighbour grunts opposition, and chews tobacco, and spits. Poor man! to be obliged to hear Anti-slavery speeches: there are some twelve hundred people all listening to the same: time was, when this speech could scarcely have been delivered. [When Seward entered on the history of the original compromises of the constitution, he seemed very dry; but he became more animated, as he recounted the fall of the Whig party, on their consent to the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and the formation of the Republican party, and the new claim of the Democrats—that Congress had no power to forbid slavery in the Territories.] Would that they could hear Brougham utter a few hearty truths. What dull work it is—treating the most horrid crimes in civilized history as calmly as a question of diplomacy! [Seward declares that 'slavery is the completest possible development of despotism. . . . The world, prepossessed in our favour for early devotion to freedom, is amazed! We have surrendered safeguard after safeguard of freedom, in order that we might propitiate capital . . . The Republicans have two questions:—How many votes can they cast? and, Have they courage to cast these votes?' then he answers the charge that the North is hostile to the South.] Bah! 'Please, Mrs. South, believe that we love you very much. Let us hem you in, and keep you prisoner where you are: you have a very large prison; be satisfied with it, and let us have all the rest!' . . . He is going on stroking the South! What's the use? stroke as he may, the South

won't believe that the Northern Republicans love them! (Senatorial son lies at full length on a now empty lounge, and kicks his legs up: senatorial father, sitting by his side, has no idea of lowering filial legs: a free country!) . . . What a contrast to when F. Buxton divided the House, or to Bright's denunciation of the Russian war! His voice and manner and substance are all very soporific. I have heard nothing of eloquence, or sound argument, or earnest feeling. 'They will ask you, *Is this all?*' That's what I ask *you*, Mr. Seward: is this remembering 'those in bonds as bound with them'? It is now five minutes to four: when are you going to speak on your subject—the admission of Kansas? At last he ends: and Douglas [senator for Illinois] jumps up with some life in him.

"March 5. Douglas's speech was worth taking down; but I wanted to study the man:—a capital debater, all on fire, conscious of the weak points of his adversary, and his own popularity, and full of sarcasm; but how can they think of making such a man President? there is not an atom of dignity in him! . . . He gave it the Republican party well for their inconsistencies. . . . For my own part, I like open devilism better than a Christian stroking the devil on the cheek! I waited to hear one more speech from a Southerner, and then left, being quite overcome by the closeness and smell."

He afterwards met a large assemblage of Republican representatives at Mr. Sedgwick's: and found that Mr. Seward's speech had been written for some weeks, and duly inspected and criticised by the Republican leaders beforehand, as the manifesto of the party. Shortly after, he went to a reception at Mr. Seward's. He wrote to his sister Mary: "I took your note to C. Sumner yesterday, and argued from ten to one, very earnestly. He so often paused before answering me, that he clearly saw the difficulties of the Republican position, as I do of the Garrisonian." Philip had no sympathy with the desire of the Republicans to maintain the Union; believing "that the half would be stronger than the whole," when no longer tempted to compromise. He little knew (who could

know?) how the love of the Union was to become the means of destroying slavery throughout the United States.

Philip remained in Washington five months; and had at last to obtain the permission of Dr. Henry, who treated him "with the greatest confidence," to take much of his work with him to England. Before his return, he went to Boston and the neighbourhood, as Professor Agassiz was anxious to confer with him; and he visited some other naturalists on the way. He sailed from New York near the end of May, having travelled about 12,400 miles in America. Before he left, the University of the State of New York ("which is not a teaching and examining body, but exercises the functions of a Ministry of public instruction") marked their appreciation of his labours for American science by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy,* an honour which they had never before bestowed. He wrote to me: "The N. Y. doings are songs to a heavy heart; but I hope will please you. I have answered them as gratefully as I could." He showed his gratitude by using the title, which made it more easy for him to avoid that of "Reverend," against which he had always protested.

The sadness to which he referred arose from anxiety respecting the little boy, of whom he had written (p. 232). He supposed him to be an orphan; but it proved that he and his younger brother were children of persons who had once been well off, but who had neglected them, and finally renounced all claim to them, when they were received into the House of Refuge at Baltimore. Robbie was bound over to the janitor at the Institution, who sometimes spared him to Philip, to help to wash shells, etc., and allowed him occasionally to spend half an hour with him for instruction. Philip felt a strong parental feeling for the child, and he had an intense dread of what might happen to him in that "enslaved and enslaving city." During his five months' loneliness, he considered the subject in all its bearings, and his heart was set on adopting

* The degree was granted by the Regents, March 20th: and the diploma was sent him by their secretary, April 18th.

him. He found, however, that his plan aroused great opposition, and extreme anxiety impaired his health. He wrote to me: "I am not pulled down so, physically, as I was at the —— epoch (what ages ago); but more so spiritually, because the way of the Lord does not seem so clear. . . . I work as hard as possible, and have got the bulk of the [Smithsonian] work done. All that I contemplate is, getting things into the state in which others can go on. I am sorry to send you a sorry letter; but I said in the —— times, that, if the Lord intended me for heaven, there would be many more and bitter trials before I could be fit for it: the bottom of my heart does not distrust the Lord."

Though he had to leave America without Robbie, his friends were not unmindful of his wishes. After a time, Dr. Henry induced the janitor to restore the boy to Dr. Graves, the benevolent secretary of the Baltimore Refuge, who had taken pains to learn whether the English home was likely to be a happy one. They had proof of Philip's constancy in the interval that elapsed before Robbie was sent to him: and his subsequent life showed how faithful he was to this new trust.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEARS IN ENGLAND: 1860–1865. ÆT. 40–45.

PHILIP returned to Warrington on June 11, 1860: and on the following Friday he joined the schools in their annual excursion. His friends were sorry to see that he had not that freshness of spirit which they had expected after so long and complete a change. He could not overcome his intense anxiety for the boy. He did not commence his pulpit duties for two months, when he preached the sermons for the schools. Meanwhile he had his work for the Smithsonian Institution, and to arrange for the large collections he had made for the Warrington Museum, consisting not only of shells, but of birds, reptiles, crustacea, dried plants, etc. He had remembered its interests wherever he travelled, begged for it when he would not ask for himself, and devoted to it the books and geological specimens presented to him from the State of New York. As the room formerly occupied by the library was almost unused, he was allowed to have it till it was wanted, while he arranged the shells of the Museum, and also those of the Smithsonian,* which paid rent in the form of books and specimens.

At the end of June, he attended the meeting of the British Association at Oxford. He wrote to Dr. Henry from Section D. (Zoological) at the new Museum: "I have just opened the Section, as far as work is concerned, with a communication about American science, principally to make known the plan

* As the Smithsonian Institution will often be mentioned, it may be briefly designated as above.

of the Smithsonian. The audience was much pleased, and one of the secretaries, who had travelled in the United States, endorsed my statements."

After describing Worcester College, with its very beautiful grounds, where he was staying, he says, "In my younger days these twenty-four colleges were shut out from all who could not sign the Thirty-nine Articles. Now, through the persevering energy of Mr. James Heywood, they are open to all; and the most ancient and most exclusive of universities, not content with admitting any one within its walls, is offering its examinations, and giving its Associate degree, to all persons *anywhere*, so that the son of a common joiner from our Warrington public school has creditably passed." He then supplies Dr. Henry with information as to public and private collections, with a view to the disposal of the duplicates in his hands. A few days after, he added a very full report of what had interested him at Oxford, derived in part from his shorthand notes. The great event of the meeting was the discussion on Darwin's views (which Philip had been studying on his voyage home), in which many eminent men took part. Professor Henslow presided in Section D. ("He is now a white-haired old gentleman, with the same beautiful face as ever, giving prizes to village children for wild flowers and snails, beloved by all. He was much pleased at your remembrance of him.") After Sir B. Brodie, Mr. —— jumped up: a young clergyman, "with a peculiarly self-important look. He made a great fuss about getting a black board, all to sketch a few branches. Then he found he could not explain himself—because—he had nothing to explain: 'This represents the progress from the first atom' (President: 'Confine yourself, please, to *Mr. Darwin's* theory'); 'that is the line of the monkeys, ending in man.' Amiable and prolonged clapping, to prevent him from going on. President, very politely: 'We are getting a little beyond the mark.' Incessant amiable clapping. The poor parson did not know what to make of it. We all told him he had better sit down. He looked as much as to say, 'When I ope my mouth at Twaddletown, no dog

barks.' We looked—'Oxford and British Association are not Twaddletown!' At last he accepted our polite offer of a chair, and fumed to himself; while the President called on Professor Huxley. He merely said that the cause had not suffered much from previous speakers, and he would reply when there were some arguments to meet. [Then rose Dr. Wilberforce], Bishop of Oxford. (Immense applause. The parsonic element had gathered strong for their Goliath. I had not seen him since the Cambridge meeting [pp. 75, 76], and on a close view was greatly pained at the change.)" . . . Professor Huxley in his reply, referring to a taunt of the Bishop's, "gave us to understand that, if he had to choose ancestry between a respectable chimpanzee and a man of the greatest intellectual powers, who yet narrowed himself down to prejudice, sarcasm, etc., he would greatly prefer the grand-paternal ape. (Time was, when a man might have been burnt at Oxford for such impertinence. A fine monument stands over the Martyrs' Stake. The English people have left off burning. There were three native-born Americans burnt, to my certain knowledge, the short time I was in the States.)

". . . On Sunday morning, I went to St. Mary's to hear the University Sermon. The service was read, without communion, and all the people were so zealous with responses, very loud, that their voices ran about on each other's heels. . . . I like *united* worship: I don't like the plan, so common over the water, of looking on, while the Parson tells the Lord a great many things. But I think music the *natural* language of united worship. Hence, in our school-service at Warrington, we adopt the cathedral custom of kneeling down and chanting our litany." The sermon was by Dr. Temple: his remark that science is in great danger of "making God a system of laws, without any kind of answer to our human affections," led Philip to write: "As for me, I used to have a great horror of anthropomorphism and patripassion; but now the actual necessities of my spiritual wants have driven me out of it, in spite of my logic: and whether the prayer be offered in name to Father, Son, or Holy Spirit, it is the Lord Jesus Christ, in his

glorified humanity, whom I worship, as being all of the Infinite Spirit of the Universe that can be *translated* into human nature. . . . It appears to me that the Lord, in order to accomplish human redemption and enter the soul of man with his sanctifying influences, must needs have become incarnate in the outward manifestation of Jesus Christ, the λογος προφορικος of the Christian Platonists. I know this is very shocking to the Unitarians.* I remember the shudder with which I used to shut my ears against the Litany prayers: 'By thine agony and bloody sweat,' etc., 'Good Lord, deliver us.' I can only say, I am driven to it, in spite of the rational logic, and find a nearness to the Lord which I never before experienced. I have a kind of horror now of being led by logic, which I suppose is a necessary, though not an enduring, reaction. . . . *All* forms of words, theologies, etc., appear to me so partial and imperfect, that I am far more tolerant than I was of opposing forms.

"On Monday morning I met my sister Mary. . . . She looked more the old woman than she used to; but had the same determined energy. I took her to Section F. [Economic Science, etc.], where they gave her a chair at the table, by Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth. She was also reassured by finding her friend, Mr. Nassau Senior, in the chair. I sat behind to see the people. There was a great gathering of the celebrities to hear her. . . . She stood up and read in her usual clear voice and expressive enunciation." † In the discussion which followed, Philip confirmed her position—that other schools were needed beside those then helped by Government—by his testimony that, in New York and elsewhere, there was a

* His view seems similar to that of Swedenborg (see p. 126). There is a great variety of opinions among Unitarians (as among Trinitarians). A few, especially in America, would accord with Philip. Those who hold, with Paul, that believers "may be filled with all the fulness of God" certainly must affirm this of Christ. Arians and Socinians worshipped Christ: modern Unitarians, however, think it most Christian to follow Christ's own directions as to prayer; and to pray to Him who is a Spirit—the Father.

† See "The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter," p. 266, where an extract from this letter is given.

class of children practically shut out from the free public schools; and by his experience in Warrington (p. 138). "At two o'clock, a convocation was held in the Theatre to give degrees to four celebrities, our present and former Presidents —Lords Wrottesley and Rosse, the Swiss ambassador [?], and Professor Sedgwick. . . . Sedgwick came last, but received ten times more clapping than all the rest put together. . . . At the first Oxford meeting, while Dissenters were still excluded from the university, my father saw the D.C.L. conferred on Quaker Dalton: then a noble recognition of Science and 'Dissent' from the old Tory, Church, and classical Oxford." In the evening he went with his sister to a soirée in the New Museum. "Mr. Senior, who seemed most anxious to introduce her, is a most important person to her work, as he pretty well understands her objects, has the most gentlemanly and true politeness, and his judgment is so much relied on, that he is generally put by Government on useful Commissions. He brought us an invitation to breakfast at the Vice-Chancellor's next morning, an honour greatly coveted; but M. C. could not go, being pre-engaged to a semi-public Priestley-statue breakfast. This statue originated in an old pupil of my father's [Mr. Kent Kingdon]. Passing through Oxford, he saw in the Museum, then building, the statue-niches with the names in pencil, selected by the University, ready for statues if any one chose to give them. The Queen gave £5: he at once offered £50, and organised a committee; but so much more money streamed in than was wanted, that they were obliged to limit their subscriptions to small sums. . . . Sir B. Brodie took the chair; the speaking was very good, and the party much larger than had been expected. . . ."

At the Vice-Chancellor's breakfast, "I was charmed to find that it was no party; only those named, Lord Wrottesley, and the ladies of the families. . . . I was not able to learn as much as I wanted, because they pumped me about American Government and society; but I walked to committee with Mr. Senior, and got from him the information I wanted for our Warrington schools.

"A real live Yankee, called Train, great in horse-cars, had met me; and finding that I had ridden in them all, from Boston to St. Louis, and that no one else had, had entreated me to go to Section G. [Mechanical Science], and open out a discussion. . . . The *Train* moved at high pressure with his model. I laughed in my sleeve, while the John Bulls would not understand, and asked absurd questions, which the poor Train was not *slow* enough to understand. Then I got up, and translated the whole thing into English ideas; and answered all the objections—some from the crooked narrow streets of the cow-path city (Boston), some from the hilly roads of the monumental city (Baltimore), etc. The English like facts. I felt a wicked satisfaction in blowing up Mr. Bull for not introducing American improvements. It was settled that Birkenhead was to try it. . . . The Train met me at the soirée, in great ecstasy at my speech. He seemed to wonder that an Englishman could get out so many words and facts in so few minutes. He had it specially reported, in true Yankee fashion. The President [of the Section], Professor McQuorn Rankine, also came to talk to me. Good fun, to compare notes of old days, when we sat together at J. D. Forbes's class [see p. 14], with Captain Basil Hall wrapped up in sheep-skins! . . .

"Our most pleasant introduction was to Professor Jowett* (him of the Broad Church), whose face in the print-shops, combining the greatest sweetness with ideality and intellect, had won our hearts, as his writings had previously done. You can hardly believe him an old bachelor. He is greatly beloved by the students in his college. I feel inclined to *confound* those ante-matrimonial fellowships! He invited us to breakfast next morning, in his rooms in Balliol College. This was, of course, the nicest thing that could be. . . . He was more anxious to learn from Mary about schools, and from me about America, than to let us draw him out. . . . It was very delightful to know him. One reads a man so much better afterwards when one has been in his atmosphere. We then attended Sections a little, and took train to Bristol. I found my sister

* Now Master of Balliol.

would not be satisfied without my seeing her in her own home. This we found ornamented with a number of choice flowers, which Sir John Bowring, with his usual thoughtful kindness, had brought her up from the old family house at Exeter. He was stopping with my second sister, Mrs. Herbert Thomas, where we went to breakfast next morning, to meet him. He was full of life and anecdote: told horrible things of some of the under-functionaries from the Slave States at Hong Kong. . . . It does one good to see so many superior people; but is not a little fatiguing."

Though he expressed himself with vivacity, his heart was heavy, from not knowing the fate of his boy; and at one time he thought he must return to the United States. He wrote to his sister: "The effort to control myself and keep calm since I left America has made me weak physically." In the middle of July, he visited his beloved fellow-labourer, the Rev. F. Howorth, at Bury, preached for him, and was baptized by him (as our father regarded infant baptism as unscriptural, none of us had been christened). To this valued friend he wrote as follows, respecting the Christian life:—

"Our sinful natures are the same, and our redemption and salvation are the same, and the means by which the Lord works are the same—so far as the paths of self-denial and sorrow are concerned. Only the measure and degree, and the instruments by which the Lord works, are different; but in each case no doubt wisely adapted to the end, and, we may rest assured, not one grain heavier than the need of our souls demands. I suppose that in proportion to the positive nature, the resolute self-will of each one, must be the force proportioned to break in pieces the hard heart. A plastic will may be easily regenerated: a strong will, while it must be reduced into the same receptive condition, has to pass through the furnace of affliction—but in proportion to the hardness of the metal to be melted and moulded. And then the Lord never breaks, he only bends, and in this way forms anew the character of his children. I have had to learn this lesson; to have no will of my own; and where the self-will shows itself, at once to

deny it and empty it. The spiritual process is difficult; for this denial of self may, if not guarded against, be only the erection of another plane of the self-will: and while we are thinking that all is going on well, we awake by-and-by to the consciousness that it is only one phase of the self-hood destroyed by another phase of it, which has become all the stronger from the work in which it has been engaged. This death of the self-hood is, after all, really the Lord's work; and it includes the death of all one's righteousnesses, as well as of all one's sins. We are forms receptive of the divine life, which flows in just as we are emptied of self. But there is no difference here between our natural virtues and our natural (ψυχικα) vices. We must be emptied of all, if we would become wholly alive in the Lord. And hence we see the necessity of the baptism of sorrow; but the Lord has passed through it all before, and in his divine and glorified humanity can sympathize with the weakest of his children. Oh, the Lord's love for his people! It knows no bounds; it is infinite and boundless as himself, and we are not forsaken or forgotten."

His letters had shown us, for some time, that he felt it was "not good that man should be alone:" and after receiving hopeful tidings from Baltimore, he visited his friends Mr. and Mrs. Robson at Barmouth; and there opened his heart to their guest, Miss Minna Meyer of Hamburg, who had for many years resided in the neighbourhood of Warrington. They had known each other well and long; she sympathized with those religious feelings which were to him of supreme importance, and she took a deep interest in what he told her of Robbie, to whom she was ready to give a maternal welcome: it was agreed that they should be married soon after his arrival. Philip had now to consider not himself alone in the adornment of his home. To receive a variety of presents was a new and unwelcome experience. He not only felt that it was "more blessed to give than to receive," but was apt to dislike receiving! "The things the good people are giving me are only wants, because said people choose to consider them so: and it is

only adding to my troubles to add to the said things!" The marriage took place at the German Church in Manchester, October 1, 1860. He had previously called on the minister, who translated for him his form of service. "The only difference from Mr. Tayler's service is, that the giving away is left out: and that there is the double instead of the single ring, which I much like. I never understood why the wife was to have the badge which the husband did not."

They went to Llandudno for their short wedding tour. His wife wrote to his sister Mary (October 5): "Our little son has taken to us wonderfully, and it seems that with the name of mother, which he gives me, all the affection of a son to a mother has sprung into his little heart. He is very happy, and seemed very touched when he stood between us before the altar, when we were solemnly declared before God to be a father and a mother to the child. Mr. Marotsky seemed himself very struck with the boy, and could scarcely restrain his tears. He blessed the boy: and said to him, in such a beautiful way, that he hoped—nay, that he knew—that we should be a true father and mother to him, and that he hoped Robbie would always thank God for it, and be a true son to us. After the legal proceeding was over, which took place in the vestry, in the presence of the registrar, we went into the church. Then he gave us a beautiful address, taking the Lord's Prayer and explaining it in its relations to the home. Then came the question put to Philip in English, and to me in German, 'Wilt thou take,' etc.? Then the exchanging of rings: then he joined our hands in his, and held them thus, while he spoke a prayer and a blessing." Philip says of the boy: "You should have seen his frisks when he was turned loose on the sands, the first evening, and shouted out, 'Now I am free! Now I am at liberty!' We have an excellent study of the natural effects of emancipation on an uncultivated mind: in which, as in the whole of my history with him, I have had the spiritual history of the slavery question enacted before me."

The collections which came from the Smithsonian were so

large that he had to rent three rooms from the house adjoining his own for part of their storage. He was very busy making up collections to send back to America: numerous letters had to be written to his naturalist friends there; and Dr. Henry was anxious that he should write an Introduction to Malacology. The winter of 1860–61 was unusually cold. "It has," he wrote, "been down to 3° below zero in these sheltered parts. I rejoice in having a nice workroom full of hot-water pipes, instead of that miserable Smithsonian gallery. I shudder at the remembrance of it." In the following February, he advertised that "he intends to devote a considerable portion of his time to furnishing *authentically named* collections of American Shells. He has purchased the whole remaining stores obtained by M. Reigen at Mazatlan; and by the late Professor C. B. Adams [p. 201] at Panama, and at Jamaica, St. Thomas, Bermudas, etc. During his late American tour, he has taken great pains to obtain series of shells from the first authorities, named (whenever practicable) from the original types. He has also undertaken to act as agent for some of the leading naturalists in the disposal of their duplicates," etc.

He did not neglect his usual philanthropic work:—"I am off now [February 16] to rehearse, and then to preside at our Saturday evening anti-grog-shop concert at the Music Hall. You know I have to be Jack-of-all-trades and—*master of none: i.e.*, servant of all."

A printed letter to Alderman T. G. Rylands, March 11, 1861, thanks the contributors to a "very beautiful and useful present" on the occasion of his marriage. "I find that (with a single exception) none of them frequent my public teachings in Cairo Street, but are the representatives of very different religious and political views—with many of whom I have been compelled at times to come in strong collision. May I be allowed to infer from this, that the principle which I have maintained now these fifteen years among you, of refusing to be bound by the ties of any political or religious party, has met with some response: and that the course which I have followed of always fully and freely expressing the convictions of my conscience,

endeavouring at the same time to avoid giving needless pain to others, has on the whole approved itself to the general English feeling of my fellow-townsmen?"

In April, he felt that it would be for the advantage of his boy to send him to school with his friend, Mr. W. H. Herford, of Lancaster. "I can't tell you," he writes to his sister, "what a wrench it is to me; for his old sweet nature and gentle love is opening out so beautifully . . . but he came back from his Lancaster visit so much improved, that it would have been wrong to have hindered his further improvement. . . . I am sadly ungrateful not to be able to be happy without him; but, after the ten years I lived at Warrington, and last summer, I may be reckoned at fifty years old, and have not the power that I used to."

This midsummer (1861), Cairo Street Chapel was closed,* in compliance with an order from Government through his friend, Mr. P. H. Holland (see p. 77), Inspector to the Burial Acts Office, who pronounced it injurious to health. The last time Philip preached there was June 23rd, from Romans xv. 3—"For even Christ pleased not himself." He asked me to preach a "farewell sermon to the old pews and dead bodies," on the following Sunday: I had not suffered from them, as he had done, and was glad to refer to the eminent men who had worshipped there. The old chapel was beautifully adorned with flowers, and there was a good attendance. I accompanied him to his outdoor meeting. He had written to Dr. Henry (June 1): "I have large audiences at the open-air addresses, which I now give on Sunday evenings, and often in the week. It is a comfort to teach those who want to learn. I never feel at ease in the church, teaching those who know as much or more than I." The schools still prospered, but some of the ablest young men, who had received most of their training there, were now much engrossed with a Co-operative Society, which has since become a flourishing institution. Philip at first helped, and advised them; but when it was

* The chapel, greatly altered internally, and much improved, was re-opened the next year by his successor, the Rev. J. N. Porter.

resolved to sell tobacco at the store, he took no further part in it. As he had been finding his professional duties quite uncongenial to him, he informed the chapel committee that he should send in his resignation to the next annual meeting.

His Natural History occupations were more than sufficient. In April, he had sent off to Dr. Henry a work to which he had given about thirteen weeks, averaging nine hours a day of close application. He wrote: "As I had no one to consult in the preparation of it, I have judged what was most wanted. It has cost me enormous labour: and though not so popular, will be far more *useful* than what you first proposed to me, which was a report of my Smithsonian course of lectures. In those I took certain salient points and popularly explained them. In this I have made what might be called a 'Report of the Present State of our Knowledge of Molluscan Animals.' It is not a mere Review and Digest of books, though that would have been very laborious, and useful to those who had not the books, or time to work them up; but it is at the same time an elementary *Guide* to prepare beginners for the study of the standard works: a *Manual* for the constant use of [naturalists] who cannot be turning to a number of books for every little thing: and an *Anchor* to moor classification to, so far as knowledge now goes." He had found it "more difficult to write a good elementary book than to advance the science;" and felt that if he had been allowed thirteen years for the work, instead of thirteen weeks, he could have done it much better. He also drew up for the Smithsonian a Report on the Shells of Puget Sound, collected by Dr. Kennerley, etc., on the United States North-West Boundary Survey. In this he was assisted in special departments by Professor G. Busk, F.R.S., and Dr. T. Alcock.

The Smithsonian Report for 1860 (printed in 1861) contains (pp. 151–283) "Lectures on Mollusca; or 'Shell-fish' and their Allies, prepared for the Smithsonian Institution by Philip P. Carpenter, B.A., Ph.D." This must be the work of which he had written: it is not in the form of "Lectures," but

Dr. Henry may have preferred to retain that title. Those who regard shells as mere objects of amusement may better appreciate his life-long devotion to their study, after reading his "Introductory remarks:"—

"Who has not admired the beauty of shells?—the rich lustre of the Cowries; the glossy polish of the Olives; the brilliant painting of the Cones; the varied layers of the Cameos; the exquisite nacre of Mother-of-pearl? Who has not listened to the mysterious 'sound of the sea' in the Whelks and Helmets, or wondered at the many chambers of the Nautilus? What child ever went to the sea-shore without picking up shells; or what lady ever spurned them as ornaments of her parlour? Shells are at once the attraction of the untutored savage, the delight of the refined artist, the wonder of the philosophic zoologist, and the most valued treasures of the geologist. They adorn the sands of sea-girt isles and continents now; and they form the earliest 'foot-prints on the sands of time' in the history of our globe. The astronomer wandering through boundless space with the grandest researches of his intellect, and the most subtle workings of his analysis, may imagine indeed the history of past time, and speculate on the formation of globes; but his science presents us with no records of the past. But the geologist, after watching the ebb of the ocean-tide, examines into the soil on the surface of the earth, and finds in it a book of chronicles, the letters of which are not unknown hieroglyphics, but familiar shells. He writes the history of each species, antedating by millions of years the first appearance of man upon this planet, the abrasion of the Mississippi Valley, or the roar of the Niagara at Queenston Heights. . . . As he reverently unlocks the dark recesses which contain the traditions of the early ages, between the dead igneous rocks, and the oceanic deposits which entomb the remains of life, the first objects which meet his gaze are the remains of a thin, horny shell, so like those now living on the Atlantic and Pacific waters, that the 'footprint' enables him to reconstruct a Brachiopod with delicate ciliated arms and complex organization, such as is figured in the beautiful works of Owen and

Davidson, from dissections of the existing species. For be it observed that shells are not things without life, as they are often taken to be by thoughtless admirers; nor are they simply the *habitations* of 'shell-fish,' as ordinary observers consider them: . . . they are truly organic structures, part and parcel of the living animal, as truly as the nails of man, the plumage of birds, the armour of armadilloes and crocodiles, the scales and cartilage of fishes, or the shell of the sea-urchin. . . .

"It is only of late years that inquirers have even attempted to gain information about the animals of shells. . . . Mollusks [creatures with soft bodies without jointed limbs, including most of the shell-makers] form one of the five great primary divisions of the Animal Kingdom."

Malacology (the knowledge of soft creatures) is now taking its place with *conchology* (the knowledge of shells). In the Smithsonian collections many of the animals were preserved in spirits. Philip says that sorting the *alcoholics* was a very long and tedious process, and "working so long over strong spirits makes me feel very queer. My wife wishes the alcohol at Jericho; but I tell her I must take the bad with the good." Sometimes even the shells brought him into a poisoned atmosphere, when he had to work on them with those to whom smoking seemed a necessity!

His chief working-place was at the Museum: "How S. would envy my large, light, airy, and orderly workroom. I rarely speak a word. Even my boy* washes and sorts to signs, and the door is kept locked." Unfortunately, the collection of the United States Exploring Expedition did not answer his expectations. Hugh Cuming, Esq. ("the owner of the largest collection of shells in the world"), was kindly helping him in the naming. Philip wrote to Professor Baird (July 27): "He keeps returning in the lists 'Too bad' or 'No spe.'—English collectors get such good things, that they turn up their noses at dead shore shells. It is very hard work to me: all I can do to pull through: and then, so unsatisfactory when done. It is a religious rule with me, never to fret afterwards at what

* One whom he had taken from the workhouse.

seemed best at the time: else I should often wish the E. E. shells were still sleeping in the cellars, and I was bound never to touch another shell. But health and strength permitting, I shall finish the work. . . . As to the printing: as I have not now time and money to keep my office open, I have determined to close it; and have made arrangements with a printer in town to work for me a day now and then at labels, when he happens to be slack. I had always reckoned that I had a right to use my private money in the printing, which was my way of charity; but it must now go to pot-boiling!"

He wrote to several friends in Canada, this autumn, to know what his prospects were likely to be if he settled there; but meanwhile he felt tied by his shell-work: and he was doubtful whether the winter there would not be too severe for his wife and boy. In a letter to Mr. Cottle, September 14, he says, "I have just returned from attending the British Association meeting in Manchester—the largest there has ever been; and am pretty well fagged out with my part of the work." What it was, he does not relate; but Mr. J. A. Turner, M. P., a vice-president, and Mr. R. D. Darbishire, a local secretary, testified that he was most efficient there, and rendered most valuable service in promptly arranging a series of zoological specimens. But what was of chief importance, he was requested to prepare a Supplement to his previous Report (*vide* p. 144) on the Mollusca of the West Coast of North America. This took about half a year's unremunerated labour,* and occupied 170 8vo pages. He presented it at Newcastle, in 1863, but kept on adding to it, and correcting it from the arrival of fresh materials, till it was printed, August, 1864. The object was—"(1) to correct the errors that have been observed in the first Report; and (2) to point out fresh sources of information."

Great events were happening in America. All friends of freedom rejoiced in the election of Lincoln as President, and there was general reprobation of the Southern States that

* The grant made by the Association did not do more than cover the expenses of his journeys in collecting information.

seceded to found a Slavocracy. But the Morill tariff, which caused much suffering, and the temporizing policy of the United States Government, led to a change of feeling. Philip wrote in April: "In view of the retrogression in America, the changes in Russia, Austria, and Italy are very encouraging." No doubt the position of the Washington Government was embarrassing. The President felt it his paramount duty to preserve the Union: he not only wished to place no difficulty in the way, should the seceding States return; but was very anxious to maintain the loyalty of the border Slave States. Mr. F. Douglass had good reason to complain, in his newspaper, that the Republican Government was a bulwark of slavery:— "The Secretary of State [Mr. Seward], himself long distinguished for his Anti-slavery sentiments, strangely forbade all allusion to slavery in the communications of our Ministers to foreign countries. Our generals in the field freely offered the aid of the loyal army to the Slave States in putting down their slaves, should they avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by the rebellion to rise and assert their liberty. With a fierce alacrity, which extorted a cry of 'Shame!' from Christendom, our loyal army officers acted the degraded part of blood-hounds to ferret out and return trembling slaves (who had sought their protection) to infuriated rebel masters, to be whipped and otherwise tortured to death, etc." On the other hand, the Abolitionists were engaging in the war with enthusiasm; and, conscious of their own love of freedom, were indignant at the coolness of their old allies in England, who formed their opinion from the action of the United States Government. Those who began by "stroking" the slave power (p. 239) found at length that it was necessary to strike it a decisive blow, and the next year (1862) witnessed a succession of those measures of freedom, which finally culminated in the Amendment of the Constitution in 1865. Meanwhile Philip wrote to his friend Dr. Stimpson (July 6): "You must not expect us to have any sympathy with your governing body, who gave themselves out to England as an Anti-slavery party; and yet, as soon as empty seats give them the power, knock down our trade with Tariff, just to

benefit New England cotton-lords and Pennsylvanian iron-masters, while they *keep up* the Fugitive Slave Law and put down slave insurrections. Whatever right the Thirteen had to fight against England, that same right, and infinitely more, the slaves have to fight against their masters. Though I always told them, in the South, I did not believe in fighting, and counselled patience and industry. . . . It was a noble act of your people, not quartering the soldiers on the Smithsonian: a tribute to its cosmopolitan character, which may it always preserve."

When, after the seizure of the Southern Commissioners by Captain Wilkes, there was a danger of war between England and the United States, Philip wrote as follows to Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State (November 30, 1861):—"At this momentous crisis, when your Government has the power, and may possibly have the will, to plunge our two nations into war, I make no apologies for taking up a few moments of your time. I have enjoyed the hospitalities of your house; but as you will not be likely to remember me, I refer you to Professor Henry or to Hon. Charles Sumner, to show that I am not impertinent in addressing you. I have travelled and *lived* among your nation, North and *South*, rich and *poor*: I also am thoroughly well acquainted with the *heart* of the English people, and especially of the manufacturing operatives.

"You complain that English sympathy has been with the South rather than the North. Please to remember that the English heart sympathizes with *all* people who defend their native soil from invasion, and does not care for a mere political instrument called the Constitution of the United States. They recognize the *same* right in the South to secede from the North, *if* they choose (which we all consider them foolish in doing), as in the original United States to secede from England. *But there is no sympathy with the objects of the Southern Confederacy as such*, except in the very secondary matter of Free Trade, in which, of course, we consider the North in the wrong. A Government *based on slavery* is utterly repugnant to the English heart. I am now wearing myself out with lecturing on what

I saw in the South, in order to deepen the abhorrence of slavery, and urge on my audiences not to allow themselves to feel sympathy with the South.

"*But then*, how can we, as an Anti-slavery people, show any sympathy with your Government? In peace times you always told us you *could not* interfere with slavery in the Sovereign States of the South; though we saw how, step by step, you became the servants of the Slave Power. But in war times, every one allows your *right* to *free* blacks as well as *kill* whites. Yet now, you not only show no willingness; but actually remove the only general who took *one little* step for emancipation: and instruct your officers to allow fugitive slaves to be reclaimed. You assert that this war is *not* to abolish slavery, but to maintain the Union. You therefore show to all Europe that you care more for the maintenance of your political power, than for simple justice to four millions of the most oppressed people on the face of the earth.

"Take one step for emancipation, and all England will encourage you. Withhold it, and neither ask nor expect our sympathy. I appeal to you, sir, in behalf of the oppressed Americans of colour, because you first used those noble words of the 'irrepressible conflict.' Yet I heard your sad speech in the last Congress of the undivided Union, of which Garrison said, 'Governor Seward, it is far better to be true to human freedom, than to be President of the United States.'

"Sir, as a man and a Christian, I earnestly appeal to you, and through you to your Government, to do nothing to provoke England to depart from her neutrality, and plunge the two nations in the most horrid of wars. We shall do all we can to allay the excitement here; do you do the same in your country."

He often felt, during the past year, "nearly disheartened with hard work and anxiety. Working sixteen hours a day and seven days to the week, and not being able to make a plain living out of it, is rather discouraging;" and he was glad, when freed from his ministerial charge, in the following January, to

accept an arrangement to lecture in Devon and Cornwall on his American travels (illustrated by photographic slides in the magic-lantern), and then to plead for the United Kingdom Alliance. He wrote, for "dear people all," "Rambles of a Lecturer in quest of Sovereigns and Change: the latter being much more easily got than the former." It was as long as a lecture, and written with his usual graphic power. Much of it would be generally interesting, but there is only room for two or three extracts:—

At Bristol, "it was curious to wander through the old streets as a traveller: every gable and turn familiar to me, as when I rambled in boyhood as my father's 'little Mercury,' but now unknown, and taking stock of things after the experience of twenty thousand miles. How narrow and unhealthy the streets are, and yet where will you see such quaint artistic beauty? I went to Redcliffe Church to see the restorations . . . it seems to me more than ever unrivalled in its exquisite beauty. [Thence he went to Arno's Vale Cemetery, where his mother was buried.] The spot is lovely as ever, more beautiful than any I know, except the Montreal mountain one, bounded by the forest and the St. Lawrence. It calmed one's tired mind, to wander alone among the tombs of friend and stranger. . . . I climbed the hill, and encountered the gardener, who remembered 'the old Doctor'—had heard his funeral sermon for the Rajah. We talked over the old days, when the Worsleys lived there. Those were happy days, when Sam and I worked at the Dundry fossils, ate fruit in the garden, and walked round the hill, the cattle grazing on what now are graves. It seems like yesterday, and all one's Northern life a dream. I could become a Bristol boy again, at very short notice; and then Robbie and I would have fine times together over the rocks, as Russell and I used to have. My boy life seems to me the most real part of my existence, and my boy sympathies are still the strongest. Query, whether I shall become a boy again in the spiritual world? Back again to the Cathedral [to meet Mary and W. L. C.], dear old place, none the less beautiful for the memories of York and Rouen, and

now more beautiful than ever. The removal of the organ to the side between two pillars, enables us to see the full beauty of the unique roofing of the three equal aisles. . . . We walked home with Mr. Corfe, the organist of my boyish days, who described the rebuilding of the organ, etc. He said the narrow lofty aisles of Redcliffe are miserable for sound; while the echoes of the stone-roofed Cathedral are more deliciously beautiful than ever. Except at Winchester, I never heard such exquisite chanting."

He began his lecture-tour at Devonport and Plymouth, and then proceeded to Cornwall, which was quite new to him, and he was much interested in the people and the scenery. When at Wadebridge, his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norway, took him to "Hell Bay": "I have seen many grand tides round our island; but never anything so majestic as that bay. It was the height of the higher spring: and the tide-waves rolled, huge and distant, straight from the south-west ocean currents. Never before had I seen them *from shore* so far apart that a ship could ride between. They reminded me of the gale in the Kangaroo, when we could only see the waves on each side of us. Then we looked *up* at them; now down from the height. Some time we waited for each one to roll up its vast carcass, till it crested up its head in proud curl, and then dashed its full force against the first-formed rocks which guard our isle. The spray dashed the full height of the rocks, some eighty feet, and the wave itself rolled up the ledge where we were sitting in fancied security. You should have heard Mrs. N.'s ringing, merry laugh as her skirt was suddenly submerged. It was like a peal of bells between the roar of the waves; things human and sublime strangely intermingling. But we might have gone a hundred times, and never have seen, even at winter high spring tide, what met our gaze in the middle of the bay. The near rocks were in deep shadow; but, beyond, the sun and the strong east wind met each advancing wave; and as the wind drove back the advancing crest, and catching the foam hurled it in an instant back, covering the trough a full furlong with snow, the bright sun changed it into

a storm of molten silver, borne up on the heaving mass of liquid blue below. The bar and the sunken rocks caused a succession of these bursting glories far out from land; so that your eye was riveted in turns on every part of the wide ever-changing panorama: the silver storms, the dark rocks, the wild headlands, the battering waves, the repulsed spray showers, and the ever-changing life of the whole ocean, making the most of its battle-time, till tide should desert and go over to the wind-enemy, was a scene that tired heads may remember, but cannot adequately describe. Of course, I contrasted it with my ever-fresh remembrances of Niagara, and I feel, as I felt then, that for true grandeur and sublimity the glory of the West must fall before the mighty ocean."

At the end of the week, he went to the Land's End, where Sunday morning came to him with a strange feeling of being no more a minister! He was struck with the mildness of the climate in Cornwall: rhododendrons and other flowers in blossom, at the beginning of February, reminding him of a Northern May. He went back to Torquay, the beauty of which fairly intoxicated him; and he had a good bathe in the sea. But then the weather changed, and he found himself very hoarse, with a fortnight's lecturing for the United Kingdom Alliance before him, and a great deal of talking in its behalf. For the first time, he was "the accredited agent of a political association, and soon realized the difference between that and simply making speeches and lecturing on [his] own hook." His meetings were generally very successful. At Bodmin, he was the guest of Mr. Mudge: "one of the first teetotal surgeons, whom —— calls bigoted; but he has done a bigoted deal of good, and is universally respected. . . . He is now Mayor." More than once, Philip had to rebuke bad language in fellow-passengers: the following incident was on his way to Truro:—

"A man in the carriage was very outrageous. His wife and children were with him. He would have it he was not *drunk*, but had 'just had a gill of beer.' Other passengers *laughed* at him, which I chid them for. At last he was so

grossly blasphemous, that I suddenly came down on him for the children's sake. I can often quiet drunkards by being calm a long time, and then exploding. Whereupon he sobered: told me he had been a teetotaller for eight years, was a local Methodist preacher near Glasgow, knew about the Alliance, etc. Then he stood up and reached towards me, and began a long sermon, well reasoned from the devil's antinomian standpoint, and in good language, to the effect that he was one of the vessels of wrath, was the creature of circumstances, etc. When at last he stopped, I waited for the next station, and then got into his compartment: told him that the circumstance of which he was the creature was, that P. P. C., Deputation of the U. K. A., etc., begged him to sign and keep the pledge. He thought that a charming corollary from his sermon; so I wrote it in pencil, and he and his wife signed. She said he had not been sober for six months. He then began to talk quite soberly on the mercy and forbearance of the Lord. As he was going to St. Austell, I told him of the revival, and he said he would go to chapel that very night. Said he, before all the people, 'If you had not spoken to me, I should have gone and got drunk!' Seeing that drunkenness is a *crime* as well as a sin, how openly men practise it and are lured to it! Fancy a man saying, 'I intend to commit a burglary to-night'!"

On his way back to Bristol, where he met his wife, he lectured at Bridgwater: and at the request of our old friend, Mr. F. J. Thompson, one of the staunchest champions of moral reforms, he spoke in the new Guildhall on a subject Mr. T. had selected:—"How to make the most of both worlds." "Now I am no longer parson, an opening to preach seems very solemn; and seeing the place quite full, and the people very attentive, I went on for an hour and a half, getting in as much sound practical religion as I could in the time. The ministers present thanked me very much: so did the people, who went away very quietly. F. Thompson was much struck with the effect: and I was struck very tired with the spiritual effort."

He had now left the parsonage at Warrington: and after lodging for a few days at Latchford (in the neighbourhood), he removed to Trafford Place, in the outskirts of Manchester. There they had as an inmate his loved friend Travers Madge, who was teaching pupils and conducting a Home Mission in Manchester. In a letter written to Mary (April 20, 1862), Philip describes his house; and, then, their daily life:—"Well, we wake: Travers coughs: I go down, make the fire, and I also put small kettle to boil quickly over gas in the cellar. Robbie and I then souse and wash there. . . . Meantime Minna descends, and prepares breakfast. We have prayers soon after seven. I leave a little before eight, armed with basket of prog and empty can. Sometimes Robbie goes with me, his school being near the station [Philip had a three-months' ticket]. . . . The ride occupies forty-five minutes, during which I read American papers, snooze, or otherwise repose my mind. As it is through a rich market-gardening country, it would be very pleasant, were it not for the vile Bridgewater canal, which stinks like a sewer, *which it is;* yet I have seen boys bathing in it. I get to Warrington at nine punctually, dart at once to the Museum, lock myself in den, and bury myself in Achatinellas and all other snails and shells, till a quarter-past six; a long and rather wearying spell, stooping over tables holding my breath often, for nine hours and a quarter, only eating in the middle, and that often over shells. I consume four eggs per day, and other nourishing food in proportion. Meantime Robbie goes to school, Travers to his pupils, and Minna is queen over the house. . . . Minna's two boys come back to dinner (Travers is always a lad to me, notwithstanding his whitish gray hair, as Russell and I always are to you, and with the same consent). . . . If I could afford it, I would have a photo. taken of my workshop, before I break it up, so splendidly is it arranged and crammed with things. I think a man deserves to be a Ph.D. for concocting it! I shall never have such a one again. There is nothing equal to it at the British Museum, or Smithsonian! Well, at a quarter past six, I get hungry and tired, leave everything as it is, lock

up, as the train comes in sight, and trot down, bearing a load of pictures, glass, or other delicacies, which I did not like to trust to the *flitting* carts. At Latchford station, Mr. Broadbent's man meets me with a can of rich Guernsey-cow milk, and sometimes eggs. I exchange with him the empty can. Here also at stated times, Mr. J. Monks meets me with vegetables, eggs, etc. I excite the astonishment of my fellow-travellers with my motley arrangement. In the empty can, I put the American newspapers which I have read, and, once a week, the market price of said milk; of course, we can't buy such milk here, even at far higher price. A little after seven, I see my Robbie's bright face at the station, waiting to carry the milk and talk me home: where of course the wife opens the door, as soon as she sees me over the field." After tea he played on the piano: and then a game of picquet with M.: and a cup of cocoa with Travers, when he came back from his Mission. "Just now on Sundays we wander about; next month I shall probably go on with my open-air preaching in Warrington."

Among the places to which he wandered was the Greek Church in Higher Broughton, nearly four miles from his home. He minutely described the church, the congregation, and the worship. "The character of the music and of the whole service and surroundings was calm, earnest cheerfulness. . . . Bristol Cathedral people are accustomed to sweet singing: but it is as Mr. Newman used to say, 'No one who has not heard it can imagine the exquisite beauty of spoken or sung Greek.' . . . The absence of the time-honoured Gregorian chants and of the hard solemnity of Protestant tunes was very noteworthy. The style of the music was very simple, but perfectly beautiful. Throughout the service, the people looked intently to the east, and never sat or knelt." He was so much interested that he went again on the next (Greek) Easter Sunday, when he studied the Greek Liturgy of St. Chrysostom, which they still use.

A librarian and curator was wanted for the new Hartley Institution at Southampton, who, besides the management of

the books and museum, might have to teach and lecture. His friends thought it exactly the post for which he was peculiarly fitted: and, though he only heard of it two days before the time to make application, he at once procured many testimonials, and applied for the office. In stating his qualifications, he says, "It is easy for me to frame my lectures so as either to give advanced knowledge to educated persons, or to make science plain and interesting to ordinary people. I had much rather be spending my time in teaching the ignorant and advancing those desirous of instruction, than in prosecuting scientific research for the benefit of a learned few." He concludes thus: "I have mentioned these things about myself, much against my inclination, because I find myself (for the first time in my life) applying for a situation from those personally unacquainted with me; and because every hard-working man of mature life ought to know what he is fit for. Of my general character, I must leave others to speak." (It appears from this letter that he was "Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia," etc.) As the appointment was not made immediately, he was able to add to the number of his testimonials. Of the forty-six which he printed, sixteen were from his former fellow-townsmen in Warrington, including Lord Winmarleigh,* Sir G. Greenall, M.P., and other official men, some of whom were well qualified to judge of his services to science. The Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, with whom the election rested, might see from the report of the Warrington Committee of the Public Library and Museum, appointed by the Town Council, how efficiently he had discharged, without remuneration, the duties that would be required of him. The remaining testimonials were mostly from men eminent in science or literature, including Professors Sedgwick, Huxley, Williamson, Allman, Busk, etc. They recommended him for his great and accurate

* Lord Winmarleigh (then Colonel Wilson Patten, M.P.) says, "I have known him for many years, and . . . I have seldom met with a man whom I thought so thoroughly in earnest in everything which tends to the improvement of those among whom he lived."

knowledge, his teaching and organizing power, his method and the neatness of his workmanship as regards collections, and his remarkable persistence in work. There was ample evidence how successfully he laboured with those to whom he was opposed on matters of great importance. The special references to his urbanity are interesting; because from the vehemence, sternness, and sarcasm that sometimes appear in his writings, it would be supposed that urbanity was not one of his recommendations. But he was remarkably free from pretension and self-consideration: and he inherited from his father a winning courtesy and desire to promote the happiness of others.

It was more a matter of regret to his family than to himself that he was not appointed. His heart was set on Canada; though, while the war lasted, he did not think it right to remove there, and he had still a great pressure of Natural History work. In writing respecting it to Dr. Henry (September 13, 1862) he says, "I now spend all the week at Warrington; sleep at Mr. Robson's; meal with the curator. I rise at six or before: go straight to Museum; work *incessantly*, except when eating, till ten p.m. This gives me nearly fifteen hours a day, *close work*. I think of nothing else. [He was hoping shortly to remove some of the small genera, to work at in his own home.] Please remember that the rent of my room at the Museum is valuable; and send as good a series of bird-skins, mammalia, fish, turtles, reptiles, crustacea, echinoderms, as you can *conveniently* spare, by way of acknowledgment." At this time his own pecuniary remuneration seemed uncertain, owing to the war.

The distress in the cotton districts was now becoming very severe; and he felt that he could not withhold the help which his Warrington experience qualified him to afford. In March, 1863, he printed this circular:—"Dear Friend, my time has been too incessantly occupied to allow me to write earlier. At the beginning of January, I left my Warrington Museum work, and spent my time—(1) in visiting the poor, and teaching for our friend Travers Madge, the Home Missionary who lived

with us and had to leave through continued ill health;* (2) In teaching at the City Road and Rusholme Road Institutes for the Unemployed Operatives; (3) On Sundays, at Bowdon, in taking the place of the Rev. A. Dewar, also prevented from attending to his Home Mission duties through ill health; and (4) in prosecuting my Natural History researches at all available times. Finding the Rusholme Institute in very bad order, and the Committee not knowing to whom else to apply for aid, I accepted their request to become the Honorary Superintendent for three months. To this Institute I now devote nearly the whole of my time. There are about two hundred men, some highly respectable, others among the worst in Manchester, who receive two meals a day, and attend school four hours. Evening recreation is also provided. Every man in the township who receives relief from the Committee is expected to attend the school. My work is very difficult and fatiguing, but is, I hope, useful." He dated from Grosvenor Street, to which he had removed, and asked assistance for his poor.

His generous aunt Mary had sent him £50 (for himself), and had divided among us a little property, of which she gave up her life-interest: but apparently she regretted that he was sinking money instead of earning it; for he wrote: "I am sorry that you and many other of our friends do not see with us in the matter of our three-months' gift to the operatives. To Minna and me, the thing seems perfectly straightforward. We are spending so much money in work for which I am peculiarly fitted, and doing probably far more good than twice the money given to the Relief Fund. While we are living in the midst of hundreds and thousands of the best class of our thrifty mechanics, who have now consumed the whole savings of a lifetime, and find themselves on a level with the worst drunkards, it is but a slight sacrifice, if I give (say) £25, which means £1 a year from future income, to teach them, just at

* See "Travers Madge, a Memoir—The Lancashire Distress." Travers's utter disregard of the common rules of health was very trying to his kind hostess.

the time when they are wishful to be taught, and may remember the lessons through life." It was a comfort that he and his "careful and prudent wife" had so few wants that they could indulge in this "luxury"! The three months mounted up to six, devoted in various ways to the poor; and in the subscription list of the United Kingdom Alliance for that year, we find "Dr. P. P. Carpenter 'in lieu of distressed operative members,' £10 10*s*." On giving up the superintendence of the Rusholme Road School, May 11, he was able to report that after some time he reduced it to good order, and began a system of regular teaching, chiefly in singing, geography, and arithmetic, and a short course of lectures on Natural History, etc., with magic-lantern illustrations. Feeling the extreme evils of idleness, he had also set on foot classes for tailoring, shoemending, and bookbinding—the latter he himself taught.

A Manchester Canadian Emigration Association was formed by 654 unemployed operatives, who contributed twopence a week from their small relief-grant to send over their members to Canada, as funds served; and Philip became one of the secretaries of a Society to help their object. This involved a great deal of trouble in making preparations for their reception in Canada, and in raising the necessary funds and taking care that they were given to those who were most likely to succeed there. The circular states that six men were being sent from neighbouring towns, "with money kindly provided by friends in the south of England:" his sister Mary raised him about £40, including the proceeds from the sale of drawings, which she had made to promote this object.

In the summer, Philip moved to Lower Walton, near Warrington. He wanted to be near the Museum; but he found that the air of the town did not agree with him. It was a primitive little house in the fields, with a productive garden which they much enjoyed: they called it Lark Cottage. He wrote to Mary (June 28, 1863): "This day fortnight, I went in by afternoon train to Manchester, to speak in Stevenson Square, on 'Fugitive Slaves and Fugitive Yankees in Canada:

a Lesson for the Times:' of course to show the workings of self-love, as contrasted with the Gospel. The police made a little bother, because of a neighbouring church; but as I promised not to sing, and had the Mayor's permission, it was overruled. I hoped to escape the debating-demagogue element; for I feel less and less that my present work is arguing with clever public-house infidels, and like to bear my testimony, and leave it with the people." After relating the difficulties the Canada Emigration Committee had to meet, he adds: "All the spare time, of course, I gave to the Institute: the contrast between the men this last week, and the men three months before, was extraordinary . . . in great measure the effect of quiet, steady discipline. We completed the reading through the music of all the songs, most of them in two parts. What struck them most were my serious lessons on Dr. Broadbent's anatomical plates, in which I spoke out on matters of bodily lusts. I fully expected some giggling on the part of the low lads; but there was not a vestige of it. At the instance of the Guardians, I held long arguments in favour of tramping: to see the unwillingness of these townspeople to turn out into the country, you would have thought badly of them for emigrants! . . . Every evening I let them come to me, individually, with their cases. I gave them all, on parting, a quantity of my books and tracts, which will doubtless find their way somewhere and do good.* . . . On the Thursday evening, we had a temperance meeting. I showed them stomach-pictures, and talked. Then Mr. Raper came in, and made a *very* telling speech. . . . It was not a large audience, every one having his private affairs before closing; but as dark closed in, there was a very nice feeling, and several were going to emigrate, tramp, etc. So I proposed that all who wished should stand up, join hands, and repeat the pledge (as in the Band of Hope). So one after another they got up, till our chain extended round three sides of the room: a large

* Mr. Moulding, of Chicago, was told by a person who did not know that he was Philip's friend, that "in a brickyard at Yorkshire, he read the Oberlin Tracts [p. 164] daily to a set of drunken, wicked men: and that four of them were not only made sober, but became Christians: and, he believed, had not gone back to their old ways."

school, with open roof, like Cairo Street; and the voices of the men, as they heartily repeated it, were something unusually solemn. We then sang a verse of 'Auld Lang Syne.' Next day was the concluding meeting. I had settled it not to have a tea-party, but to emigrate a man instead; but we did not know how they would take it. However, I explained: and when I asked those who thought I should have given a tea instead, to hold up their hands, not one hand rose. So just then the hungry bookbinder came in, who had not heard he was to go: so I said, 'Robert Gordon, the men have all agreed to go without a meal to send you to Canada.' This way of putting it produced an immense effect: and fortunately, at the end, I escaped all votes of thanks, etc."

After a visit to London, for Natural History work, he preached three Sundays at Halifax, in my absence, and then went to the meeting of the British Association at Newcastle, of which he wrote a lively account to Dr. Henry. He came too late for "the great Negro fight:"—Dr. Hunt read a paper enforcing the natural degradation of the negro race: "It might pass with blockade-runners and pirate-builders in Liverpool, or cotton manufacturers in Manchester; but the Newcastrians are plain English folk, who don't choose for science to be used for slave-holding purposes; so they *hissed* him: I believe the first time such demonstrations have been made in a meeting. Of course, there was a lively discussion, in which Dr. H. was well cut up, and W. Craft (a piece of Southern *property*) was very well received, and laid some very good lashes on Hunt's back. The affair was well reported; and, being rather novel to English ideas, was widely copied into the papers, up and down the country. . . . I met Craft at the evening soirée, who appeared an object of special interest to the fashionable ladies: also Elihu Burritt,* who (like me) is still a Peace-man . . . he thinks if they had followed his plan of gradual emancipation it would have been far cheaper and better than fighting!

"In the committee of Section D. we had an animated

* Died March 7, 1879: see p. 174.

discussion on the British Association Rules for scientific nomenclature, ending in the appointment of a large committee, headed by Sir W. Jardine, to reprint and circulate the rules and collect opinions; to report to next meeting. So I hope the U.S. naturalists will get their views into shape. They put me on the committee. As there was a great pressure of papers, I told the secretaries that I could condense my say into a very few minutes. As mine all goes into print, it is fair to give the talking-time to those who only print abstracts. Moreover, there were scarcely any there competent to discuss the knotty points. So I simply displayed my *opus perfectum* [see p. 257], and then gave a *résumé* of what had been done by your Exploring Expeditions. I contrasted the way you deal with specimens, and sending your work to England, and Cooper waiving priority on my account, with the British Museum people, telling us nothing about the English Expedition, and writing a snarl against the Yankees. Of course the people were astonished and pleased, and the President complimented me.

"On Wednesday, Craft was the great attraction, to tell of his visit to the King of Dahomey. As he was described in the programme as an African 'gentleman,' I fired up, and wrote a note to the President (which was printed in the paper I sent you, and others), giving a little of his history, and saying that the Americans did not call themselves English, Irish, etc., because their parents were born in Europe: and that negroes born in America were as much native Americans as the white people. They did not mean any mischief by it, as they had asked him in committee what he wished to be called; to which he answered, 'Whatever you like.' I daresay you remember his escape from slavedom, his wife personating a sick young gentleman. After they came to England, Mr. Craft got his education at one of Lady Byron's Schools, and he is now a merchant in London. He went to Dahomey, in hopes of furthering *trade, versus* slavery and slaughter. Of course such a thing would draw an audience of the curious, even in Anti-negrodom; but what pleased me was, the *kind* of attention.

The largest room was filled with the collective science and fashion of the Association; hung round with great pictures of the Nile Sources, etc., for Captain Speke's previous paper. Sir R. I. Murchison presided, though he wanted to be off elsewhere. The grey-headed grandees crowded the platform. I stood on a form where I could see the audience. They were not only quiet and interested, but showed *respectful* attention; evidently thinking that a man who could plan and carry out such a mission, his official friends thinking he was sure to be killed, was worth honouring. He left his notes, and spoke—quietly, modestly, but with confidence. At the end, Murchison said that whether he was an African or an American gentleman, no member of the Association could have made his communication in a more becoming manner, nor in better English. Yet this is the man who, in his native country, is still by law a piece of property, without rights of wife and children, and liable to terrible punishment, if he shows his face in his native city. Moreover, you or I might still be fined and imprisoned, from Maine to De Trica, under the Federal laws, if we helped him on his journey: always supposing his 'master' to be a loyal man!"

The following evening, Philip gave a lecture in the Chemical Section-room, on the Permissive Bill, which was well reported; it obliged him to decline an invitation to dinner from the President of the Association. The following day he spent with Sir W. C. Trevelyan at his seat at Wallington, "to talk over Alliance matters (he being our President, and subscribing £200 to £300 a year, sometimes more*), and also to see one of the best of the *old* collections of shells, of the date of Wood's Supplement. I wanted to see what West Coast shells were known in those days, in order to decide some critical questions of synonymy. The public collections being mixed up with modern importations would not give me that particular information. I satisfied my mind on a few knotty points. The shells in question were no doubt collected in Captain Cook's voyage." Philip much admired the fine old mansion, with its

* In 1877–78 it was £1200. He died March 23, 1879, æt. 82.

paintings, and collections, and organ. "I was shown into a huge bedroom with furniture a hundred years old: it looked out into the lovely lawn and garden, with background of spreading trees. Sir W. called me before six in the morning, that we might finish the shells, and walked with me part of the way, as I declined the carriage. I got a capital breakfast at Morpeth, for fourpence, and met my friend Mr. Westley at the station;" with whom he visited the Aluminium works at Washington ("where George Washington's family came from").

On his way home, he explored Durham Cathedral, and was much impressed by its architecture and noble situation; and slept at York. "I got up at half-past five, and went straight to the dear old Minster. Of course it was shut; but I knew the organ-builders were at work: so I went to a concealed side-door which I knew, and put in my thumb in a place I knew, and to my joy it opened. . . . The morning sun broke through the coloured glass of the east window, eighty feet high, as I had never seen it before, except the memorable morning after the fire" (p. 23).

He attended one more meeting of the Association, that at Bath the next year, as he wished to be present at the Nomenclature discussion. To Dr. Henry, who was not a naturalist, but was eminent in physical science, Philip had written: "I fully agree with all you say about naturalists and their specimens. But don't judge them all. Please regard the collectors as you would your recorders of meteoric observations: they accumulate the *facts* for others to work from. . . . Even Newton postponed the law of gravitation many years, for want of accurate observations. Our science is as though you wanted to deduce laws of meteorology and electricity from a vast mass of unsorted and *badly observed* facts. Either you must throw Natural History overboard, or you must give us *time*. I came back from London *sickened* with fresh developments of the way these trading naturalists do their work. If they would do *nothing*, it would be a blessing. *We* have got to *undo* their errors, before we can do our work; or else we increase said errors.

I entered my protest in the first B. A. Report; but the evils magnify. I almost want to bury myself among poor Lancashire operatives, or Canada fugitive slaves, and smash up all shells; but it would not be honest. There is a *chance* of keeping West Coast shells right, as Stimpson with East Coast; and I ought to do it, as I have studied them more than any one else. As to Natural History in general, as compared with Physics, it must be remembered that it bears on *Life* and *Time;* while Physics deal with *dead force* and *space.* It ought not therefore to be overlooked: beside the old saying, that 'Whatever it was worth the Lord's while to make, it is worth *our* while to study.'"

His sister Mary wrote (February 11, 1864): "How sad that such a tender heart as God has given you should be exiled from human beings, who so much want such love! . . . Scientific work is very valuable and beautiful; but there are many who can do that: few the other. Do seek a location, where the precious gifts God has given you may be used for His children." We could not feel sorry that, in this summer, the Warrington Museum Committee informed him that they required the room he occupied for a Reference Library: and the Cairo Street Trustees asked him to set free the part of the house he rented from them for his shells. Before finishing these, he took a week's walking tour to the wilder parts of the Lake district, with Robbie: and he completed his Report (August 1, 1864). We find from it that "Three typical Series" of his Reigen collection, similar to those presented to the British Museum and to that at Albany, "were prepared for the Museums of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and offered on the same terms, viz., that they should be arranged by the author, and preserved intact for the free use of students; but the donations were severally declined by the respective Governments. They have since been offered to the Museums of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.;* McGill University, Montreal, C.E.; and

* See the Report of the British Association for 1863, pp. 542, 543. The Collection accepted by Mr. Agassiz for the Cambridge Museum was declined, after his death, by his successor, on the ground of expense.

the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C.; and accepted on the same conditions." In a note he complains of the misleading way in which some of his duplicate sets had been treated by a dealer, with whom he had exchanged :—"In these times it appears that naturalists must be content to resemble the dealers in patent medicines, and guard the accuracy of their works!" No collections were to be trusted as his without his *unbroken seal.*

In the autumn he received overtures from the Liverpool Domestic Mission. This was one of the first that was founded in England after Dr. Tuckerman's visit. Although its supporters were Unitarians, they had been always anxious to maintain its unsectarian character. The salary offered was a liberal one: and he had many valued friends in Liverpool. "Ten years ago," he wrote to me, "I might have jumped at it; but I have now got a wife, and a boy growing up. As the Mission work is necessarily full of evening meetings, I do not like to engage in any work in which I feel unable to take my boy with me. . . . With the present disposition of Liverpool magistrates [free licensing of the sale of intoxicating drinks], it does look to me almost hopeless; the mere walk from the Brunswick Station to J. Robberds's, on Saturday night, was enough for Minna." It was a gratifying proof that his old friends still desired his services, though his doctrines had changed; but we accorded in his feelings respecting it.

During his last year of residence in England, he wrote several papers that were printed in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, and the Annals of Natural History; and an article in French for the *Journal de Conchyliologie.*

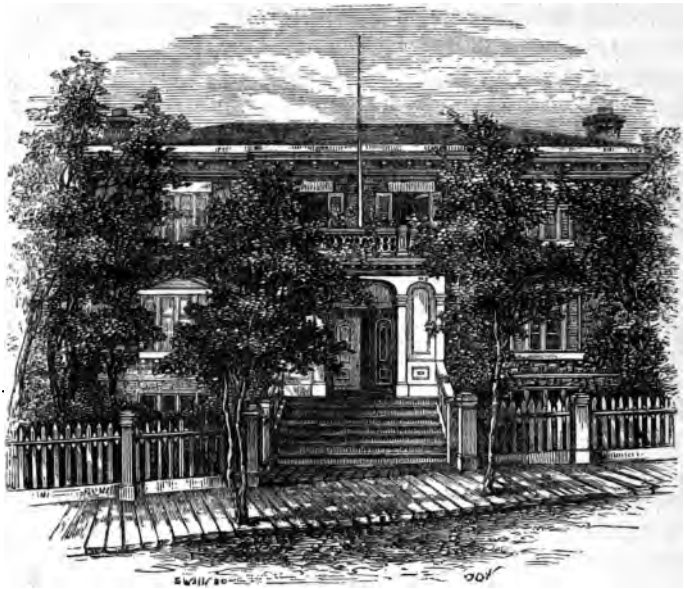
In February, 1865, he heard of a great fire at the Smithsonian, in which he believed that the sets of large shells which he made out at Washington, stored up in the tower, were destroyed; and Professor Henry's private office, with "all his magnificent and very expensive apparatus, including *Priestley's originals*, with which he made his discoveries. . . . I tried hard to get all the shells distributed. They were useless for Europe; trade-

shells in every collection; but, being large showy things, would have been very useful for all their schools and colleges. I stirred up all the people I could, to get grants of them, which they did; and of course I have my own series: and the Smithsonian series remains intact. . . . I am making steady progress in my work; varied by sort—name—pack—describe—but all ending in *shells*, till one is too tired at nights to do more. My own collection, all packed, covers screwed, and boxes iron-banded, is already seven large boxes full. So great an elephant, that my income won't afford house-room for it. I shall have to endow a college, and probably McGill University. England has enough of such things."

He set off, soon after, for a lecturing tour in the South, which gave him an opportunity for seeing his sisters and brothers: his plans for the future were still uncertain. At length, however, he resolved to go, where we knew he had long wished to go, if only he could feel it a duty: and he found that his wife had no fear of any climate where he would be happy. "My feeling is," he says, "that in the present prospect of American affairs, there is sure to be any amount of good work to be done, by speech, pen, and life: with better interest (so to speak) for labour-capital, than is likely to be here: and though I don't doubt I could be useful *anywhere* here, I feel more disposed to exert what of working power I still have, over there. I have *no* mission, or call, or *definite* purpose; but feel as though I wished to 'report at Montreal,' and be ready for orders from the Shepherd."

It was with a pang that we all encouraged him in a plan by which he would be so far removed from us; but even his sister Mary, who had longed to have him at Bristol, felt that it was right. He went to see her again, before his voyage, when he took his wife on a farewell visit to the South; and Mary was glad to find that he was planning work in which the distinct object to which he early devoted himself would be kept in view: she hoped he would "never enslave himself to shells again." He wrote to me, a fortnight before he sailed:

"No, dear brother, on no account think of coming up. Unless it was a case of necessity, I could not stand it. I can only get the thing through, by not thinking or feeling, simply *doing*." He hoped often to recross the water: he only came once, and then his dear sister Anna was gone; but he never regretted, and therefore we did not, that he made his last home in Montreal.



CHAPTER VII.

LIFE IN MONTREAL: 1865–1877. ÆT. 46–57.

PHILIP, with his wife and Robbie, sailed from Liverpool by the steamship "Peruvian," October 26, and on his birthday, November 4 (when he had completed his 46th year), they were steaming through the Straits of Belle Isle (north of Newfoundland):—"It was a clear, bright, frosty morning, and the sun rose on as glorious a sight as a voyager can well look on. On our right was a long line of Labrador coast, entirely covered with snow, behind which rose the Laurentian mountains, well peaked, and with beautiful outlines, like small white Alps. The full moon lay over them, and the sun, which had scarcely

N.B.—The vignette is of Brandon Lodge, Montreal, Philip's last residence: see p. 301. The side-walk, etc., is planked, in Canadian fashion.

reached *us*, was kindling the mountain tops into a dazzling radiance. You could scarcely believe that the nearest were thirty miles off, so sharp were their outlines. . . . You look round and see the headlands of Newfoundland, dark and gloomy, snowless and sunless, their tops immersed in black clouds. M. was in great ecstasies at her first sight of the New World." Next day there was a fog: and the Captain would not leave deck, and they went very slowly. "It is a mercy he was so cautious. As I was writing, I heard a slight bounce, then a reverse of the screw, then a stop. In a minute they brought in the second officer, and laid him moaning on the floor. . . . There had been a collision: a broken spar fell on him from a great height: put his shoulder out, broke some ribs, etc. Five minutes after, the fog had cleared off: we saw it rolling in two separate pieces along the fine hills of the Canada coast, near us on the south. It seems a timber-laden barque was taking advantage of a favourable wind to go *full sail* in the fog, without signal or bell. (We had been incessantly uttering the steam-howl.) Of course, neither could see the other, and we ran right into the side of her bows, cutting a deep gash and ripping her sails into shreds. She broke the top of our mast, which fell on the poor officer. It was a mercy it was no worse. Had we been going half-speed only, probably her mast would have fallen on our deck, and killed some thirty of the emigrants: had we been going full speed, we might have cut her in two, and she might have gone down without our even knowing it: so says the captain." They had to repair the ship, and take it in tow to Quebec, causing much delay.

Philip, as usual, made acquaintance with his fellow-passengers. "The most interesting is a solid, quiet Methodist missionary, who has been for many years among the Indians, between the Rocky Mountains and the Red River: they call him the Praying Chief. He was among the Sioux Indians of Minnesota after the massacre of the settlers, in 1862. They came every half-year for their annuities, which in the war were coolly stopped by the United States Government. The first time they bore it, and went away: but the second time the

United States officer snubbed them: they waited and ate all their food: the United States man had stores: they said, Give us food for our families, and stop it out of our allowance when it comes. The Yankee told them to *go and eat grass!* That night, every white man, woman, and child in the settlements for some seventy miles was murdered: farms sacked, and the rest destroyed. It was Indian revenge, and not half so wicked as the conduct of North and South to each other in the war. One baby was found living, in a cradle! Some parents who had been at St. Paul's, leaving their children in the charge of an older girl, found the bodies of all but the girl. She had been carried off; and after a time she made interest with a young Indian, who rode her off in the night. When they paid him at St. Paul's, he said it was no use to go back; and that if the Yankees had taught them Christianity, instead of cheating them, this would not have happened. He is now at New York, training for a missionary." Philip often visited the steerage passengers, and gave them several readings and addresses: and he and the missionary preached on the Sundays.

The next month found them settled in a pleasant little house, 418, Guy Street, in the outskirts of the city on the way to the mountain. Professor Dawson had found some pupils for him: and the McGill University sent a formal acceptance of his duplicate collection of Mazatlan shells, on the conditions he had specified, the arrangement of which he soon commenced. As to their religious home on Sundays, he did not at once decide. Soon after his arrival, he preached * at the Unitarian Church, for Dr. Cordner, during his absence from home, and took a class at the Sunday School; but from his change of views he did not intend to remain there. There were points in which he sympathized with the Catholics: though he had no idea of joining their communion. A year later, he wrote to his friend, Mr. Robson: "No wonder intelligent Catholics here are disgusted with Protestantism, and its divorce of faith from works.

* Among his sermons, one is marked "Montreal: last part extempore: February 3, 1866, 'Walking worthy of the calling.'" Thenceforth, when he preached, it was probably without notes.

The Catholic religion, at least, keeps alive the ideas of duties with rights, and humble obedience, and acts of repentance. There is a tremendous show of *rich Protestantism* here." Alluding to the number of churches near him, he adds: "If *spires* are heaven-conductors, Jacob's ladders are plentiful!" "Catholic interests," he wrote to me, "are supreme: and others must give way with as good a grace as they can. For my part, I consider that this country was settled by the French Catholics, and they have a right to have things their own way. If the English choose to come and settle among them, they must have pot-luck. . I don't see that the conquest of the French by the English is any reason why the English should strut about here, and expect every one to obey them. . . . All the Catholics, French and Irish, trust British freedom much more than that of the United States. If the Catholic rule is felt unpleasant, people can easily move West. I don't like a whole continent being made uniform." He came to Montreal, therefore, well disposed to Catholic influence: but the experience of his later years made him speak very strongly of the conduct of those who pandered to priestly domination. He had written: "Though the Evangelicals were highly scandalized at my preaching for the Unitarians, they have shown no wish to fight shy of me on that account. A much greater heresy is—asserting that many Catholics are far better Christians than many Protestants."

His dislike of the Puritan mode of worship and his love of the English liturgy, led him to prefer an Episcopal church. At first he attended St. James's, which was near him; but he soon became attached to St. George's, where his help was acceptable in the large Sunday School, and which supported missions, where he often preached on a week-evening. The rector, Canon Bond (afterwards Dean, and now Bishop), won his heart from the first, and in many respects reminded him of his beloved father. He did not wish, however, to tie himself to any Denomination: his *opinions* changed; but to his *unsectarian principle* he was steadfast to the last: and on "Damnation Days," as he called them, *i.e.* when the "Athanasian Creed" is recited by priest and people, he absented himself: on one

occasion he went to the Gesù; for while the Anglican Church receives that creed as part of its inheritance from Rome, the Church of Rome does not require it to be repeated in public worship.

Travers Madge, who had been a beloved brother to him from College days (p. 34, etc.), wrote to "Philip and Minna and Robbie," March 2, 1866, hoping that "useful works will open by degrees, and that God will guide and guard all your ways. . . . The Lord fills my cup of blessing, even to overflowing. All praise be to His infinite mercy and tender compassion." He knew that his long struggle was drawing to its close, though he thought he might perhaps breathe the fresh air again, when warmer weather came. Three weeks after, a letter from his adopted mother, Mrs. Dowson, told of his departure (March 23). On the last night "he spoke chiefly of the infinite blessedness of going where there is *no sin*, going to be '*For ever* with the Lord. For ever—for ever, with the Lord.' It was all said in a sort of rapture, his eyes gazing up into the unseen world, from whence a light seemed to shine down upon him. He had been so unable to speak audibly for many days, that it was awe-striking: a higher power than human was in him. After he had spoken in this way for a long time, quoting Scripture and verses of hymns, and again and again ascribing all his hopes to Jesus, he gradually subsided into a deep sleep . . . till the early dawn stole through the blinds, and *as* imperceptibly our dearest one passed to his home on high."

Philip had many a hard battle yet to fight before he received his summons, and a most "useful work" had opened for him. He wrote to me (March 6):* "The people are sufficiently alarmed about the cholera, and the Council have issued cleansing orders, and appointed an Officer of Health;

* In this letter he attributes the principal part of his working power to his deliberate mastication of his food. The habit "no doubt has its disadvantages, as I have often come back from company hungry." He added, "I think changes of diet, etc., are often beneficial; and I accordingly, on leaving England, had my name taken off the Vegetarian books [see p. 161], in order that I might be free to act as I saw occasion. I have no intention of eating flesh; but shall not make a conscience against it, if I feel any craving that way." But he never did feel that craving!

but I know that these Bodies always want outside pressure to poke them: and I am going to give two lectures, and expect to form a Sanitary Association, in which I presume I shall have to be the chief worker. Of course, whatever is done is equally useful, whether cholera comes, or no: and these religious folk are so busy with their preachments and prayings (all very well in their way), that there are few people of brains to attend to the extra jobs." A few weeks later (April 26) he wrote: "The two cholera ships and the conduct of the Corporation . . . have at last roused people up enough to start an Association. We began only on the 17th, with just a quorum, and are already a *power* in the city. . . . After pupils, I have to do the *business:* then speak at a meeting, then run off to Central Committee, then to newspapers with reports, *every* night (Sundays, at Catholics); and next week we make our onslaught on the *French* population. Of course, it has to be done, and at once: and you may be sure I enlist all I can to help, and don't spare money in car-rides."

He was one of the Secretaries (his colleague was Dr. Bibaud, and afterwards Dr. Larocque), and their Report (presented March, 1867) states that, on the formation of the Association, "arrangements were immediately made for a series of lectures and addresses in every ward in the city. District Committees were organized after each: and Rules of Health in French and English, which had been prepared with great care, were everywhere distributed. The District Committees visited their own neighbourhoods, and reported thereon to the Central Council, which met nightly at the Mechanics' Institution. The Council, after again visiting and reporting, whenever it was judged necessary, presented their facts and suggestions to the City Health Officers: and published daily in the papers such particulars as were calculated to rouse all those who were not hardened against every appeal, to abate the nuisance of which the citizens justly complained. . . . The work went on with great harmony and enthusiasm, till the period of the Fenian raid. This, and the drill meetings conse-

quent upon it, broke up most of the District Committees: and the fear of cholera having died away, the Council meetings were held three times weekly, then weekly, then fortnightly, and (during the winter) monthly. During the year, seventy Council meetings have been held, and about twenty-five public lectures given, besides the very numerous meetings of the District Committees, and the house-to-house visitation. All the work has been gratuitous, and has been performed principally by men working hard in their regular occupations."

The energy and zeal of the Association was a great contrast to the apathy of the Committee appointed by the City Council, whose proceedings were also reported. The authorities, however, sent out 4166 notices to cleanse, and there were 446 convictions for breaking the health-laws. "The tangible good effected by the official and by the voluntary work was that (through the mercy of Providence) cholera was warded off, and the cemeteries received 470 fewer bodies of little children." This was in part owing to an unusually cool spring.

Reference has been made to "the Fenian raid." This was apprehended in March:—"Fancy our surprise, at our quiet church, to find the spare seats full of volunteers (mostly gentlemen's sons), and to hear the clanking of swords at one's side. From *their* point of view, the turn-out of the flower of the Province to defend their country was a fine thing, and the sight imposing. It happened that it was a heavy day, the clouds lying on the Mount and catching the tops of the spires, and a dread filling men's minds for the coming week. The tolling of the bells, and the military parade, reminded me of Port Royal in the time of war. . . . The Irish *here* know that they have every possible liberty and equal rights, and steady progress within every one's reach. They are about a quarter of the whole population of Canada, and own at least 3,000,000 dollars in Montreal alone. They had the largest procession here: the Temperance societies being conspicuous. . . . [On St. Patrick's Day, March 17] the city was more quiet than on an ordinary Sunday. Not one person was taken up for drunkenness in this large city (120,000) though such a general

holiday." He attributed the sobriety of the Irish to the labours of his "good friend Murphy and others," and Father Hoyle had made a special appeal to his flock to be abstainers, at all events on that day. The raid actually took place in the following June, near Niagara. There was, of course, great excitement at Montreal, and a check was put to sanitary work.

In a postscript to a letter, June 4, 1866 (announcing the raid), he says, "I see in telegram by Nova Scotia that the Bank of London has failed; so I must cast about for the ways and means to earn more money." He had invested most of his little property in shares in this bank, from which he was receiving £200 a year. A fortnight later, he wrote to Mr. Robson: "It's a poor story if I can't earn my living. I consider the poverty a godsend for Robbie, who has just gone to work at a foundry and machine-shop. I let him go the round of the factories, but he soon chose this." He felt anxious, however, lest his wife, who greatly needed sea-air, should refuse to let the expense be incurred; but the generosity of his aunt and of his brother-in-law at Bristol relieved them of any immediate anxiety.*

It is characteristic of him, that he chose this time to make a present of his shells to the McGill College, instead of selling them to retrieve part of his loss. He wrote to Professor Dawson (June 26, 1866): "I brought with me from England a very large general collection of shells, which I have been forming now for about thirty-three years. Its commercial value in London has been estimated by Mr. Sowerby at £1000 sterling: its proportionate value, were I to sell it in the United States, would be about double. I consider that sum the lowest value of the scientific labour I have put upon it, without regard to the 'raw material.' It is not such a collection as an amateur would value, as it contains but few expensive shells; but for the real uses of a student, I believe it is not equalled on this continent. I believe that no public museum in America

* In the first uncertainty, he feared that the rest of his property might be involved by the failure; but in the course of the next ten years he received back about a third of what he had paid for the shares at a premium.

possesses so large a number of *typically named species*, the whole collection having been compared with the Cumingian, shortly before the death of the late owner.

"I consider this collection far too valuable to be in the hands of a private person; and I wish therefore to present it where there is a reasonable probability of its being in future time available for the purposes of science. As it appears to me that the McGill College is (of all places in British America) the most likely to be a place for Natural History study, I am willing to present it to your Museum, subject to some such conditions as the following. . . . If I had been a wealthy man, I should have been happy to have endowed the College with the result of my life's work, without making any conditions; but . . . perhaps the collection will be more valued if the friends of the College subscribe to make it available for use."

The McGill College occupies a high position: it grants degrees not only to its own students, but to those of affiliated colleges, and has excellent schools of Law and Medicine; and the eminence of the Principal, Dr. Dawson, in Natural Science, and his zeal for its diffusion, was a guarantee that the collection would be useful. It proved, however, that the College was poor: there had been many calls on the liberality of its friends, and, till that year, the Professors had not been receiving their full salaries: so that it was not till October 26, 1867, that Philip received a formal acceptance of his "very liberal offer."

"The conditions of the donation are understood to be: (1.) That you shall at all times have access to the Collection, and that as long as possible it shall be made your special care. (2.) That the University shall furnish the necessary cabinets and mounting materials for the Collection. (3.) That a sum of two thousands dollars shall be provided to defray the expense of mounting and arranging, and shall be paid to you as the work proceeds. (4.) It is further desired by the Corporation, that the Collection shall be arranged separately, or in such a way as to form the basis of the Collections in Mollusca, and shall, as a permanent memorial of the donation, be named the CARPENTER COLLECTION."

He had not made it a condition of his gift, that he should have the arrangement of it; though it was his suggestion: the name given to it was not at his wish. He wrote to Mr. Robson (January 2, 1868): "The College has accepted my shells, and will build a fire-proof wing for them. So now I am denuded of what I always loved more than money; but it is good to lose *treasures*, and my disposition of them is, I think, the most useful."

In September, 1866, he opened a "West-end Select School" for twenty day-scholars. "A few years ago," he wrote, "I should have liked my teaching-life very much; but my various powers have left me rapidly of late: and I hardly feel competent to manage these unruly urchins: even my voice is getting very weak, and I am obliged to take great care lest it fail me altogether." The boys were of a different nature from his Warrington pupils: "full of excitement, with the least possible grain of attention and application. The only weapons I have to fight them are patience, quiet, and firmness, and the monthly report." Notwithstanding school troubles, he liked "warm live boys better than cold dead shells," which, however, often supplied him with quiet and soothing occupation. In reply to an offer of classical and mathematical books, he says that he is parting with his own classics:—"I shall never be Professor of Classics at any College: it is not my forte: and I shall never read any classics for my amusement, except my favourite Tacitus, whom I always intend to read when I am old or ill. . . . With regard to mathematical books, the case is different. It was always my forte more than Natural History: and if a comfortable berth of Professor of Mathematics should turn up, I shall probably try for it." None such offered: but, a few months after, he was sounded as to his acceptance of a Professorship of Natural History at the new Cornell University, at Ithaca, N.Y. Its advantages were—a comfortable maintenance, and easy work; but he knew that he should be "always busy at something:" he felt the sanitary work a tie to Montreal: he thought that "young Yankees" would not be so congenial to him as Canadian boys: and he and his wife had

friends whom they would have been sorry to leave. So he wrote to England for school appliances, including "twenty-five copies of Bentley's 'Health made Easy,'" and cheap mathematical instruments, and inch-magnifiers—common horn ones, for botanical walks, etc.

For the next few years, his chief public labours were in connexion with Sanitary Reform. The Annual Reports of the Association show how earnestly he and a few others of kindred spirit were working, and what need there was for their exertions. To these we shall now briefly allude, reserving, however, the proceedings relating to the Cemetery, till we record their successful issue.

Soon after the first Annual Meeting, Philip published in "The Canadian Naturalist" (April 26, 1867) an essay "On the Vital Statistics of Montreal," which was reprinted as a "Supplement to 'The Montreal Gazette.'" He referred to his previous article in 1859: there were now fresh details, furnished by the census of 1861. From these it appeared that Canada was a remarkably healthy country: the percentage of deaths per thousand being only 9·3 (in 1857 it was 10·5). Upper Canada (7·2) was more healthy than Lower Canada (11·9). Montreal had a bad precedence—22·5, yet this was scarcely above the average of England. He found, however, that these returns were inaccurate on the face of them:—the deaths were twice tabulated—under ages, and under diseases; but there was a glaring discrepancy between the two estimates: and the census return of deaths in Montreal was only 2038; while the actual interments, at the two cemeteries there, were 3181! The essay contained a minute examination of the mortality in Montreal at different ages, and in different months. It announced the ghastly fact that "three out of every seven children born in Montreal die before they are one year old" (p. 18). Although the efforts made in the spring of 1866, and the cool season, saved 470 lives (as compared with the previous year), in July when the cleaning ceased, and the embedded poisons were drawn out by the sun* "the death-rate of the children rose at once from

* The latitude of Montreal is 45° 30'—about the same as Milan.

362 per myriad to 852." The Association urged on the City Council "the paramount necessity of establishing a complete system of registration of Births and Deaths * within the city limits, as is done not only in the large cities, but even in every parish of Great Britain. They beg to remind the Council that it was this system of registration, and the accumulation of facts established by it, which has led to all the English sanitary legislation of the last twenty-five years, and its important results in lessening the death-rate in almost every city of the United Kingdom." It was not easy to rouse to sanitary work those who were elected as Councillors with no such purpose, and who often had a pecuniary interest in keeping things as they were.

In September, 1867, the Association prepared another Memorial, stating that in the past twelve months there had been 4614 deaths—at the rate of one death for every twenty-four persons; while in Boston there had been only one in forty-four. They declared, in very plain language, the responsibilities of those who had accepted the duties of guardians of the public health, in view of this terrible waste of life: and dwelt on the most obvious measures to be adopted. Philip wrote (October 3): "Last Thursday, I preached the Memorial to the Councillors, of which I post a copy to you. They are so very tough-skinned, that I fear our very strong expressions won't rouse them up. I read it in a very distinct and solemn tone, and stared round at them when they talked loud. They summoned us for 7, and kept us waiting till 9.20 before they sent to us." He did not grudge the time and labour he spent, as it was what he principally came to Montreal to do. "We are very few, but work together very harmoniously, and have the citizens and the Press pretty heartily with us." "We are to this city," he afterwards said, "like the Abolitionists used to be to the Yankee nation; a mere handful, exercising a great influence, and supposed to be powerful, because they have a truth."

* With "a medical certificate which shall testify to the proximate and to the remote cause of death."

The next year (1868) they had to regret that the Council had made no official reply to their statement: and the apathy of the authorities had discouraged many of the voluntary workers. "There were 2063 deaths of infants under one year; so that of every five children born in our city, only three could gain the right to live more than twelve months. If one of our citizens is deservedly sentenced to the Penitentiary for ten years, for preventing the birth of one child, is there no guilt chargeable on the owners of property, on the official guardians of the public health, and on the educated and Christian inhabitants generally, who, by the neglect of the plainest sanitary laws, allow such a frightful waste of infantile life?" There were, however, proofs that they had not laboured in vain. Many of the officials were helpful: nearly five miles of sewerage had been constructed: their President, W. Workman, Esq., had been elected Mayor, and the new Health Committee of the City Council seemed more in earnest. "They hope that the time is not far distant, when it will be felt cheaper to secure the services of a medical Officer of Health, who has learnt not only how to cure, but how to prevent disease, than to depend on the partial labours of volunteers, however cheerfully rendered, and of policemen who have never studied the laws of health; when it will be acknowledged wiser to lay out streets and build houses in a healthy manner, than by bungling and patching to produce imperfect results at a grievous cost; when our rulers, instead of *asking* the people, and especially the richer class, to obey the Health Laws (sometimes without doing it themselves), will *compel* them to do so, with the quick and strong arm of power, such as all feel necessary when there is a danger of fire or other grievous calamity; and when the money which is freely spent in magnificent buildings or other objects, desirable indeed but not essential, will not be grudged to give a chance of life to our little ones, and preserve to our adults the power to work and to be happy." "In order to lay the foundation of a free reference library on sanitary subjects, [Philip] lent his whole collection (including several works now out of print) to the Board of Arts, whose library is always open

to the public." His colleague, Dr. Larocque, and other distinguished citizens exerted themselves greatly to rouse an interest in the laws of health among the French population, in which they were seconded by the Jesuits and other religious bodies: and at a Provincial Convention of Teachers, the importance of drainage and ventilation in schools was strongly enforced.

But the plague was not stayed. The Report of 1869 still announced a terrible death-rate—nearly twice as heavy as in Bristol, one of the most crowded of English cities; "but [*its*] inhabitants do not grudge the salary, or scorn the advice, of a health officer of practical experience, and they ventilate as well as trap the sewers." The Association had held thirty-five meetings, besides the delivery of lectures, etc., and the work of personal inspection. One of their most important operations was the establishment of a free bathing-ground * (in the superintendence of which Mr. Weaver took a prominent part). About 50,000 baths were enjoyed during the hot season. Remarkable order prevailed:—"Even when crowded with scores of the troublesome classes, the healthy pleasure and the surveillance of numbers made the bathing-ground a comparatively safe place of resort; while a dozen of the same youths could scarcely be found together in the streets without offensive language, or even insult to passers-by. A single policeman, by his mere presence, was abundantly sufficient to control the excitable boys of the district at Windmill Point [bathing-place]; while ten officers of the law could not have restrained them, to the same extent, in their usual haunts."

In this year (1869) Philip contributed a paper to "The Canadian Naturalist" (afterwards reprinted, 21 pp. 8vo), "On some of the Causes of the Excessive Mortality of Young Children in the City of Montreal." It contains a great number of carefully compiled tables, and deductions from them.† It

* Philip wrote (July, 1876): "The Sanitary Association accomplished this necessary work for two summers, till the Corporation undertook it, and —it came to an end."

† In the Vaccination controversy of 1875, when Philip was accused of having made statements in this pamphlet which were shown to be erroneous

had been reported that this excess of mortality arose from the Foundling Hospital, in charge of the Sœurs Grises (see p. 189), and that about 2000 children died annually in it! It proved that upwards of 600 foundlings did die—about 92 per cent. of the whole: this was not greater than in some similar institutions, though twice as great as in good asylums. Philip was supplied with the needful statistics by the Sisters: "Even this religious city cannot provide ladies more willing to do this most loathsome of works, and more devoted to the service which they thus offer to our common Saviour!" Loathsome indeed it must be, when we read the statistics of the "condition" in which the infants were received—a terrible evidence how sin and shame harden the heart.* If the mortality were only among *these* children, since their lives were not desired, their death might not have touched the selfish: and as they received baptism, it would be generally supposed that they were secure of a heavenly life, if deprived of an earthly one; but it proved that, after deducting these foundlings, 29·9 per cent. of children under one year died in Montreal; while only 17·4 per cent. of the same age died in Boston. The greater cold in Montreal would not account for it; for the coldest

by Mr. Watt, he referred to his reply in the "Gazette" of November 29, 1869, to Mr. Watt, who had pointed out a few errors; but the main deductions remained unshaken.

* In 1873 Philip wrote to the "Gazette" stating that in the previous year 410 infants, of whom about 93 per cent. died, were from Montreal city. He refers to a picture in "The Illustrated London News" "of the Chinese tower, into which those heathens cast their children by the hundred:" and asks how the 820 wicked parents in Montreal, who dread the judgment of their fellow-citizens, will face their children whom they devoted to death, before the Judgment-Seat of Christ. But "Were the eight hundred and twenty unnatural parents the only citizens of Montreal who practised the damning lusts of impurity? Let us take warning: no unclean person can enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Most of these eight hundred, a few years ago, were sweet innocent boys and girls. Little by little they learnt to turn the most sacred functions of their nature to their pleasure, and then to their shame! Perhaps their parents gave them no warning: their teachers gave no true knowledge: other boys and girls instructed them in evil. Let there be light! Let not Satan have all the teaching to himself, in the Press, in the streets—aye, in the school, even in the nursery. Let Christian parents be pure themselves, and instruct their children in purity: let those whom the Lord has lent to our care be *forewarned* and *forearmed, before the time of special temptation comes.*"

months were by far the lowest in the death-rate; but at Montreal the soil charged with fetid matter formed "(except during the merciful winter-frost) an incessant poison-factory:" and the older sewers and drains, made of wood which soon grew putrid, seemed "an express contrivance for conveying the ordinary air-poisons, and the extraordinary infections of small-pox, scarlatina, etc., into every part of the city;" while in Boston "the sanitary laws are good, and faithfully executed."

In 1870–71 "measures were taken to collect and discuss the various plans in use, in this city and elsewhere, for the ventilation and drainage of dwellings;" and English and French meetings were held at the Natural History Hall, and the Union St. Joseph, which continued for some weeks, and were fully reported in the daily papers. There was a remarkable difference of opinion on these subjects:—"One intelligent gentleman would carry the used air of one room into another, and thence to a third, in order to economize heat; under the impression that as water becomes filtered by flowing, air would be purified by circulating up and down a house!" Philip published a paper of "Practical Suggestions on the Ventilation and Drainage of Canadian Dwellings," showing the danger attending those "modern improvements" which distinguish town-dwellings from rough country-houses; and describing the arrangements which "can be carried out *in the first building of a house*, at so trifling an extra cost, that their neglect is totally inexcusable." He ends by saying, "A man's religion is not worth much, if he injures the health of his tenants in order to save a little money, or to avoid taking trouble. . . . If property has its rights, much more has it its duties; if we neglect these, it is at the peril of our souls."

In their Fifth Report, they could say, "Our oft-repeated facts are now generally accepted by the writers in the public Press, even by those who take care to disconnect them from our Association. In the Council there has been, during the five years, a very marked and even rapid growth of sentiment in favour of our principles. From the officers of our governing body, and from the Health Committee, we have

received constant urbanity, and even unexpected proofs of confidence." "Thanks to the labour and perseverance of Dr. Larocque, the Council have at last granted ruled forms for the tabulation of its cemetery records . . . according to age, sex, race, religion, disease, and ward." "The Hon. C. Dunkin requested the co-operation of the Association, in preparing for the approaching census. . . . Situations of great trust were tendered to two of our leading officers. One of these, which gave the control over the whole of the English population in this part of Canada, was accepted by our Vice-President, G. W. Weaver, Esq."

Philip's name does not appear in the Reports of which he was the author; but at an Annual Meeting (1869), the Mayor, W. Workman, Esq., who presided, said, "It would be both unjust and ungrateful in me did I omit stating clearly, that this Association is chiefly indebted for all its progress, and all its good results, to the indefatigable labours and great ability of an eminent citizen: I mean Dr. Carpenter, whom Providence seems to have sent to our city to save our lives against our very wills, as it were—for, remember, this Association has its opponents. To the labours of this excellent man in this great work, the citizens of Montreal owe much, but as yet have paid nothing. Without fee or reward he has for years continued these labours, lectured, published pamphlets, urged our Corporation into more energetic action, and in the back streets and slums sent such instruction and intelligence to the people as to ward off sickness, which has no doubt saved thousands of human lives."

The greater the success of the Association, the more hostility it naturally awakened among those who found themselves put in the wrong, and had no intention of doing what was right. One alderman "deprecated publishing statements about the great mortality in the city, lest it should depreciate property, and lessen the number of visitors!" The visitors whose number Philip wished to lessen were Disease and Untimely Death; and he never hesitated to denounce the sin of those who knew how to do good and did it not. Some gentlemen,

who did not see how they could openly displace those who were rendering such public services, formed another Committee; and then proposed that the two should form a joint "Social Science and Sanitary Association." This was carried. "The meeting then resolved itself into the first meeting of the new Society. As the basis of this was the payment of a dollar, Dr. Carpenter tendered the first payment, and was followed by the other gentlemen present. Most of the active members of the old Society were elected to office in the new; but of these Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Larocque, and (subsequently) M. P. Regan, Esq., declined to serve."

Philip wrote to me (December 17, 1873):—"When our Association was extinguished two years ago, nominally by a larger Association, that same did not meet once, even in Committee.* The public ridicule was too strong against them." He says in the same letter: "As I am not called upon in *any* way to be a public man, and *have* private work enough clearly set before me, I try to do as much as I can of that, and leave the rest alone. My scientific work is of a kind that no one else (humanly speaking) can do: *i.e.* to embody outwardly for future students the knowledge I have been accumulating in my life. In other works—temperance, education, sanitary, etc.—there are plenty of others in the field." He soon heard a summons to the field, which he could not disobey. But we must now return to 1868.

In that year, he found that it would be necessary to leave the house which he rented from the nuns, who were about to build a hospital on the adjoining ground; and he purchased land in the same street, a little further from the city. "No one here doubts," he tells his sister Mary (March 19, 1868), "that I do wisely in turning my remaining cash into a school-house. We have got it all nicely planned, so as to turn it into two dwellings, if we give up school; and there is plenty of land behind, on which I could build a cottage for old age, and live on the rents of the two front houses. We shall begin to build as soon

* It at length declared its inability to work, by returning the subscription-money to its members.

as the frost is out, and expect to have at least the school-part ready for September. It will, of course, be quite plain: just decent enough not to offend our neighbour, who has built a very pretty house at the corner."

In this letter, which he wrote for his sister's birthday, he sympathizes with her in some of her disappointments:—"You may be sure that people with bulky souls like yours can't get filled with common food, and must be content to have great fastings and pinings. The filling-up of loving sympathies belongs in this world to people of smaller dimensions: larger creatures can't get what they want, and are perpetually hugging and trusting small fry who are highly charmed, but are not congenial—and sometimes scratch like our ladylike cat when the great Newfoundland puppy hugs her too much. So they get driven in upon themselves, except in doing good; and must wait for their sympathetic development till they get to 'kingdom come,' which is not a very long time to look forward to. I am very glad Mr. Andrews seems to answer in the Mission. The whole race of Workmen's Halls, Co-operatives, *et hoc genus omne*, answer just when there is a sufficient amount of Christianity in the leaders to carry things through the selfishness (which is *also* co-operated and therefore intensified); but *not else.* I was vexed at Warrington, when all the young men of ten years' training left the Cairo Street institutions to build up a Co-operative: but without them it would certainly have gone to the d——. It is a great thing when we can let the Master-builder shape our lot, and be content to do rough, plain, inside or foundation work, as well as the show parts.

"My own work here seems very plainly cut out for me. If health continue, there is no reason to doubt that my school will keep full: and as long as M. has health to take the younger class, we can get our living out of it, easily, and some to spare. But when all the exercises,* etc., are looked over, there is little time for anything else. So I just confine myself to the Sanitary for good-doing, and the Seigneur Street Home

* Elsewhere he writes of an average of sixty exercises to correct, every evening.

Mission for Christianity, and the Natural History for holidays; and let everything else go by default. If you came here you would say, 'How can you rest with all those thieves training, and bad jail, etc. etc.:' but I calmly do nothing,* as even writing a letter, or calling on a grandee, are just the things over, that I *cannot* do. It's curious how one's old gifts go, one after another: even playing the organ, or giving a teetotal lecture, much more preaching, are really hard things now. However, there is enough left to carry through! The ψυχη of the boys here is very different from the English type. Very delicate skins and nervous temperaments; great quickness in whatever can be *picked* up; but a high *negative* exponent for all powers of thinking and steady working. Item, very little of the attachment and affection element:† but remarkable absence of the sullen, obstinate, and other 'narsty tempers' that abound in your muggy climate. My little set (considerably improved by the eliminations that I don't hesitate to make) are very good friends together: and plague each other in a very good-humoured way."

On Easter Sunday, he wrote birthday greetings to his sister Susan, and told her that he had had to play the organ at the week-day Lent services. He found it positively difficult to get the steam up again! "However, it was a pleasure to play soft Mass-music and fine tunes, and get out of the usual routine. We use the Tune-book of the Hymns Ancient and Modern: and I am obliged to confess that I should not relish the tunes even of my own Tune-book again, as I used to. They sing in quick chanting-time. One is an especial favourite, to 'When our heads are bowed with woe.' To-day (being 'Damnation Sunday'), we had our home service, a.m., and are going to church in the evening. I always astonish the Episcopal folk by

* In his next letter, urging her to come over, he says, "There is everything to be done here for criminal children, adult convicts, sanitary, temperance, etc., etc. I calmly sit by, and see it all, without doing more than an infinitesimal; simply because I can't. The school is all that I can do properly: and in other respects this part of the world has to go on much in the way that it will do when I am dead: a state of feeling hard for Carpenters to learn!"

† As it afterwards proved, many had a deep attachment to him.

showing them how they damn my relations and friends. Our parson [St. James's] shakes his head, doesn't like it, but submits. The St. George's (Evangelical) folk say, it only means that people can't be saved unless they believe in Christ! Our synods (composed equally of clergy and laity) could stop the use of it, if they chose. . . .

"The great event of the week has been the assassination of D'Arcey McGee, our M.P., and the most brilliant speaker in Canada, on returning from the House, where he had just made an eloquent appeal about the Nova Scotia troubles. Men have been taken up on suspicion; but whoever was the actual murderer, there is no doubt that he was murdered by Fenianism, of which he was the great opponent. It is the first great Fenian crime since the raid; and of course no one knows what next. Meanwhile City, Province, and Dominion have offered large rewards; and investigations go on with closed doors. The city has decreed a public funeral to-morrow (at 9 a.m.) which I shall attend. As every possible society is to walk, I presume only ladies and the great unwashed will be spectators. The Fenians, I presume, will walk to avoid suspicion. At the last election, I was one of very many who refused to vote for McGee, on account of his drunkenness. Poor man, it was in his blood: and the bulk of his friends, social and political, led him on. I think the election (in which he ran great risk of being beaten by a teetotal opponent) finished his wavering; and soon after he made his wife pour out all the cellar-drink, and did not drink to the day of his death. It was a noble grace of repentance; for his health fell sadly, and the doctors and friends were all urging him to drink. A few weeks ago, he went, with health restored and excellent spirits, to parliament: and here is the end. The poor widow and daughters were here; they will be pensioned by Government: they have had to endure a great lying-in-state this week. It happened we had a temperance meeting, the evening of the murder, to urge upon our new licensing board (the Chairmen of the City Council Committees) to refuse licences to grocers. We shan't succeed this year; but the number of groggeries will be greatly reduced.

"Next day I preached to a congregation of soldiers. General Russell, who called for me, explained that the British Government now provides schooling, reading-rooms, etc., everything *except* religion; so they have set up a Soldiers' Home for religious influences, in which he is the mover. . . . A number of ladies give great time to this Home, where there are rooms for private prayer and reading, etc., all nicely carpeted, pictures, etc. They had been having a tea-party, and it was very solemn to see so many men all gravely looking at you. The subject was—'Temptations.' On the Thursday evening, I was at the St. George's Young Men's Christian Association, where I am trying to get up a Teetotal Society.* Canon Bond (our best clergyman) has promised to head it. To-morrow there is a sanitary meeting, and I am also booked for a soldiers' teetotal tea-party; so you see I am not rusting, except in scientific work. How I am to finish the Chiton paper for the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, I don't exactly see. I have been at it at all spare time since Christmas; but have not yet copied half, and fresh material has come in."

In September, 1868, he entered on his new abode, 506 and 508, Guy Street, which he named Brandon Lodge, after the hill near his Bristol home. He had planned it with the greatest attention to health and comfort. The heating-apparatus served for ventilation, as well as warmth. One of the houses was his residence; the other was devoted to his work:—the basement was the play-room, the ground-floor the school-room, and the bedroom-floor his "den!" His school-room, about 31 by 25 feet, and of a good height, was not overcrowded with his twenty boys, and his work became far easier and pleasanter. Brandon Lodge proved a great comfort and delight to him for the rest of his life. He sent us a plan of it (from which, and from a photograph, the vignette in p. 280 is taken), so that we were able to picture him in the home of his choice, though we could not realize the beautiful and glorious view from its windows.

* He *wrote* his short address (very unusual for him, on such a familiar topic):—"The need of establishing Temperance Societies in connexion with Christian Churches and Sunday Schools."

His idea was—"Discipline first, and attempts at teaching afterwards:" and he was now better able to carry it out. His school was popular, and he could select from applicants those whom he thought best fitted for him. He wrote (March, 1869) that he had a very nice set of boys: the older class from fourteen to eighteen years of age. "Dr. Sterry Hunt has been giving a course of five Lectures in the evenings at the College, on Metallurgy. It was something to bring a class of eleven intelligent boys, all taking notes, and writing out recollections afterwards." His Prospectus shows a varied range of study, and his care that the parents, by means of marks, etc., in the monthly reports, should be enabled to note the progress (or otherwise) of their sons. He found teaching exhausting; which was no wonder, because he threw both his heart and mind into it. His school-house was his church:—"I expound the Scriptures every morning to my little congregation of twenty children, with a freedom on which I should not have ventured in an English school of mixed sects. Perhaps I may sow as much of the word as when I was minister at Warrington." At another time he wrote: "It seems queer—living in a busy city and taking no part in its affairs, rarely preaching or even giving a temperance lecture, with no time to write in the papers or see people. But I keep telling my boys what things they will have to act out, when they are men." There are some who think that though the master of a boarding-school should regard himself as in the parent's place, day-scholars need only be taught stated lessons. But he spoke to the boys as a father might; and gave them lessons on what was passing in the world, and what was to be done to make it better and happier. He had yearnings which earth can never satisfy:—"If my stubborn heart can ever be purified, I always look forward to some little humble corner for teaching boys in the next world. They are, in my eyes, inexpressibly lovely. Here one has to rein one's self in, and not show a millionth part of what one feels towards them; but there, I always fancy that one can pour out one's whole soul into them, and lose one's self somehow in their lovely natures." It was thus that his Lord discerned

the 'lovely nature' of the children, which spoke to him of the kingdom of heaven, while the worldly-minded regarded them as an encumbrance or a nuisance. There were some, however, whose natures excited in Philip anything but love. He speaks of children who were for a short time in his home, but whom he could not cure of their lying and laziness, while they made great professions of religion:—"I confess I feel a loathing against those boys: always hold my breath when I give them the duty kiss, etc." It was one of his greatest pleasures to take a ramble in the country with one or more of his favourite scholars: gathering fruit and flowers in the woods, watching the Unios, etc., in their river haunts, enjoying together some glorious prospect, sleeping sometimes in a barn, or on the cedar twigs in a shanty, where his friends were camping out: and not forgetting their devotions to Him who formed and filled the glorious temple.

The next summer (1869) he accompanied one of his pupils to a French village (Berthier en haut), partly for some complete quiet, in which to write two lectures on "Oysters and Oyster Culture," which he had engaged to deliver at Baltimore, the following January: and partly also to revive his power of conversing in French. He wrote a pleasant French letter to his sister, in which he dwelt on the beauty of the river scenery: and a month after, he tells her that he has been giving many temperance addresses in different quarters of Montreal to the *habitans;* who, even if they understood English, liked to be addressed in their own language. On October 27, the new fire-proof museum for his shells was inaugurated: he wrote soon after to his friend Mrs. Wright (see p. 6), telling her that the sketches of mollusks she made for him from rare books in his boyhood, would be deposited there: he thought that his old friends would be pleased to think that the taste they fostered by their sympathy and presents "has done a little towards bringing careless chaos into order in the West American faunas."

In his Christmas holidays, he travelled to Baltimore, spending a day at New Haven on the way, at the invitation of Professor Verrill:—"I went to the College, found V. in a mass of heaps,

like the Warrington room I had; and instantly set to work at the difficult families. I was introduced to several professors, etc., who inquired after our Montreal savants. They have more students in their Scientific School, this year, even than Agassiz." He did twelve hours' good work, and went off by the night steamer on Christmas Eve. He found every one on board grave and silent: and next morning his ventures to children of a "Merry Christmas" found no response: in New England, Thanksgiving Day takes the place of Christmas as a festival. At Brooklyn, he visited his conchological friend Mr. Bland, and was glad of the opportunity of seeing Dr. Graves, who had been so kind to him and to "Robbie." His adopted son came of age in the spring of 1870, and he sent him to a farming friend in the West, that he might learn the work for which he showed most inclination. Philip felt "very *desolé*" at the parting; but he knew that it was right that R. should depend henceforth on his own exertions.

The following winter he heard of the death of his venerable friend Mr. Wright; he wrote to his widow (much loved for the great beauty and sweetness of her character), who was looking forward to a speedy reunion. After saying how soon they might enter "the world of meetings," he adds, "Of all partings, that of death seems the least. How much harder to bear is that of deadened affection, and how bitter that of sin. . . . Just as in Hebrew one tense serves for past and future, so in the Christian life. The past in those we love is simply the earnest of the future. I like well Swedenborg's saying, that heaven is a kingdom of uses. I always think that here we are but trying our tools, and learning our trade, and that the true life begins hereafter; when the shams and the heartless forms of the world shall have passed away."

Death had seemed near him; for he had been laid low by a quickly prostrating nervous fever; and he had only partially recovered, when he heard of the removal of his sister Anna (Mrs. Herbert Thomas), who died October 21, 1870, after a few hours of unconsciousness. The tidings affected him most deeply: happily the next day was Sunday, and he was able to

go out for the first time to early Communion: and on Monday he wrote to his sister Mary: "Next after Herbert, it is you for whom most we feel the stroke. What a support and right hand has been withdrawn from you, perhaps even you yourself can hardly know.* . . . While your great thoughts were on great works, she was bearing the weight of the foundations. . . . I don't know whom she was like: she was the *Anna* to us all. Never can I forget how she quietly placed herself at my side, when I was alone in the prostration that . . . caused me, and how gentle cheerful, how tenderly loving were her tones and looks. How she made her own all my little ways, and then quietly turned them *her* way. What power that sweet gentleness has over us passionate men! She could have turned me any way she wished, when I should have been restive under others. . . . Naturally the early times are deepest in my mind. . . . How you three sisters toiled, that we boys might be well prepared for life; for which I am ever grateful to you, and sweetly cherish the hope of telling Anna so, in the next world. Somehow I thought that either you or I would be the first to meet our mother." He wrote to me (November 18): "From the first tidings, the words of the English Collect have been for ever ringing in my mind as applicable to her—'O Lord, of *whose only gift* it cometh, that Thy people do unto Thee true and laudable service,' and the hymn 'Put a cheerful courage on.' Truly her life was an immense blessing to all of us, and very, *very* sweet to look back upon, and to *look forward to*. I take heaven to be a very happy place, if there are such spirits there! Of course, it all seems like a dream: we can hardly believe that we shall receive no more of those delightful letters. . . . Alas! now, that I have kept so few of them. I have such a dread of inflicting on survivors the labour and time-work of past-letter reading, that I make a practice of destroying

* In the "Voices of the Spirit," printed by Mary, 1877, just before her death, are several little pieces she wrote for Anna, from her eleventh year. In her last philanthropic institution, the Boys' Home, there is a brass tablet with this inscription:—"To my beloved sister, Anna, my fellow-worker in the cause of humanity, this Home for houseless boys is dedicated. April 14, 1872."

almost all letters when answered. In these days of cheap postage, I treat correspondence as paper *conversation*, serving its turn, then done with."

In a letter to Susan (December 4) he says, "I have *nothing* but loving pleasure in every thought of her; and I need not say that such thoughts are, if not uppermost in one's incessant duties, at least always underlying, ready to rise whenever there is an opening. . . . *I* am like Mary's boys with their 'nasty tempers.' I scarcely seem worthy to be called a brother of such a sweet soul. But then comes always the *awful love* of the Lord: 'Jesus loves me, even *me*.' Some of the hymns we used to have often at St. James's are constantly rising up to me. . . . I continue to be immeasurably more affected by hymns than by sermons; but I rarely feel any power or pleasure in making music myself, especially since Anna's removal. . . . It feels something like life's heart only half pulsing, when one's ministry is ended and one's boy left. It seems as though Minna and I are like old Mr. and Mrs. Wright, just living and working on till the summons come. *They* called calmly to hold the bright torch; *we* to do daily toil. The sweet Anna was both in one. . . . The only thing I feel specially my own is the very poor low work of shell-science. I hardly know who here could finish it, were I taken; but how insignificant that seems, compared with the humblest work for the soul. Whether any of the teaching-seeds that I scatter over these heedless boys will take root, the Lord only knows."

He spent his Christmas holidays in work for the Natural History Society in Boston. In Boston more attention is paid to the heating of houses than is usual in England; but not so much as at Montreal. At Brandon Lodge "we begin to complain of cold if the temperature in any part of the house is below 60°;* all fresh and circulating, with no smell in bedrooms, etc.; we turn off the bad air through the closet; so as

* When it was 24° below zero, he says in another letter, the house generally was between 50° and 60°: the rooms as warm as they chose. "Our fuel does not cost us more than that of a house of the same size in England, although it is so much dearer; because we use all the heat, instead of sending it up the chimney."

to make the draught *into* that place instead of *from* it. We have luxurious baths of tepid water every morning, with a little cold after to freshen up, and above all the bright sun and clear air. The worst of it is that one misses all these things when one goes South."

In the summer, he was again busy at the Boston shells, spending part of the time with his wife by the sea, where his friend Mr. Hyatt (whom he first met at the Mammoth Cave, p. 212) had arranged to work with him. Philip took with him a young assistant, Andrew Reid, "a hard and willing worker and a cheerful companion, in a dreary job;" part of which he executed at the rooms in Boston; but resolved in future to have the work sent him to Montreal,* as he preferred the purer air of his home. He preached one Sunday evening at the coloured Baptist Church at Cambridge-port. "It was crowded with a remarkably attentive and intelligent congregation; as great a contrast from the Southern slave-element, as the West and North Irish. They were having prayer-meeting when we went in, and Andrew naturally thought it was singing. . . . They fall into the chant, just as the Irish in emotion leave our language and fall into their own. During the chant, the 'Dear Father' was 'You:' in the formal service, *speaking tone* and *Thou*. . . . There was only one door, and it was half-past nine [when the service and a concert were over]; yet there was no 'thrutching' in going out, but numbers of hands held out for me. I am to preach again in the afternoon next Sunday. Although crowded and hot, no unusual smell; they are great bathers. . . . It is a relief in this cold place to find a little warmth and faith. We passed a Methodist Church near, where there was wild howling: the Baptists are the quieter folk."

In this year (1871) there was a satisfactory proof that the labours of the Sanitary Association had not been in vain. In their Report for 1868 they referred to a disgraceful breach of

* January 2, 1872, he wrote: "The Boston people are going to send their work for me to do here. As I have filled all the show-cases in our own Museum, the rest can wait. The Boston collection is seen by such shoals of people, that it ought to be arranged, and I am glad to earn some more money."

the city statutes in the previous summer. The Roman Catholic Fabrique being in want of money, owing to the rebuilding of a church, their agent in 1867 offered for sale the ground of the Catholic Cemetery in Dorchester Street, which had been disused since 1854. "The bones (unless otherwise made away with) were carted in loads to the Côte des Neiges Cemetery: the putrid matter from the only partially decomposed bodies, and the soil saturated with it, after having been exposed to the sun, were buried in the same ground, which was thus supposed to be prepared for building lots; while the coffin-boards were piled on the surface to dry. These piles were afterwards burnt on the spot; but the stench from this process produced such remonstrances from the neighbours that the police were obliged to interfere:" they were removed to the lowest part of the city; and some of them being used for cooking purposes, many cases of sickness were the result. The Committee brought the matter before the Recorder's Court. The burnings were stopped; and so was the exhumation, during the summer months; but it was resumed in the autumn. In 1869, the Association recommended the purchase of the ground by the city. In 1870, they reported that "the old Catholic Cemetery is still on sale for building lots, although one purchaser on digging a foundation was obliged to desist from the violence of the stench. . . . The [city] Council authorized a Committee to treat for the purchase of it, but nothing was done; the attention of the public being engrossed by plans for parks in the outskirts. . . . Breathing places *in the city* are far more important to health than parks outside it, although there is no reason why we should not have both. The land being already offered for building lots, and the locality being tempting, it behoves the Council to move in the matter without delay, if they would save us from the danger of a pestilence. Most of the cholera corpses were interred here. One of the most virulent attacks of cholera in London occurred where the ground of an ancient cemetery had been opened.* In Bristol, the plague broke out

* Philip afterwards wrote:—"The Golden Square cholera epidemic was traced to the water which had percolated from a burial place unused for more than a century."

afresh on opening the land where the corpses had been buried fifty years before."

In the last Report, 1871, it is recorded that, owing to the stench from fresh exhalations, "the Secretary [Philip], assisted by Mr. S. J. Lyman, set on foot a requisition to the Mayor, requesting him to call a public meeting of the inhabitants to consider the propriety of purchasing the ground for a public square. This requisition was headed by the Metropolitan, the two last ex-Mayors, several of the most distinguished clergy, physicians, and other leading citizens, and in three days received nearly 900 signatures, representing all our nationalities and religious bodies." This public meeting was crowded, and the resolutions were passed unanimously: the Mayor promised to convene a special meeting of the Council, and at length the ground was purchased, enclosed, and planted: it is called Dominion Square.* This desirable object was greatly promoted by the newspapers: "The Canadian Illustrated News" had several pictures from time to time, revealing the horrors of the excavations. Philip's name does not appear amongst those who moved the resolutions at the meeting; but he was made Secretary of the Citizens' Committee, and it was greatly owing to his energy and persistence through many years that the Council were compelled to take action. At one of the meetings at which he had been rousing public indignation, a medical gentleman, who had purchased one of the lots, sarcastically inquired whether he were a doctor of medicine, since he seemed to speak with such authority on questions of health! Philip replied that he had been a sanitary worker for a long period, and his experience was that those whose profession it was to heal diseases had not, as a body, been prominent in the prevention of disease. In 1875, he wrote to the President of the

* The conduct of the Fabrique was contrasted with that "of the owners of the Emigrants' Fever Cemetery at Point St. Charles. They not only railed it in, and erected a monument at their own expense, but they transferred the ownership to the Metropolitan, that it may remain consecrated for ever to the memory of the six thousand victims of the Irish famine and fever of 1847–8, who hoped to have made Canada their home, but who set foot on our shores only to die."

Canada Medical Association, who wanted information on the connexion between climatology and mortality: "The few who concern themselves here with sanitary science are so occupied with great, tangible, and preventible evils, that we scarcely care to go into matters over which we have no control. We cannot alter the weather: we can alter our disgraceful sanitary conditions. And while we have to contend with the M.D.s, and others, who have organized a *Sanitary Association* for the express purpose of resisting vaccination; . . . when the Editor of your Journal sneered at our Public Health Association for concerning itself with such silly matters as dirty lanes and yards;—when an M.D. has been appointed Professor of Hygiene, who built houses in a back yard on a swamp, without back door or windows;—when some of our leading M.D.s, including Professors at McGill College, exerted themselves to procure building on the old Catholic Cemetery;—and fourteen of them gave evidence that earth from said cemetery, in which earth the remains of eleven bodies had been found, was *not* a nuisance, when deposited on a swamp, in the middle of the city, in order to build upon;—when such is the teaching of influential members of the Medical Profession in this city, it is scarcely the time to enter into climatic relations."

Philip, and those with whom he worked, did not get all that might have been desired: there were three other cemeteries that it would have been well to have secured, although these had not been disturbed: and the assessment of two-thirds of the cost was levied on the St. Antoine Ward, though the nuisance had been caused by interments from the whole city; while the Fabrique had been more than paid for the ground, by the purchasers of graves which they ought to have respected. Philip paid his share of the assessment instantly, and would have paid ten times as much to prevent the impending evil. He found, however, four years after, that some members of the Finance Committee proposed to sell some of the ground, to make up for the default of some property-holders to pay their rate. As the Secretary of the Citizens' Committee, he wrote at once to the City Attorneys, reminding them of the previous

proceedings, and expressing the hope that it would not be necessary to renew the agitation. Fortunately, they decided that the proposed sale would be illegal. Philip also wrote to the Chairman of the Finance Committee, suggesting that, in the next City Act of Parliament, the Council should be empowered to assess the whole city for this object.

Before we turn to pleasanter themes, it may be desirable to state the part which Philip took in relation to the Contagious Diseases Acts, which were passed to diminish, if possible, the physical penalties of profligacy in the army and navy. The last of these Acts was passed in 1869, without the knowledge of the public, and its provisions awakened very earnest remonstrance. Mrs. Harriet Martineau wrote the "Letters of an Englishwoman" to "The Daily News;" and she and Mrs. Butler and Miss Nightingale and other ladies put forth a Memorial, protesting against this legislation.* This led me to investigate the subject, reading both sides: and the editor of "The Inquirer" allowed me to send three articles upon it to his paper, which were reprinted as a pamphlet. I sent it to Philip, who promised to be on the watch, if any attempt was made to extend the measure to Montreal. After a time this was the case, and he was instrumental in stopping it. In November, 1875, however, the Secretary of the Fabrique made a communication to the Committee of Health appointed by the Legislative Assembly, which was reported in the papers, in which he "feared that strong resistance would be offered by some of the citizens of Montreal to any scheme for licensing prostitution; but he believed that the Curé of Notre Dame had been in communication with the Mayor," etc. Philip wrote at once to the Curé: ". . . I fully hoped that this controversy would not have been forced upon us. It has produced untold bitter feeling in England. It has divided families even more than religious opinions. But if the doctors force it upon us here, I have the documents carefully set forth by the English Anti-C.D.A.

* Mary Carpenter was then in India. She regarded the Acts as "a gigantic insult to the female sex," and subsequently became a Vice-President of the Society for their repeal.

Societies ready to meet their arguments. . . . A few years ago the Sanitary Association, No 2, consisting of the City Health Officers and their friends, memorialized the City Council to introduce this system among us. I immediately discussed the matter with my friend, Mr. Clark, the late editor of 'The True Witness,' who undertook to ascertain the sentiments of Mons. Bourget [the Roman Catholic Bishop] on the subject. His reply was an emphatic statement, that the Catholic hierarchy and clergy would never consent to the licensing of brothels or of prostitutes. At the same time, I called on the Protestant Bishop and several of their clergy, and obtained the same assurance. Feeling assured, therefore, that no such licensing power could be exercised, by either the Council or the Legislature, against the emphatic condemnation of the Christian Church, I let the matter drop; determining, however, to embrace the earliest opportunity of organizing another Health Association, which should not thus disgrace itself before the highest Tribunal."

The Contagious Diseases Acts do not, in so many words, *license* vice: but, so far from being a safeguard against profligacy, they are actually designed to protect it. They are founded on a principle which would bring sanitary legislation into contempt, and would be fatal to its efficiency; for they deal only with *one* sex in a disease to which both are liable:* they are dastardly in their oppression of the weak, and have introduced a base and dangerous spy-system: the horrible evils which have grown up in Paris are now matters of notoriety. The point, however, which Philip urged specially on the Curé was, that the sanction of law would virtually be given to a fatal sin:—"Will any one propose to license thieves, houses for stolen goods, kidnappers, and poisoners? Even these could show that, in some respects, their callings are not so fiendish as that of buying and selling the very holiest functions of our nature." Philip wrote a note in French accompanying this

* One of the chief movers for copying the Acts in Canada was at the head of the *opposition* to compulsory vaccination for both sexes and all ranks!

letter, in which he asked for an answer to it which (if in French) he might be allowed to translate for the papers. None was sent; but (December 4, 1876) he wrote to me: "No doctor has dared to say any more about C.D.A.: so I simply file the documents you kindly send, to be ready."

It was well that he was able to sweeten his imagination, and gladden his heart, in the midst of his strivings with loathsome corruption and sin, by his intense enjoyment of the beauties of nature. He wrote (January 2, 1872): "I do wish you could all have seen, just for half an hour, the glories of our illuminations yesterday and to-day. . . . The rain froze at night, and deposited a very thick coating (half an inch to an inch) of ice, over everything, including doors, walls, and every twig and wire. After that came the *slightest* little dusting of snow, just as confectioners dust their cakes with sugar. The New Year's sun rose in an almost cloudless deep-blue sky, and transformed the whole face of nature into the most brilliant spangles. Everything glittered beyond the diamond. The ice of the purest water: each twig and bud and evergreen leaf first wetted, then encased. The flower-buds of the early maples, the red berries of barberry, mountain ash, etc., and the greens of spruce and cedar, all bedecked with one gorgeous diamond-sparkling at every angle. This, multiplied as far as the eye could reach. The trees bent by the weight into the most graceful curves. The walls of the houses sometimes on fire with the sun, and fringed at every ledge with regular pendants of icicles. Then the soft, clear, yet bracing air, perfectly still; a few white cumuloid clouds, which gradually faded into uninterrupted ultra-cœline blue. The white expanses of the river and plain, ending in the bold outlines of Beloeil and the Carmelites, the Green Mountains and the ancient Adirondacks. It was a complete paradise of beauty."

Philip had long been anxious about the health of his wife, and she was persuaded this summer (1872) to visit England, where she spent most of the time at Weymouth. We were all glad to hear from her various particulars as to their life and friends at Montreal, which we had not learnt from letters.

Philip wanted to devote himself to his work: but promised her that he would take a few days' holiday, of which he wrote her an account amidst the distractions of the river steamer. One of his naturalist friends, Mr. Morse, came to Montreal, and inspected his Boston work, and then, accompanied by Andrew Reid, they went to Murray Bay, to dredge. On the Sunday morning, after a ramble, he "went to think, in a corner of the church;" when, just at eleven, he was called out, and requested to take the service; his unclerical costume was conveniently hidden by the surplice (which he had worn once before, in a New Jerusalem Church): he preached in front of the altar. In the evening, he was waylaid outside the church, and requested to preach there for the Presbyterians:—"I let surplice and high desk alone, and conducted service from the altar. It got dark during the preaching (from 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself,' etc.), which gave me greater liberty of speech, and I closed with prayer, without singing. The Presbyterians rush up immediately after Amen, and made collection at doors, which they wanted me to take. Of course I declined."

He took A. Reid an excursion on the Saguenay river ("I can't bear loafing by myself"). They went up it by night. In the morning, "We came to a bay, into which the St. John or Chicoutoremi River flows: then, after a narrower portion, we found ourselves hemmed in, in a cul-de-sac, which is Ha! Ha! Bay. This is as it were a lovely little lake, say two by three miles, surrounded by rocky hills of various outline, with one outlet, through which we had entered. We soon landed at the pretty village of St. Alphonse, on one side of a river: St. Alexis being on the other. . . . We agreed to scale the nearest hill, which was of white granite rock, in broken masses. To my great joy, I soon espied the kalmia in full flower; the corolla small, but of unusually deep crimson, and the lovely puckered buds like fairy umbrellas half-opened. As we ascended, we found it in large masses, taking the place of thyme or bloody cranesbill in England. Every corner was crowded with the most lovely greens; three species of the

blueberry kind, a few ripe; and strawberries in such rich profusion, that we hardly knew how to leave them. It reminded me of the Wicklow mountains. The scene was so unexpectedly lovely: the white, glittering floor; each rock fringed with such rich flowers, fruits, and green; the villages lying at our feet, with their pretty white homesteads, and tall spires ringing for Mass [two priests had come up by the steamer]; the Wharfe-like river and pretty wooden frame-work bridge; meadows stretching out into the lake; roads cut through the forest, looking like threads in the distance; then the gloomy rocks across, bright sun and dark clouds—that we could not help kneeling down, to thank the Lord, and pray for all the dear ones. As soon as we had had our fill of strawberries (each picking for the other), we descended to the bridge, saw the brown water dashing over stones above, and working lumber-works below, and went along the meadow-banks to the point we had fixed on for bathing. . . . We left at 10, a.m. I should have liked to ramble here a good deal; and if I ever come again with you, will do so. . . .

"Now for the Saguenay. Fancy a country made up of great swelling Laurentian hills, closely packed together, with scarcely a valley between; then imagine a vast earthquake making a huge cleft right deep into the bowels of the earth, as far as from Manchester to Liverpool and back, from one to two miles broad all the way, and with gaps extending here and there a few miles further, deeper than any waters near the British Isles, like the mid-Atlantic: then fancy this cleft filled up to the sea level with deep brown water, and connected with the great St. Lawrence valley. Imagine, in the course of ages, the surface of the rocks variously disintegrated, springs percolating, atoms of soil forming in clefts, and, lastly, every cranny filled with roots of trees, which crowd each other, balancing their straight stems with equally poised branches, and shooting upwards to an unusual height . . . and the same behind and above incessantly. In some districts the fires [in 1870] burnt to the water's edge, and you see nothing but charred stems and a two years' growth of rich green. In other places, the

fire cleared the country to the top of the rocks, but did not descend. In others, there had been no fire, and especially where a stream descended underneath, there was an unusually dense mass of forest. In exposed places you saw a bare rock, strewed with little trees, lying as if they had been felled: or some standing, but dead. They had died of inanition, having used up the shreds of soil. How the living trees supported themselves is a mystery. . . .

"The Saguenay is *not* a river, and its gorge is *not* a cañon: this is clear to me. Its bed could never have been water-scooped: nor are the outlines of its banks those of flowing water. It is very rare to see screes or pebbles or land-slides. There appears very little of the fallen material you always see at the seaside. The tide enters and subsides; but not with waves; and whatever descends from frosts and weathering probably falls at once to unknown depths. No one has sounded and analyzed the waters of the abyss. . . . The daily flow of the blue sea-water mixes with so much brown, and pours out at ebb tide a queer-coloured fluid, distinct for a long distance, which looks blackish brown as the steamer curls it, but breaks into brownish green foam in the sun. Would that William, or W. Lant, and the 'Porcupine' crew, would come and explore it! Is there any life there? For the whole sixty miles, you see not a shanty or an axe-man, not a beast, and very few birds. Not a canoe or raft is seen on its waters: no fisher wastes his time there. For what purpose is this weird region, separating the busy St. Lawrence from the fertile settlements of the St. John River and Chicoutoremi country? Has it been disturbed since the first ages; or do we see here the remains of the cataclasms of the Protozoic age? Was this Labradorian continent, as we now see it, witness to the whole series of geological changes, which have built up the British Isles and most of the present continents? Was the Saguenay chasm part of the same settling convulsions which produced the deep chain of lakes? I must say I felt it a very solemn sight: and in its still grandeur, showing no signs of alteration from the very earliest ages, the greatest earthly image of

Eternity I have ever gazed on. These everlasting hills, in the *later* periods of whose lives have risen up the tall giants of East and West, North and South—Alps, Andes, Himalayas, Rocky Mountains—all creatures but of yesterday; while the waters have ebbed and flowed at the feet of these calm rocks, and successive epochs of forest life have swept over their surface, like successive winds of vegetation . . . . and now this little boat-fly of a vessel brings the germ-life of immortal souls to get a glimpse of its unchanging forms, and again all is silence! What spirit-life hovers in these abodes? Have angels pleasure in such scenes? And how little do the visitors care for them: a momentary wonder; common talk and lounging—'Have you done the Saguenay?' 'Yes!'—and that is all."

On September 1 he wrote to Mary a long letter from Quebec, headed "Meeting the Wife," and was rejoiced to find that the benefit from her English visit had even surpassed their expectation. A few days before, in a note to Susan, thanking her for all she had done for her recovery, he says, "Our delicious autumn will be all in her favour. . . . Here is her beloved balcony, with *walls* of tradescantia, convolvulus major, and scarlet-runners, roses, sweet peas, petunias, geraniums, balsams, etc., screening from view. In a few weeks, the glories of the Mount will be unrivalled. . . . As to myself, I am wonderfully refreshed. Andrew and I have *played* at work. I have religiously followed the humour of the moment. Who else has such a bedroom as we! the hair mattresses just done up, spread on that balcony floor: moon and stars last night, sun and balsams this morning, with the deepest blue sky, birds on telegraph wires, wild bees from nests under eaves, and the most delicious perfumed air."

The next summer (1873) his sister Mary accomplished a journey to America, to which he had long been urging her; but he was exhausted by his school, etc., and was not equal to the exciting labours which were a necessity to her. During her ten days' stay at Montreal she spoke in two churches, two Sunday schools, the Natural History rooms, and the Council Chamber. Philip took notes at some of these meetings, and

he visited with her the jails at Montreal, Kingston, and Brantford. At Brantford they were much interested in the work among the Indians of Mr. Gilkinson, the Government agent. After taking his wife and sister to Niagara, he accompanied the latter to New York and Boston, whence she sailed for England. He then went, at the invitation of Professor Baird, who was at the head of the United States Fish Commission, to Peak's Island, near Portland, where their little dredging steamer was then stationed. His young helper, Andrew, met him there, and was very useful in picking out shells from the hauls. Philip wrote:—

"I stop at the 'laboratory,' which is the U.S. name for a scientific workshop, not specially for chemistry, and work up the things. Not that I like it at all: the fumes of alcohol and stinking crabs and echinoderms all day long are more hurtful than the sea-air is beneficial. However, I can't loaf, so I may as well do this as anything else. . . . Of course, every one wants to come up and look round, and no one dares say No! It was thought extraordinary when I walked off an inquiring youth of some six summers, who made two unattended explorations. They have also the usual American propensity, to poke over you as you work, handle your things, and expect you to talk to them. The others are much more good-tempered than I, over the infliction. When the steamer comes in, the things are brought upstairs, and quickly sorted into departments, and put in fresh sea-water. . . . Figures from the life are carefully drawn. We make the mollusks sit on the backs of their shells, so as to see the under side. One very precious Chiton, not before examined alive, I have been treating to-day to a *glass*, to which having duly stuck, we turned him up (in the water) and have been studying his way of living with great care. Of two species, both very rare, we have found the largest specimens known; and have observed some things not before known, and important to the history of the group. It has been worth my while coming for that, and for talking over arrangements with Professor Baird. They intend to begin printing my Chiton paper this autumn, and I shall have to rewrite part of it, and recast the whole. . . .

"On Saturday afternoon, we saw a great smoke, then a fire, and then three fine steamers, one after another, sail down with the tide, all in full blaze. We found afterwards, that it caught under an office on the wharf * full of shavings, etc.: I suppose, as usual, some one's pipe end; but it blazed up; a strong wind blew off shore, caught the N.Y. steamer 'Dirago,' which blazed all over, so that several were drowned or burnt; the steamers were all off steam, and there were not tugs enough about; so next caught the 'Montreal,' in which we had come up from Boston a week before; then the 'Carlotta,' Halifax iron steamer. . . . Our 'Blue-light' (dredging steamer), which was anchoring here, started instantly, without captain, pilot, or engineer, all elsewhere, and went to the assistance of the 'Carlotta,' with steam-hose. [It was unavailing, and the 'Blue-light' was in great danger.] The Admiral praised our men, saying that if they had lost their ship in even trying to save the British one, he should have been quite content."

In the following winter Philip wrote to a prominent Protestant alderman and member of the local Legislature, who was supposed to have much influence in the matter, to ask him whether it was correct that, in the name of the City Council, which had not been consulted, he was making arrangements for a new female jail, in which the Catholic prisoners would be handed over to the care of the nuns and would sleep together in large dormitories: and finding that this was the case, he wrote to the Earl of Dufferin and to the Minister of Justice, reminding them of his sister's letters to them on the Canadian jails: † and that "persons conversant with prison discipline regard it as quite essential, especially in short sentences, that persons should sleep alone." The proposed plan "could not take place in Britain, being against the provisions of Lord Carnarvon's Act." Philip had no prejudice against the Catholics, and

* "Montreal," he says, "is the only city I have seen in America where they build solid wharfs. Everywhere else they are simply piles boarded over, and being well supplied with air below, they burn rapidly."

† See "The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter," pp. 414, 415. Lord Dufferin, in his reply to her letter, expressed his hope that the reprehensible state of affairs which it disclosed would be soon amended.

had a respect for the nuns, who, he thought, might manage the jailer-work better than some others who might be appointed; but he was becoming alarmed at the encroachments of those who seemed more influenced by ambition than by religion, and by the concessions of time-servers.

In 1874, a new law affecting licences came into operation, "raising the price and limiting the number. This is at the instigation of the Temperance Vigilance Association, who are determined to plague the sellers every year, and prevent vested interests, till the country is 'prepared for prohibition.' People seem generally to consent that it is to come to that, some time or other." Philip worked with a committee, to procure memorials against taverns. He contributed a paper, this year, to the Quebec * Temperance and Prohibitory League, which was more than once reprinted, on "Law an Educator." He pleaded that as schools were not to be given up, because many of the children neglect the lessons, the laws ought to embody true morality, even if they are often set at defiance: and he pointed out the contrast between Maine and Canada, as regards temperance. Meanwhile, he worked earnestly in promoting voluntary abstinence: especially in helping to build up a Band of Hope in St. George's Sunday School.

Philip had been nearly nine years in Canada, yet he had never once visited England. Mary was much saddened by the change she had seen in him, and suggested to their aunt that he might come over if *she* desired it (since she was in her eighty-seventh year, and each winter her life seemed in danger †). Philip wrote (June 12, 1874): "No other consideration than duty to Aunt M. would induce me to add the excitement of an English visit to my other weariness. I feel no other wish, than just to be *let alone* to rest." He reached London at the beginning of July, and spent most of his time there with his aunt, seeing also his brother William and his family, and working hard at the British Museum. He paid a short visit to his sister

* Montreal is at one extremity of the old Province of Quebec, or Lower Canada.

† Miss Mary Carpenter, of 24, Regent Street (see p. 10, etc.), died a few months after Philip—October 30, 1877—in her ninety-first year.

at Bristol, and preached at Lewin's Mead Meeting. At Montreal he was rarely asked to preach, except at Mission stations; but he found his old Unitarian friends still willing to hear him. It was a happy time at Red Lodge House. Mary and he allowed themselves pleasant intercourse and communion: and he wrote her a loving letter after he had left, saying how he could have wished to have been all the time with her that he was not with their aunt: he felt her the lonely one of the family. She endorsed his cheerful and affectionate note, "Philip himself, as in old times." Thence he went to Weymouth, to be with his sister Susan and her husband and their two daughters, enjoying the "beauty and affection of the home." There I joined him for a day. His weary letters had almost made me fear to see him: but when he met me at the station, it was indeed "Philip himself, as in old times." One of my congregation was at the Eye Hospital near, and we went to see her, and I had the comfort of again hearing his voice in prayer: and in the evening there was sacred music. He returned with me on the Saturday to Bridport, where our old friends Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Herford were staying with us. He had written to me that, as my colleague was away, he would be ready to preach both times, if I wished. In the morning Mr. Herford read our Liturgy, and Philip preached for fifty minutes, with great earnestness, from 1 John v. 3, 4, "Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world," etc.: in the afternoon, he said a few words to the Sunday scholars: and, as many were disappointed at not having a teetotal lecture from him (he had given one at Weymouth), he preached in the evening on Christian Temperance * to a large and most attentive congregation. I took the devotional service: and his sister and nieces had driven over (twenty miles) from Weymouth, to be his hearers. They will not forget "the heavenly sunset glow on his dear face" as he wished them good-bye at the chapel gate. The next day he enjoyed sitting with us all, and talking cheerfully, on a hillside: with many happy people near us—for it was a Bank holiday:

* A full report of this discourse appeared in "The Bridport News," and the editor of that paper reprinted it after Philip's death, in 1871.

and in the evening we had a game of whist, and college jokes and songs. He left us on the following afternoon. I was fearful lest his Sunday exertions and his continual conversation should have been followed by exhaustion; but on his return voyage he wrote: "Now, my darling brother, I cannot tell you what immense delight at the time, and for the future, our brief intercourse face to face gave me. My whole visit has done me peculiar good, just at the time it was wanted. You saw somewhat of the state I was in from my letters, which were not exaggerated—just the reverse. I feel now my old power coming back: and just think what I have done without injury. You called Bridport exciting: that was just the *quiet rest* of my visit."

He returned to London for a few days, and then visited his friend Mr. C. Broadbent at Latchford, near Warrington. He had dreaded meeting the people; and had expressed his wish not to give any lecture: or, if he gave any, only at Latchford: but the lecture, on "American Life," was announced for the Cairo Street School-room. He concluded it with some earnest religious advice: "It was of less consequence *where* they lived than *how*." A great crowd had assembled: even those who were not known to have cared for him showed their affection. Among them were many who used to meet him at his swimming lessons at Buttermilk Bridge (see pp. 103–105). Mr. Robson wrote:—

"When he paid his last visit to Warrington, in 1874, and a large crowd of all classes assembled at the well-known Cairo Street School-room, to look once more on their much-loved teacher and friend, and to listen, alas! for the last time, to his well-known voice and to his encouraging and instructive words, the feelings of quite a number of these rough but warm-hearted men, whose associations with Dr. Carpenter were mainly in connexion with these swimming lessons, found vent in the utterance of the local name, emphasized as it never was before, and probably never will be again by men of this class, who when bidding him 'Good-bye,' and clasping his hand, could find no utterance for their pent-up feelings of gratitude and

esteem, beyond the simple exclamation, 'Buttermilk Bridge! Buttermilk Bridge!' Aged mothers, too, who had to bless him for what he had done for their sons, met him on this memorable evening as he was proceeding to the school-room, and could not restrain their feelings in the public streets, but openly embraced and kissed him. No son returning to the home of his childhood could have had a more affectionate reception. Indeed, the proceedings and excitement of that evening formed more than one scene that will not be easily forgotten by those who witnessed them."

At Manchester he had an interesting meeting with Mr. Howorth and other loved friends, and gave a lecture at St. Catherine's Schools, August 17, on "Old England and Young America, face to face with the Liquor Traffic." From the s.s. "Austria" he wrote (on the 20th) to his sister Susan: "It is really surprising how much I have done this week, without the least intermission and very short nights . . . and here I am writing letters, like mad, up to Lough Foyle. I feel quite renovated altogether, and immensely thankful to the dear Lord for all the happiness of intercourse, and letting me speak many words in season. . . . You would have wept to see that gathering at Cairo Street. Think how all the stony ices have melted away in the dear Lord's love. The best to you and yours."

We were none of us to see his face again.

He wrote to his aunt (who had franked his journey): "August 29. Having finished all the work I planned for the voyage, viz. an analytical index of Harris's 'Arcana,' and a paraphrase of part of John xiv. for Miss Bright, I am free to begin an account of the voyage." He had been unfortunate in his room: "Four nights' pummelling on my poor wearied brain, on the top of the screw, downstairs, was more than I felt able to stand another night: and in answer to the captain's kind inquiries, I begged leave to hoist up my bedding at nights, under a boat on deck, or on the saloon floor: this he forbade, but consulted the purser; and to my extreme surprise and joy, he promoted me to berth No. 1, the owner of which had not turned up. . . . I could scarcely believe my good fortune, and you may be sure

I was very grateful. The relief of lying down to a quiet sleep in an airy room, with open port-hole, at the foot of the stairs, was like an earthly paradise. I have been steadily recovering ever since, and now eat enough to thrive on. It shows how people attend to their own affairs, that only one of my table companions has noticed that I don't eat meat: and it was a week before he observed it." He hid himself in his state-room "a good part of the day, to avoid talk and tobacco;" but "the boys come up, and want me to play with them." He took part in the Sunday services; and, with a clergyman, had an extra one for the hundreds of steerage passengers (among whom were many Mennonites emigrating to Manitoba to escape conscription). On the last Saturday, "we had a very pleasant ending of the week, in singing hymns, in midships, as we glided quickly through the still waters of the St. Lawrence, phosphorescent in the wake, with the grand cliffs and distant mountains of the Gaspé peninsula. Quite a congregation closed round us, and it was balmy to the soul." At Montreal, the air was thick with smoke and smuts from the terrible fires round Ottawa, more than a hundred miles away, where the very soil was burnt down to the rocks. His wife had mounted the flag on Brandon Lodge in honour of his arrival. "Without any disparagement to all the dear homes in England, I was and am very thankful indeed to be in our own, here with her."

With regard to his studies on the voyage, the Gospel and Epistles of John were the portions of Scripture which were most intensely interesting to him. He wrote to a friend who was analyzing the Gospels, that criticism as to the formation of those of Matthew, Mark, and Luke did not much matter to him. "It's all I know of the Lord's outward teaching, and a vast deal more than I can as yet live up to; therefore there's food enough for me. But pray don't touch John's Gospel, and show that it was not written till the second century: I can't stand that!" As to Christ's earthly life, he told his sister Susan, "It always seems to me that it was more the seed than the fruit: and that the finest saints are poor creatures compared with what is to *be*. . . . Harris shows very strongly what huge mistakes the

Apostles made in the first planting, which have borne their bitter fruit ever since." From his note-book, in which he made an analysis of Harris's 'Arcana,' it seems that much of it was based on the Apocalypse. When criticizing Philip's "Words in the War" (p. 139), I reminded him that he must qualify some of his statements, if he bore in mind that in Revelation he would find sanguinary and vengeful passages. He then replied that it was "a very Jewish book: the writer must have been very little of a Christian." Now he seemed inclined to take a mystical interpretation of it, as of the curses in the Psalms. He wrote of Harris, whom he set far above Swedenborg, with great respect.

However disposed he may have been to mysticism in his religious opinions, he did not lose his directness of judgment as regards Christian duties and physical evils. He wasted no time in dreaming. When advised to get more help and take more rest, he replied, "Helpers just simply can't be got, of the kind that help. . . . It's no great burden to be always working; not to work would be a huge burden:" and then, referring to sanitary matters, he said, "Last move:—typhoid and small-pox being virulent, they have cleaned out a stuffed sewer, and spread the stuff uncovered, to grade a low-level street. One of its neighbours they graded with the *cemetery* earth. Another was graded with middens, etc. They don't care for anything."

In the "Somerville" course, Philip had delivered his Lectures on the Oyster (see p. 303), and, for a subsequent evening, announced "Man's life in Montreal from an Oyster's Standpoint:"—"Let our Baltimorean (oyster) die the horrible death of being swallowed alive at a Montreal supper, and let him come to life with the senses and powers of a man; but (at first, for even men cannot be expected to become angels all at once through the mere fact of dying) with the desires and feelings of an oyster." As in his former lectures he had stated that the oyster was extremely particular as regards breathing and cleanliness, it will be readily imagined that he was able with such a theme to make a strong appeal against the fatal apathy which seemed to prevail in the city. In April, 1875, his Somerville Lecture was on "The Nose: its Uses and Duties."

He described the structure of the organ of smell, with the aid of diagrams: and showed some of the uses of that sense, and how it might be impaired or cultivated. "While the taste, the ear, and the eye were highly educated, the nose was entirely neglected, and, in fact, a great deal was done to destroy the sense altogether." He then spoke warmly of the defective drainage, etc., of the city, and recommended the establishment of a new Sanitary Society: this was approved by Dr. Dawson and others: and subsequently a requisition was sent to the Mayor, who convened a Town's Meeting, at which a Citizens' Public Health Association was formed, of which Philip was appointed Corresponding Secretary.

There was urgent need that some step should be taken, as L'Association Sanitaire des Citoyens de la Cité de Montreal had been set on foot by Dr. Coderre, Physician to the Hôtel Dieu, and other gentlemen of influence among the French population, to resist vaccination. Small-pox had been fatal in the city: and the Mayor (1875), Dr. Hingston, was elected by an overwhelming majority of the citizens, specially to attend to Sanitary Reform. The Provincial Legislature had passed a Permissive Act, empowering municipalities to enforce vaccination: and the Mayor, as Chairman of the Board of Health, had presided over the drafting of a law to give effect to the Act. Dr. Coderre's party held mass-meetings after vespers on Sundays, to rouse opposition to the proposed law. One of these Philip attended (July 18), and wrote a candid account of it, in consequence of some inaccurate reports:—"Being accustomed to compare meetings of *ouvriers* and others, I was particularly struck with their order, intelligence, sobriety, patience, determination, and keen relish of the witty dissection which the speakers made of the proposed by-law. In England, a bad cause often succeeds at a public meeting by free beer, passion, or ignorance. It was clear to me that the East-end Canadians had made up their minds calmly and deliberately to resist *all* anti-small-pox measures. . . . I am bound to say that the audience listened very quietly to my French speech; and at its close Alderman Roy politely asked me also to speak in English, in

which also I was not interrupted; but Dr. Larocque attempted more argument, and was not so politely received. I suppose his views were regarded as improper for a *Canadian*, while they were allowable in an Englishman." He remarked that they were the French Canadians of the Province who had passed the Acts, and dreaded small-pox: "unfortunately for the rest of our part of the world, there are many thousands in our city, of whom six hundred met last Sunday, who *act as though* they loved it, and were determined to visit it upon us also." In this and other letters he pleaded for vaccination. He did not profess to have given special study to it; but as what he supposed its acknowledged benefit was questioned, he wrote to England for documents (*e.g.* the Report to the Local Government Board), and to Dr. Snow, the most successful sanitarian of his acquaintance in the United States, whose letter he printed, with a translation into French, in "The Witness." He candidly allowed that he had not been aware that the Anti-vaccinators (among whom, in England, were his friend Professor Newman and others) had so much to urge; still what was to be done? "I have never looked upon vaccination as a Heaven-sent remedy; but simply as a lesser evil accepted to cure a greater. Almost all the remedies used by both allopathic and homœopathic doctors are of the same nature: they are poisons * introduced into the system in hopes of counteracting the effect of worse poisons. Every possible pains should be taken to procure the real cow-pox matter: and then, till some better remedy be found, I would compel its use. . . . Six times the number have died per thousand of the race who applauded Dr. Coderre, than have died among the English, even with the present corrupted vaccine, and with exposure to the French contagion. . . . One sentence in Dr. Coderre's letter I heartily endorse, and believe that true cleanliness, within and without, will produce more beneficial results than the lymph has ever done. If we breathed purer air, drank (and washed over daily with) pure water, ate pure food, allowed none but pure thoughts and chaste actions: if the poisons of alcohol, tobacco,

* These poisons, however, are not given to persons in health.

drugs, dead bodies of pigs and other corrupt food, of rotten vegetable and animal matters, and of corrupting lusts in heart and life, were put far from us, we should have no further need of vile remedies for a hundred-fold viler diseases. We would then gladly pay our doctors, as we do our clergy, to teach us the right way of living: and the festering pollutions, which now baffle our best attempts at cure, would give place to the Spirit of Health, of Power, and of Holy and Useful Life."

A very different spirit was, however, at work: the following Sunday, August 8, at an open-air meeting, two advocates invited the people to occupy the City Hall next day, and prevent the aldermen from passing the by-law. They obeyed, mustering a mob of about seven thousand French Canadians, who broke windows, stoned the aldermen, and accomplished their purpose. They also gutted the street-floor of Dr. Larocque, city medical officer. The police succeeded in arresting two lads! while one of the advocates defiantly wrote to "The Witness," that he knew the names and addresses of about fifty of the ringleaders; yet none were arrested. The Mayor had gone off to Halifax, N.S., where he announced that the law could not be carried. Philip wrote a very earnest letter to "The Witness" (August 11):—"*Who were the authors of Monday's mob?*" His remembrance of the Bristol riots, to which he alludes, quickened his denunciation of anarchy and violence. Henceforth, till his death, he took a much more active interest in public affairs. His "manifold" contains a great number of letters to members of the Government, etc., and he did his utmost to obtain such sanitary measures as should not be dependent for their success on officials elected for other objects. In a long and careful letter which he wrote, by request, to the Chairman of a Parliamentary Committee on Hygiene, he mentions, as a preliminary, the fundamental importance of an accurate system of registration. The Act prepared by Sir G. Cartier had been laid aside through the hostility of the Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

Within a month from the Anti-vaccination outrage, there were riots arising out of the refusal of the Catholic priesthood

to allow the body of M. Guibord, who had died under their ban, to be buried in the Côte des Neiges Cemetery, though the claim of his representatives had been confirmed on appeal to the Queen in Council. Philip wrote to the agent of the family, advising him to forego his rights in the interests of peace: but pointing out that, if he insisted on them, legal proceedings should be taken against many beside the actual rioters!

The persecution of the Oka Indians also roused Philip's indignation. While in Ontario the Indians are located on Reserves, under the guardianship of agents (see p. 318), in the Province of Quebec they have been more or less under the priests. The Seminary of St. Sulpice, who are seigneurs of the Island of Montreal, are also seigneurs of the Deux Montagnes district, where are located the remains of the Two Nation Indians. "Their chief settlement is at Oka, on the Lake of the Two Mountains. Things went on tolerably smoothly, till some six years ago [*i.e.* 1869], when the Wesleyans thought proper to institute a Mission among them. This proved very successful, and almost the whole remnant of the Iroquois nation left the Church of Rome. . . . From that time the unfortunate Indians have been subjected to a series of petty persecutions, in which the police and county magistrates have acted as tools of the priests. While the men have been off hunting, the bullies have insulted the women, trumped up petty charges under which the defenceless people have been imprisoned, and even prevented them from cutting down wood on their own domains. As no justice could be got or expected, where juries and judges are alike the tools of the priests, the good offices of the Aborigines' Protection Society were sought and gained."

In a private letter to Mr. F. W. Chesson, the Secretary of that Society, Philip wrote: "Thirty years ago, there was a pleasing feeling between the Catholics and Protestants of this country. The Seminary priests were like the *old* English Catholics before Cardinal Wiseman's days. Now, what with the Evangelical Missions of the Protestants, the open organizations of the Orangemen, and the attacks of 'The Daily Wit-

ness,' which has the largest circulation of any Provincial paper; and, on the other side, the virulent Ultramontanism of the Catholic Bishop Bourget and his Jesuit followers; there is a very bitter feeling indeed. . . . Another great exasperation is, that Père Chiniqui (the 'Canadian Father Mathew': see p. 178) turned Protestant, and has settled in this city, uttering violent speech.

"In the days of the late Government, Sir. G. Cartier kept matters tolerably quiet. He was liberal towards Protestants, and had a large tail of Catholic supporters. He moderated Bishop Bourget and Co., intimating that if they attempted too much they would lose all. However, they rebelled against him, kicked him out, and soon after he died. Now that the Reform Ministry has come in, whom the French Canadians regard as Orange, etc., the Bishop's party have thrown off all disguises. Everything in the State is being subordinated to them. The Protestant taxes go to support Catholic institutions, and it seems only a question how long we are to be *tolerated* in 'this Canada of *theirs*.' I see no pluck in the Protestants here to fight a battle, such as the English Dissenters worked so successfully. The lay Catholics are equally without spirit, and it seems to me that ultramontane Catholicism, crippled among European nations, is going to establish everything here, its own fashion, *under British protection.* That is what *their* loyalty means. They would not allow the statue of the Queen to be erected in the central (commonly called the French) square of this city. They are consistent." After detailing the outrages on the Indians, he adds, "Of course, I boil with old English indignation. But I am excessively busy, have no money to spare, and have neither time nor strength to take action alone. . . . If British connexion means anything, let our Government understand that they are *bound to maintain* Civil and Religious Liberty in general; and that, in particular, they are bound to take the part of the Indians (who are, as it were, wards of the Government) against priestly intolerance, joined with the *assumed seigneurial powers.* Does Lord Carnarvon approve of the other wards of Government—Deaf and Dumb,

Prisoners, *Insane*, etc.—being systematically handed over to Religious Orders, where the State and the Taxpayers have *no control whatever* over them?"

Before receiving Philip's letter, the Secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society had directed the attention of the Secretary of State for the Colonies to an article in "The Canadian News" of June 17, relating the injustice to the Indians; and in the following December he received from the Colonial Office the report of the Canadian Privy Council upon it, with a Memorandum (September 13) from Mr. Laird, Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of the Indians, who stated that the title of the Seminary had been confirmed by the Seigneurial Act of 1859; and as to the rights of common, etc., claimed by the Indians, the Indian fund would defray the cost of an action brought by the Seminary. Mr. Laird ended by complaining of the Aborigines' Protection Society, for making their protest on the strength of a newspaper report!

It was "understood that the Seminary were offering (some say eleven, others thirteen) thousand dollars to compromise the Indian claims: and the Indians were preparing to migrate in the spring to some good lands near Lake Nipissing, which the Dominion Government were disposed to grant them," to get rid of the difficulty, when a fresh trouble befel them:—"A few years ago, a neat church was erected by subscription at a cost of 1200 dollars. This was crowded, while scarcely any Indians were found in the Catholic Church. It was erected on land forming part of a garden which Indian families had possessed unchallenged for many generations. But the priests, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the Indians' lawyer, got a decision from the court, requiring the owners to pull it down. As the men were off hunting, a mob of French Catholics, without any warning, pulled down the church, tower and all, and carried the material over to the priests' property. The old chief, a man of ninety-three, who had fought for the British in the last war, could do nothing but look on and weep. . . . Just as their church is torn down before their eyes, comes a letter from the (Catholic) Dominion Officer of Crown Lands,

refusing to grant the Nipissing lands, on the ground that they are too good for Indians, and offering instead barren rocky lands in the Laurentian district, where they will still be under the priest-ruled government of this Province."

The two morning papers—organs of the two political parties—barely chronicled the outrage; but an indignation meeting was held, and a Defence Committee appointed, which instructed Philip to ask the help of the Aborigines' Protection Society. He wrote at once to the Secretary, enclosing a long letter (December 17, 1875), to be inserted in "The Daily News" (from which quotations have been made). In his private letter (applying the terms of the notorious Dred-Scott decision on fugitive slaves) he says that it seems that "the Indian Iroquois nation, aboriginally owners of a State, *have now no rights which their professed guardians are bound to respect.* . . . In the other Provinces, the Federal Government are the guardians. Here they have delegated the guardianship to the Seminary; but are bound to see that the delegates *do guard* and *don't gobble* or destroy. The same Government which *gave* or *confirmed* powers, *can take them away.* There *is* such a thing as plain simple justice, all Acts and Charters notwithstanding." He refers to a number of instances in which the Estates of the Realm have alienated properties held by public bodies. "The Canadian Government alienated the Clergy Reserves in Ontario, and *can* alienate the Sulpician Reserves if they choose. *But they won't choose.* . . . The Protestants in this Province may be trusted just about as much as Northern men when living in the Slave States."

Shortly after Philip's death, the Secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society wrote to Lord Carnarvon (July 11, 1877), relating that in June a large police force, in the dead of night, attempted to arrest forty-eight members of the tribe for cutting down wood on the land claimed by the Seminary, to repair gates and posts which the Catholics had broken down: and "a week later, the Roman Catholic Church at Oka, with its valuable Indian library, was destroyed by fire." There was, however, no evidence that this was the work of Indian incen-

diaries. The Secretary quoted Philip's letter, and said that the petty persecutions which he described were still going on. But beyond the expression of a hope that the Government of the Dominion might find it possible to settle the question amicably, her Majesty's Government could not interfere.

In 1876 Philip's letters show that he felt increasingly the fatigue of his school. After his death his friend Mr. T. Moulding, of Chicago, wrote to Mrs. R. Gaskell: "At the close of school, last year, I found him completely tired out. So much so, that it was a great task for him to speak to me until a rest of all night, and a great part of the next day, Sunday. Then he invited me to take a walk, and we walked up the Mountain, lying down to rest now and again: your dear brother pointing out the grand mountain chains, telling me their names, history, etc., and also showing me the beautiful city: and then we talked of the olden time, of our good school [at Warrington], of the good work done, of you and your share in it, of your dear sister and her lifetime of philanthropy: and then we sat midway on the Mountain, less than half an hour's walk from the house, and never thought of the time or the darkness, until a policeman came up and said, 'Do you know the rules, that no one should be on the Mountain after nine?' And we were surprised to find it was nearly ten. Just as it was in Warrington, so in Montreal, everybody seemed to know my dearest friend, and everybody loved him. Brewers, Catholics, and even the French Canadians who opposed vaccination and sanitary reform, respected him, and would listen patiently to his teaching. Next day I could not induce him to take a rest: so I went with him to the College, and we talked of the future."

A few days after, Philip wrote a long letter to the Chairman of the Health Committee, who had informed him that a majority of the aldermen wished to remove the Small-pox Hospital from the side of the Mountain to a disused burying-ground on Papineau Road! He pointed out the danger from miasma, even if no foundations were sunk, and sheds only

were erected on the surface; while great injury might result to a patient in a critical disease from the mere feeling of being on a graveyard; and reminded him how emphatically the city had already pronounced against building over decayed bodies. "The present site is eminently healthy, on the Mountain slope, away from all danger of contagion; on public property, not now needed for any other purpose. It is a mere *feeling* against it. Aldermen don't like to drive strangers along the beautiful road, and say, 'That is the Small-pox Hospital.' We have had to pay an enormous price for our Park; and its opening has been to many a great hindrance to its enjoyment. Before we had to pay for it, we could roam freely over it at all hours, and return laden with wild plants. Now the police drive us out at fixed hours, and we are treated as criminals if we pick fern-roots on our own estate. If the Park Commissioners have robbed us of our former advantages, let them at any rate do us the favour to let our patients have a little corner for treatment which they cannot get elsewhere."

Probably, after a time, the public would have been excluded from the Mountain, if the estate had not been purchased by the city; but Philip had long felt sore that money had been spent for ornament and luxury, which had been withheld from the improvements which were essential to health and decency. He greatly enjoyed places of public recreation. He wrote (August 25) to his old friend, Mr. G. Buckton, who had visited him in the spring with his daughter: "I have just taken Raper to the St. Helen's Island Park: a spot of *rare* and *unexpected beauty*, like an English nobleman's in its avenues of noble trees, and surpassing in its views. It is a grand place for our hundred thousand to picnic and bathe from, and I wish you could have seen it. I never did before. I must locate the wife there for a day next week." After saying that they were building over the fields, near Brandon Lodge, he adds, "Every available square inch of garden is crammed with flowers, a case of Darwinian struggle for life. You would laugh at my huge weekly cargoes to the flower mission, and the vast jars of black currants. Butter beans and

sweet corn are now the order of the day: apples and grapes * ripening."

In July, Philip had written to Dr. Dawson, thanking the governors of the College for some extra accommodation; but pointing out the great injury that had been done to the collection, by damp. He had had no idea that there would be any danger of it, in that dry climate; but the building was "on a rock foundation, immediately under a reservoir, with a slate floor having no air passage under." The hot damp had weakened his feeble health, and he was removing his work to an unsavoury room upstairs.†

After mentioning that a very valuable share of his labour had been thrown away, he adds, "I am obliged to think most of this last consideration. I find my health so rapidly failing (principally, I presume, from overwork), that I doubt how much longer I shall be able to give my services to the College."

He wrote to me: "I was exceedingly exhausted at the end of school; but already feel refreshed, and not so bad as last year, when I had the week's alcoholic poisoning with the bottled Chitons. . . . I have been so rapidly tumbling down hill, ever since my right hand, Andrew, left me, that I just feel as though any odd thing, like a nervous fever, etc., might seize me and walk me off at short notice. Therefore, I ought to have things settled a little. At the same time, with care (and I am exceedingly careful, though the wife, etc., don't give me credit for it: I always stop at once—when I feel I can't go on!) I dare say I may last indefinitely."

* The gathering and sending away the grapes used, his wife says, to be almost a religious service. They thought of him who was the True Vine. "How I had to scheme to get any into his mouth: but at Beloeil, when I took them with me, he eat them with a good grace."

† In reply to my inquiries, Dr. Dawson informs me that "The summer had been unusually moist, and it became necessary to make changes in the drains and roof, as well as to introduce hot-water pipes for more effectually drying the air of the Museum. These improvements were made as speedily as possible, and there has been no difficulty since. Much of the trouble, in the summer referred to, arose from the Boston shells. The land-snails more especially emitted a very unsavoury odour, which Dr. C. found it very difficult to contend with."

Though seriously planning for the future, he seemed in some respects more cheerful than in former years, and gladdened me by saying, "I shall look forward to your treat of the Alpine ramble with very great pleasure, should circumstances so open it out." And while, a few years before, he had said that all letters and interviews, etc., on public business, were quite beyond his strength, in no previous winter did he write more to leading men, especially on Temperance—the last, as it was the first, of his public labours.

He had kept up his interest in the United Kingdom Alliance, and wrote (December 4, 1876): "I was very glad you were able to attend the U.K.A. meeting. What a galaxy of noble men you have in the temperance cause in England! If we had *only just one* here who could rally the elements round him, we should soon succeed. Our hour is come, *without* the man. For want of a better, I have to move in front, which adds greatly to my overstock of work. *Our* difficulty is between Federal and Provincial authority. Each Government wants to shirk the temperance question, as it divides parties. The Ontarians, being advanced, want local powers: we, expecting no favour from our Government, want Federal legislation. . . . I have led the policy for a general Dominion Local Option Act, and went up to Ottawa about it last week, Pullmanizing two nights, and spending one day there. The policy is accepted *nem. con.*: but where is the *man* to fight the Government and push it through? . . . Meantime the Ontarians are working the Dunkin Act with great spirit, and carrying county after county; and even declaring war in the strongholds. In Nova Scotia, as no man can get a licence without the signatures of two-thirds of the neighbours, it amounts to prohibition over a large section of the province." He carried out the advice of his recent visitor, Mr. Raper (of the United Kingdom Alliance)—to establish some centre of Temperance influence for Montreal, by inducing various organizations to combine in the Montreal Temperance Society, with standing Committees for "general purposes, finance, vigilance, electoral work, and Alliance or legislative work:" this was formed on February 19, 1877: and, up till

the day on which his last illness set in, he was its "mainspring."

On April 3 his sister Mary completed her seventieth year. In a letter which Philip wrote to her for that day, he says, "I am sorry to find, from the Minister of Justice, that it is by no means settled to send a delegate to the Stockholm [Prison] Congress. The fact is, Canada is in pecuniary collapse. . . . The nuns gave way about the jail,* and have consented to have a part walled off for the Protestant women, who will be moved shortly. The deputy warder of the men is a well-disposed, practical man: he has promised to report to the St. George's Temperance Society any cases likely to improve; and they undertake to visit them regularly." April 8, he wrote to Susan: "We had an unexpected visitor during the Easter holidays—Hon. A. Vidal† of Sarnia, one of the few faithful temperance men in the Senate. He took tea with us alone on Saturday evening, and on Easter Monday we invited a little party of congenial people to meet him. He is a singularly gentlemanly and agreeable man, very earnest in religion of his Presbyterian type; but not at all bigoted. . . .

"It was arranged for Mr. Vidal to preside over the St. George's Temperance Meeting, the clergy and principal members being all busy at vestry meetings. Unfortunately I was unable to go with him, having sprung a leak in the lumbago line. Perhaps something in the air, as Mr. Carmichael was struck similarly while administering the Lord's Supper at the early service on Easter Sunday: such a church full of serious people.

"I never saw such a solemn service (I think) in a

* See p. 319. It was to be built on land belonging to the nuns, who were to be paid for the female prisoners, who would be all under their charge. Philip wrote to the Prime Minister, the Solicitor-General, etc., respecting it.

† The last letters in Philip's "manifold" were to Mr. Vidal, President of the Dominion Alliance. Mr. V. wrote to him from Ottawa, April 19: "We had a good discussion in the Senate on my resolutions. . . . With the leaders both of the Government and Opposition against me, I and my friends were well satisfied with the vote. It is a good beginning. . . . Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Carpenter. I shall ever retain a pleasant recollection of the kind and cordial welcome extended to me at your house."

Protestant church as the yearly confirmation on Palm Sunday evening. That great church filled, with the gas throwing the varnished roof (*à la* Westminster Hall) into bold relief, with the blue and white grainings of the transepts and choir, is alone a grand sight. The front of the middle aisle seats were occupied by the fifty postulants, half of each sex. The maidens were dressed with the *utmost* simplicity: hair loose behind, with a plain bow, a few with a slight gauze over it. Each one had a look of the most complete devotion and earnestness. After the voluntary and hymn, the presentation began, the maidens standing along the aisle before the choir, the youths in pairs down the middle, making a T. Then the Bishop* invited the vast congregation to kneel down and pray silently for these young people. It was as solemn as the consecration at Mass; nothing affects me more than silent prayer among numbers. There were a few old pupils of mine. . . . Then they knelt down, two at a time: the Bishop raised his arms with the prayer, and laid the hands on their heads; maidens first, then youths: each pair returning to their seats. Last of all was one youth . . . he got both hands. Then the Bishop preached a short sermon, and the ante-communion was read. The most went away, and the new members with their friends finished the communion.

"My rheumatism turned out of the overworked type, but not nearly so bad as the '48 affair. . . . I hope soon to be able to do regular work. It is a mercy part of the time was holiday." In his last note to me, April 15, he says, "We are both *as well as can be expected*, considering that people don't expect much; we have both been pulled down not a little by overwork, and over-anxiety about many things, but are, I hope, as my father used to say, *in the way to be better;* anyhow, we are just able to jog on. The weather is perfectly delightful."

His valued friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Bland, F.G.S., of New York, has forwarded me three notes from Philip, in April, which show that he was still working at shells. Professor

* Bishop Oxenden, who resigned in 1878: Dean Bond was consecrated as his successor, Jan. 25, 1879.

Henry had sanctioned his going to Philadelphia, in July, to study books and Chitons, and he hoped to visit Mr. Bland on his way, and perhaps to spend a few weeks on the Jay Collections in the American Museum: but above all he wanted to finish his Chiton manuscript for the Smithsonian: "congenial, but very close and difficult work." "We will have a talk about genera, also about nomenclature: I am a member of the British Association Committee [see p. 273], and absolutely dissent from the *mere priority* school: . . . nor do I see how such things can be settled by committees of one, and separate letters. In this work, pre-eminently, naturalists should *meet* and argue *together*, before anything is settled. . . . We both scramble through the days and weeks somehow; and count the latter to holiday, like any schoolboy. Would that *you* had holiday!" He wrote from the College (April 19), where he was busy after school with Boston shells.

On April 23 he sent a card to Mr. T. H. Barker, of the United Kingdom Alliance:—"The clippings have waited, hoping that I could write about some of them, but I can't. Can *only just* keep working, head above water. Please always forward scraps about Indians to Chesson,* Abor. Pr. Soc.; and any about prisons to Mary C. (æt. 70), Red Lodge House, Bristol. . . . How much do you wish me to subscribe this year? I asked before." (The special subscriptions guaranteed for five years were now ending: his had been £5 per annum.)

In the latter part of May we heard tidings from his wife, that made us very uneasy; but we were not prepared for the telegram which brought us the news of his death, on May 24. Two days after, her letter of May 14 arrived, saying that his illness was pronounced to be typhoid fever: on May 18 she wrote again, that their friend Dr. Campbell brought another

* Mr. Chesson informs me that latterly he had heard from him chiefly through the medium of printed extracts from the Canada press:—"I always had occasion to admire the judgment which dictated the selection of these extracts, seeing that they rendered voluminous correspondence unnecessary. I wish we were likely to find in Canada another correspondent who combined in an equal degree his carefulness, ability, and zeal."

physician with him: the case was complicated by rheumatism, and this brought on a slight facial paralysis, which, however, did not last long. When the action of the heart became intermittent, Dr. Campbell ordered him two teaspoonfuls of sherry, which he sent him to be taken as a medicine like "any other poison." When the glass was put into his hand, he held it before him, and solemnly said, "Behold, we bend our proud will to Thy decree," and then drank it. It acted wonderfully at first, from his not being accustomed to it. He took it to the last in milk, which he liked best. His chief suffering was from the heart: this required that his head should not be raised. His patience and thankfulness were a great support to his wife, who had the comfort of a most efficient nurse, and the kindest friends. She wrote afterwards: "I thank God for having given me the strength which He has promised: it was truly, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' I was on my feet the whole day, and only perhaps an hour or two's sleep; still I never felt tired, and was able to look cheerful. He knew from the beginning that he should not get better, and asked Dr. Dawson and Mr. Redpath to see that his funeral was very quiet. He was conscious to the last, and so joyful to go; only looking often pitifully at me. He had done with the world altogether: only asked me how I managed, once. When I told him that I had refunded to the parents half a quarter's fee, and dismissed school, he said, 'You have done wisely, and if I should get better, we will not teach school any more, but try and do something else.' That was my hardest time, when I had to teach downstairs, and *my all* on earth lying upstairs." In another letter she said, "From the beginning, he thought he should not recover. He said, 'Now don't grieve; but say, "Content I drop this clod of earth;" and if you are very sad, say "Jesus loves me, even me" [see p. 306]. Oh, if you knew what sweet things the Lord Jesus says to me. He has pardoned me.' He was conscious all the time, except when he was delirious. He often told me to lie down by him—that he could speak better. On Wednesday morning (May 23), when the doctor came, he spoke to me about his being near the end. The dear one heard

it, for he took his hand, and said, 'Good-bye, thanks.' After the doctor had gone, he said, 'What did you gather from his saying this? I think he means that he can't help me any more.' . . . Later on, he looked at me, pointing his finger upward, saying, with such a beautiful expression, 'Heaven;' 'Saviour, Saviour.' I knew the Lord was with him and upheld him in his arms. Later in the evening, Dean Bond came (I had his hand in mine all those hours), and I told him not to pray loud, for fear of waking him. But when Mr. B. spoke of the Lord Jesus, he turned his eyes to him, held out his hand, and kissed that of Mr. Bond, and said quite cheerfully, 'Good-bye.' Then, after talking with me, Mr. Bond offered up another prayer, and Philip again looked so happily at him. Then Mr. B., before leaving, put his hands on Philip's head, saying, 'Peace be with you: God be with you:' upon which he responded with such a cheerful 'Amen.' He looked so peaceful and happy, just after sleeping."

And so he looked the next morning, in the sleep of death: "so happy, so lovely—as if he was going to utter a bright thought."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTERWARDS.

THE death chamber was filled with flowers, the tokens of love from many friends: and flowers were strewn upon the coffin.*

* Some time after Philip's death there was found a paper of "Directions for my Funeral, November 4, 1843," which he read over and approved on his birthdays in 1848-49-50. He made his protest against the great evils of conducting funerals according to the present customs. Among other directions he says, "Let the coffin be the plainest possible, such as very poor people would use. Let there be no handsome palls or other mock finery. Let no mourning of any kind be given away: I should prefer that none be worn. . . . If anything, let flowers be worn, and strewed on the coffin; and let there be signs of gladness. Let a hymn be sung at the grave. Let no intoxicating drinks be used on any account whatever. . . . Let the grave be simple: there need not be a new one set apart for me. I care not whom I lie with; we are all brothers. If wished, let my name and dates, without titles and without character, be engraved on a stone, with a verse of a hymn or Scripture: but not one which shows praise to any, but God. I should prefer a mound of earth with some

It was met by Dean Bond and other clergymen at St. George's Church, which was draped with mourning and filled with those who grieved for their loss: the organist played the "Dead March in Saul," which Philip was so fond of, and the tune of "Lead, kindly light." The body was followed by about a hundred persons of all ranks in life, and of various churches, and by his scholars. It was laid in the Mount Royal Cemetery, which had especially attracted him by its beauty (see pp. 188, 261). The ground was purchased and given to his widow by his attached friend Dr. Dawson: and a marble cross is now placed there, which bears, as he would have wished, only his name and the dates of birth and death: and "Erected in affectionate remembrance by some of his former pupils." *

The widow's heart was comforted by the utmost affection and kindness. Dr. Campbell refused any fee for his loving and devoted attendance: and there were many instances which showed how Philip was remembered as one who freely gave, and whose memory awakened a similar disinterestedness. It would have cheered him had he known, as fully as it has since been revealed, how parents ascribed to him much of the good that had taken root in their sons' hearts: and how some of

flowers (without a stone)—a white rose, a pink, and some snowdrops or some lilies of the valley. Let none of my family come from a distance. Let no favourable accounts of character appear in any papers or periodicals. . . . Let the contents of this paper be made known wherever it may do good."

He then said that if his body could be made serviceable to the ends of science, it might be dissected. In his last will he wrote: "I direct my body to be given for dissection to some Medical School. . . . Care to be taken that no sermon be preached, or eulogy appear in the papers." These directions were not known to those who arranged for his funeral; which, however, accorded with his desire (1843):—"Let all be done in simplicity, in peace, in hopefulness, and in trust."

* The monument, erected on a granite base, resembles that of his mother at Bristol, but is on a larger scale (nine feet in height). His widow wrote in 1878, when she first visited the spot after the winter (during which the delicate shrubs are taken into the greenhouses attached to this most wonderfully lovely place): "The head gardener saw me. I told him what I had come for; but I supposed he did not know me. He said, "Oh yes, Mrs. Carpenter, I know you: and I loved the Doctor, and I will take care of the place; but not for pay. What beautiful prayers he made, and what temperance speeches!' Then he gave orders to his men," and the bed was prepared, and her flowers planted.

these boys loved him. One who had gone to a school at a distance wrote: "I always thought of Dr. Carpenter as being a kind of father to me. Ever since last Saturday, I have scarcely thought of anything else: and when I went to tell the head-master I could scarcely utter a word. In our room I used frequently to tell the boys what I had learnt from him, and all that he said against the bad habits practised at so many boarding-schools. They all expressed a wish that some day they would be able to see him: and last week, when I told them he was no more, they all felt sorry, and the usual fights did not take place that week. —— and —— unite in saying that whenever they think of smoking or drinking, they remember his warning, and will not have anything to do with either."

Dean Bond (now Bishop of Montreal) made a simple and touching address, on the Sunday following his death, to the large Sunday School (500 to 600) of St. George's Church:— "We to-day mourn the loss of a great man. We little know how heavy our loss. Many of you are not able to appreciate how great our loss. . . . We did not know his value. He was so humble, so ready to take the smallest class in the school, and yet . . . his usefulness was so varied, so ready, so adapted to the work appointed him. There was so much that was hidden from the eye and ear, the result of faithful prayer and faithful study. Scripture explained by Scripture was his delight: his countenance lighted up, and his eye beamed, when a happy illustration made plain some point he desired to impress. . . . We shall miss him from his seat, awaiting the call to work: we shall miss him from the class: we shall miss him from this platform. How many of us will miss his warm greeting and words of affection. . . . How peaceful were his last hours: how emphatic in faith and love and assured hope were almost his last words addressed to me: how feelingly he joined in the last prayer by his bedside, and then affectionately bade us farewell."

The Rev. S. Massey (of the Presbyterian Mission) preached on the Sunday evening (May 27), from Acts xi. 24: "He was a good man," and applied the words to Philip:—"Theirs was

almost the only pulpit he had occupied in the city, although an ordained minister of the Gospel. They had often listened to his earnest and godly addresses. He believed his freest, happiest, and most unrestrained efforts to do good were made when lending them a helping hand in their work at Chaboillez Square." After stating that Philip had come to Montreal in great measure to improve its sanitary condition, and referring to his eminent labours in this cause, and "his burning words of warning and instruction" as an advocate of temperance, the preacher continued: "He was himself, practically, what he asked others to be. He could say with St. Paul, 'What ye have heard and seen in me, do.' . . . His independence of character, forgetfulness of self, kindness of heart, and the deep interest he felt and manifested in all that concerned the welfare of his fellow-men, were such as are found in few, even of those who make greater pretensions to piety. He hated pretentiousness and show. His individuality was marked and strong: at a glance you could see that he was no ordinary man. . . . He had such faith in the loving-kindness of God, that he seemed never to doubt his own personal salvation. Indeed, he was so absorbed in thinking and working for others, that he had but little time to think of himself. He [the preacher] knew well that his kindness to the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, was only limited by the extent of his opportunities and means; but he never made a show of his good deeds. He 'did good by stealth.' With all his acquirements and learning, he was humble, lowly, and kind: and if to any it will be said at the last day, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto these ye did it unto Me,' it will be said to him."

"The Montreal Gazette," on the day after his death, said, "Our age has lost one of its most eminent and useful men," and gave an excellent summary of his work, written, it is understood, by Dr. Dawson, whose account of his scientific labours will shortly follow. Most of it was copied by "The Montreal Witness" (to which he had so often written on matters relating to human welfare), and it was added: "Dr. Carpenter's was one of the noblest lives ever devoted to the

interests of Canada. To spend and be spent for the good of the community was the well-fulfilled ambition of his life. To a laborious calling and equally laborious scientific pursuits, he added constant efforts in the promotion of temperance and sanitary reform. So importunate was he in the presence of so much inertia and gainsaying, that he learned to keep himself more and more in the back-ground, lest the causes he loved should suffer by being known as Dr. Carpenter's hobbies; but when all others grew indifferent, he never for a moment relaxed the untiring zeal with which, by every means in his power, he urged into renewed activity men who were not supposed to need such an impulse. Every quarter of an hour of his day was occupied with its share in the expenditure of intense mental energy."

Subsequently, a portrait of Philip appeared in "The Witness," with a fuller biography (the writer of which had visited his work-room, and looked at many of his Warrington tracts and placards that were pasted round it, from which he gave extracts):—"Few men have lived such useful and influential lives as did the late Dr. Carpenter: and very, very few indeed possessed the secret of accomplishing so much as he did without themselves coming prominently before the public. His life was an entirely unselfish one. . . . He preferred to remain in comparative obscurity, believing that thereby the ends he worked for would be the more surely accomplished. . . . It was said of him that his work was that of four ordinary men. His own view was that he did what one ordinary man should do." After recording some of his unceasing public labours, and noting that he never left his numberless minor duties at "loose ends," the writer adds: "He was always busy; but he ever had time to spend in social intercourse and his home duties. It may have been from the abnormal excitement caused by an overworked brain, or from the sharp manner of one always in earnest, that those who knew him little regarded him as harsh or impracticable; but many have lost in him, not only a dear friend, but one whose companionship was a constant lesson on the high destiny of the human soul. It is said of him that 'he

could not meet a boy in the street without giving him a loving look;' and one now in an honourable position, who was raised and made a man by his efforts, writes of him after his death: 'Our Father has called him away, it seems to us, before his work was finished; but it never would have been finished, as long as sin and misery dwell on earth.'" These words are from a letter by Mr. T. Moulding, for many years one of the leaders in the temperance cause in Chicago. He wrote (May 26): "He was always like a father to me, though he treated me like a brother. . . . He found me a poor factory boy, beset with all sorts of temptations to evil. He took me up tenderly, and sent his spirit, which is the spirit of Christ, to me: and through his watchful, prayerful care, I was enabled to resist many of the temptations. And what he did for me, he did for scores of others; and his work will never die. In my brief visits to you at Montreal, I have met well-to-do young men who have said to me, 'God bless Dr. Carpenter, he is so devoted and so good.'"

At Stand and Warrington, though he kept himself aloof from all parties in Church and State, he was a very prominent public man. At Montreal, he was no longer the leader of an influential congregation; and he never thought of using his powers as a speaker and an organizer, to attain either civic or political eminence. He was not devoid of natural ambition; but he always reproached himself if he thought that he was caring for human praise; and his conscientious humility blossomed into a rare Christian lowliness. This was increased by his devotion to his work; for he felt (as his beloved father often felt) that it might prosper most, if he were not regarded as the doer of it. "He would not even allow it to be whispered in his ear by his wife what benefits he had wrought." While self-love was his dread and abhorrence, he had always been in the habit of speaking with a downrightness, which some might regard as self-confident and dogmatic, as the champion of humanity, or in the intensity of his religious convictions. He had an "irrepressible urgency." When his "eyes looked right on," he was not always patient with those

who wanted to "walk circumspectly:" still less with those who seemed to seek only selfish ends. In his earlier ministry, his vehemence was relieved by such an attractive sweetness and good humour: he did so much to entertain others, and make them happier: he was so ready to laugh, and to be laughed at if others chose, that he was a general favourite, even with those whom he sometimes scorched by his ardour. But as his natural hopefulness and sprightliness declined, and the difficulties of all true reform oppressed him, his graver moods became more habitual. He could not placidly endure the apathy and folly which were constantly permitting misery and death, from which he clearly saw a way of deliverance: and no doubt those whom he found "impracticable" might find him "harsh." * Yet if those whom he rebuked and withstood came into personal relations with him, they usually found him obliging and courteous.

His heart went out to his fellow-labourers. When Neal Dow came to Montreal after Philip's death, he missed his dear friend:—"I was always sure to meet him at the railway station with marks of warmest welcome on his genial face, and grip of most loving greeting from his hand that knew no guile. . . . We hardly realized how large a place he occupied in our work, and in our hearts, until he had passed out and left his place vacant. . . . I never knew one who lived so much for others as he; especially so much for the good of the great brotherhood of man." Wendell Phillips wrote: "How freshly I recall the days spent with him in Albany [p. 175], and again in Boston [p. 200], years ago, when I sat so admiringly at his feet, and listened to his full knowledge, and learned so much of those plans and methods of doing good which made his life. Then the delightful hour at your house in Montreal I can never forget: so full of hospitality and brotherly kindness:

* What was written of Charles Kingsley (also born in 1819) may be applied to him:—

> "Pitiful to the weak: yearning after the erring:
> Stern to all forms of wrong and oppression;
> Yet most stern towards himself.
> Who being angry, yet sinned not."

such eager interchange of news and views. Such hours lift one up, and make us strong for new duties."

When, in the summer of 1876, Philip heard that the British Government had recognized in their Education Bill the Day Industrial Schools, for which his sister had been battling so long, he wrote: "Mary may almost say with —— that she has succeeded in all that she has undertaken. Success is appointed to some, disappointment to others, by the same Spirit." His own success, however, was greater than it appeared when he contrasted it with his aspirations. Sanitary work is often, in more senses than one, "foundation work," and therefore hidden; but he had succeeded in waking public attention to it, and keeping it awake. The newspaper which announced his death contained an article on "City Drainage:" it referred to a discussion, that week, in the City Council, which "showed that there had been a very marked improvement in the system of drainage during late years; and that there is a very hearty appreciation of the further improvements which are contemplated, being carried out upon some well-recognized and permanent principle." The Council decided to obtain a Report with this object. Philip's labours were not confined to measures which required the concurrence of public bodies; there were many who discovered in their houses the causes of disease through his practical suggestions; multitudes learnt from him how to preserve health: and even if his own days were shortened by evils he could not prevent, he was instrumental in saving thousands of lives.

As regards the Temperance Reform, he seemed at times to be spending his strength for nought; but the special effort of his last months was crowned with success. At the first Annual Meeting of the new Montreal Temperance Society (see p. 336), the chairman said, "The burden of this work fell largely on our late lamented friend and father, and the rest of us looked on ourselves often as meeting chiefly to uphold his willing but often weary hands." But they did not relax in their exertions. The anomalies in the existing laws, which he had pointed out so persistently, were recognized: the Prime Minister (Mr.

Mackenzie) expressed his pleasure in embodying what he believed to be the public opinion on Temperance: and within a year of Philip's death, May 16, the Royal Assent was given to the "Canada Temperance Act of 1878"—the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill, which had been prepared by the Dominion Government, and passed both Houses without a division!

Resolutions of sympathy, recording the estimation in which he was held, were sent to his widow by the City Board of Health, philanthropic societies, the Natural History Society, etc. The Governors of McGill University resolved—"That a tablet to the memory of Dr. Carpenter be erected, under the direction of the Principal, in the room containing the Carpenter Collection of Shells: and that the inscription thereon state the nature and amount of the benefactions to the Museum of the University." Dr. Dawson writes as follows, respecting his scientific work, more especially in connexion with the University:—"It may truly be said that Dr. Carpenter's whole available time, beyond that occupied in educational work, was devoted to two objects, philanthropic effort in the direction of temperance and sanitary reform, and the study and arrangement of his collection of shells, with correspondence and other matters incidental thereto. His love of independence prevented him from accepting any position as a teacher of science, though tempting offers of that kind were made to him, and he seemed determined to make his science work a matter of purely voluntary effort.

"Shortly after his arrival in Canada, he proposed to place his large and valuable collection of shells in the Museum of McGill University—the conditions being that it should form a separate department, to which the collections of mollusks previously made for the College should be added, and that he should have the honorary curatorship during his life. The University further undertook to provide a fire-proof room for the Carpenter Collection, and to defray the expense of the cases and other materials for mounting and arrangement. Work-rooms and store-rooms were also assigned to Dr. Carpenter, and in these he spent a large portion of his time; more

especially in the long vacation, when, in the absence of the students, he was enabled to spread his materials to any extent that he desired in the Museum rooms and corridors. At this season also, he rejoiced in the facility for opening windows and working almost in the open air, which was rendered easy by the isolation of the College buildings, in grounds remote from the city dust.

"His plan was to take up his specimens family by family, and to work out the specific forms and synonymy in each, finishing by mounting the whole in his peculiarly beautiful way on glass tablets, in which he was assisted by Andrew Reid, and by boys whom he employed in the mechanical parts of the work. While doing this for the College Collection, he was at the same time naming and arranging the large collections of the Boston Society of Natural History, which were sent on to him for the purpose; and at various times he had in his hands collections from the Smithsonian Institution, from the Geological Survey of California,* and from private collectors desirous of availing themselves of his extensive and accurate knowledge.

"His latest labour was upon the *Chitonidæ*, and before his death he had thoroughly arranged his own extensive collections in this family, and had studied all the other material within his reach; and he had the notes prepared for a monograph which, when published, will throw great light on this curious group of mollusks, and will reform and settle its classification. This

* From 1863 he had been a Corresponding Member of the California Academy of Sciences. His friend Mr. Robert E. C. Stearns read before the Academy (July 2, 1877) a tribute to his memory, which was afterwards printed. Speaking of his Reports on the West American Mollusca (see pp. 144, 257), he says, "The labour required in the preparation of these two Reports was very great, and involved the examination of a vast number of works of travel, records of voyages and expeditions, and the publications of various societies; the examination of numerous museums and private collections, and the elaboration of synonymy and the correlation of data scattered here and there in a multitude of volumes, in various public and private libraries. As one of the many who have been greatly benefited by Dr. Carpenter's work, I can say with truth, that these conscientiously thorough compilations, made all the more valuable by his judicious comments and methodical arrangement, are of inestimable importance to the student, for they constitute a bibliography of the subject, a starting-point and guide for subsequent investigations."

monograph was to have been printed by the Smithsonian Institution, which also liberally provided the services of Mr. Emerton, an admirable draughtsman, in preparing a series of drawings of all the principal species, with magnified illustrations of their dentition, etc.

"At his death he left the collection of Chitons in a beautiful state of perfection, and with the details of the anatomy of many of the species fully worked out. Arranged on glass tablets, this part of his collection alone now occupies a space of fifteen feet by two feet of table cases, besides a large number of alcoholic preparations. The manuscript of the monograph was left complete as to material, with the notes on each genus made up in a separate fasciculus; but it had not been written out for publication. The labour of editing it has been entrusted by the Smithsonian Institution to Mr. Dall, well known by his works on the Natural History of the West Coast of America, and an esteemed personal friend of Dr. Carpenter.*

"We had hoped that ultimately a catalogue of the whole collection, embodying the results of Dr. Carpenter's long labours on the discrimination of specific and varietal forms, would have been prepared and published by the University. This cannot now be realized; but the portion of the collection which he had mounted presents to the eye a wonderful exhibition of the varietal forms of the more variable species, in contrast with the apparent fixity of others. Several important groups, more especially the Pulmonates, remain unmounted, though all are named and carefully arranged in drawers under the table cases.

"From time to time Dr. Carpenter gave admirable expositions of the physiology of the Mollusks in popular lectures, and in Museum demonstrations to students. He wrote many notes on new or critical species placed in his hands, and was always ready to give his judgment on any difficult specimen, recent or fossil, aiding in this way all other naturalists within his reach.

* "Mr. Dall has, in a recent Memoir on the Limpets and Chitons of Alaska, given an abridgment of Dr. Carpenter's classification, in advance of its more full publication."

"He wrote more largely, and lectured more frequently on social and sanitary questions, to which, as more urgent matters in the interest of humanity, he was always willing to give the precedence over his more purely scientific pursuits. A gentleman prominent in the municipal affairs of Montreal remarked lately that no one could fully estimate the amount of influence which he exercised, or the loss sustained by his removal. It was the same in his scientific specialties, in which all workers on this side of the Atlantic deeply lament his loss. But much of the good he did will live after him, in the exertions of others stimulated by his influence, and by the example which he set of a pure and useful love of man and of nature, hallowed by deep religious feeling."

In June (1877) Dr. Henry wrote to Mrs. P. P. Carpenter, expressing his profound sorrow at the death of one who had devoted his life so efficiently to the welfare of his fellow-men; and mentioning that Mr. W. H. Dall, who would visit Montreal to receive what belonged to the Smithsonian Institution, was well qualified to complete the work on Chitons. "We shall publish it as soon as it is finished, and as it will be distributed to all parts of the world, it will (with your husband's other works) constitute a monument more acceptable to him than one of bronze or marble." Mr. Dall, who had long been Philip's friend and co-worker, wrote to me that it was "the most valuable scientific treatise on the subject in existence, and the most important work of Dr. Philip's life." Unfortunately, there is a great amount of details relating to the several species which is in a shorthand not known in Washington. "In view of the uncertainty of human affairs, it does seem as if it was almost 'tempting Providence' to lock up in hieroglyphics the results of so many years of labour and research. Professor C. Adams, of Amherst [see p. 201], left a large mass of papers on scientific subjects in a similar state, all of which was a complete loss to science and himself: just so much devoted energy absolutely wasted, so far as the rest of the world is concerned." The shorthand used by Philip (Rich's, improved by Doddridge) was once in common use among English Presbyterian ministers;

but his manuscript contained many contractions which need conchological knowledge to decipher them. At length his friend, Mr. R. D. Darbishire, who had every qualification except leisure, most kindly undertook the work. On receiving the copy, Mr. Dall wrote (November 11, 1879):—"The revision of the manuscript will now take place, and the engraving of the illustrations: a work so extensive (and expensive) that I presume it will be a year or two before the volume appears in published form."

Philip was much attached to his last earthly home, Brandon Lodge, which he had planned with so much attention to health and comfort: and when he visited England, he mentioned his hope that it might be used as "a Convalescent Home for sick children, without any distinction of race or religion," when he gave up his school: rent to be paid by the managers during his life, and that of his wife. In 1876, however, he found that, from the depressed state of trade, such a Home was not likely to be supported, and as his premises became enclosed with buildings, he no longer cherished the expectation. His widow was advised to sell it: and in the following year it was purchased for the Protestant Infants' Home for about 40 children, for which it seems admirably adapted.* In July—often a fatal month for infants in Montreal—the physician stated that they were so well, that it was wonderful what six weeks' residence there had done for them!

The telegram to his brother William—"Philip died to-day,' which was repeated to the rest of his family, found us all unprepared for the event. Mary wrote in her private book

* It was sold for 10,000 dollars. Mrs. P. P. Carpenter made a donation of 1000 dollars, feeling that her husband's wishes were carried out, though not in the way he had designed. His will was a characteristic one. He left everything at the absolute disposal of his wife; but he stated his wishes, should she die before him, or intestate. In this case he made some provision for "exhibitions to poor students [at the McGill University], who are not connected with any theological college; giving the preference to such as are studying useful sciences and maintain a good character." He made no bequests to his relations, believing them to be sufficiently provided for; but gave large discretion to his executors, hoping that they will administer in this spirit—"That what the Lord has lent to me may be passed on to others, who will use it for the benefit of his children who are in need."

(Friday, May 25): "O Heavenly Father, may I receive from Thee with humble spirit this great grief of the departure of my beloved Philip, whom Thou hast called to Thyself to join the blessed ones who are gone before, my father, my mother, my Anna. His was the blessing of the pure in heart: and he was indeed devoted to Thee and his fellow-creatures. But the parting is very grievous, for I nursed him as a mother in his childhood, and always loved him, dear brother." She wrote to me next day: "Our dear Philip! I had an envelope directed to send him off to-day—something for a journey. But he was quite wearied and exhausted, and the Father has given him rest in His own good time. We should not mourn for *him*, but it quite overwhelms me. . . . He has indeed fought a good fight, and it is now 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' What a welcome he will have *there!* I am sure that poor Minna will have every sympathy and help. Dear Philip was so widely respected and loved; and so is she, as I saw when I was there."

On the following Sunday, Mary and others of the family attended at Lewin's Mead Meeting, where they had listened to him three years before: and the Rev. A. N. Blatchford, B.A., preached from Christ's words: "Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." "It is none the less satisfactory," he said, "to bear witness to the quiet nobility of the spirit which has left the circle of its earthly friendship, from the fact that he who has passed on to the morning land saw not divine truth in many ways with our eyes, and yet carried into his earthly work, and into his homage to the Lord who appointed it, that spirit of earnest manly adherence to the work he did, and to the truths he held, which one must ever more and more gladly recognise as a glory common to all churches, and to all lives given up in loving self-sacrifice for the advancement and instruction of others." This was the pervading feeling in the Denomination to which he once belonged: and indeed the tie was not severed from those of its members whose faith is a religion, not a theology, who claim for others, as for themselves, the right and duty of private judgment, and feel

their brotherhood to all Christ's brethren. Greatly as he valued the privilege of preaching, he would never purchase it by subscribing to other men's confessions of faith. He was free-born: as a free man he entered on his ministry: and as the freed servant of Christ he is born into "the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

Funeral sermons were preached by his successors at Stand and at Warrington.* The Unitarian papers paid a tribute to his memory. In "The Unitarian Herald," his friend Mr. R. D. Darbishire wrote *In Memoriam:* "The news of [his] death has brought more than common sorrow to the already too few, now living, who were privileged to share his closer intimacy during his years of activity in this district, and happy enough to feel the full influence of his most Christian character. It is with no passing sadness that we lay aside the clinging hope that we might yet again enjoy among us the light of his quick conscience, his tender piety, the example of his unhesitating zeal, his ceaseless labour, the blessed fellowship of his pure and loving spirit. . . . His highly trained and ready intellect, his delicate and varied accomplishment, his sweet dignity, his graceful familiarity with many men of large culture, with many noble women, his self-denial without asceticism, his virtue without austerity, seemed to complete a character of the purest manliness. . . .

'Ah, in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes.'"

Notices in many other papers showed that he was not forgotten in his native land; but the fullest testimonies to him appeared in "The Warrington Guardian," from the pens of

* "On June 3 the Rev. W. C. Squier preached a sermon in his memory at the Stand Chapel, from Daniel xii. 3—'And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever;' and at Cairo Street, Warrington, the Rev. H. W. Perris took as his text the words—'What went ye out to see? A reed shaken by the wind? A man clothed in soft raiment? A prophet? yea!' Many of Dr. P. P. Carpenter's friends and co-workers in the days long gone by joined the ordinary congregation."

Mr. W. Robson and Mr. Beaumont (Mayor at the time of the distress, p. 106). These were twice reprinted as a pamphlet: the second edition included the recollections of Mr. F. Monks, who had been an inmate of his home. There are several extracts from this Warrington Memoir in the fourth chapter.

"The actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom as the dust:"

and his death revealed in many unexpected quarters the impression which he had made: sometimes by a token of his loving interest and warm-hearted sympathy: or by some kind act or encouraging word, which he had soon forgotten: or by his care and teaching, which he feared that others had forgotten; for he had sown good seed from which there appeared no growth, though he had watered it with his tears: it was trodden in the dust; yet in due time it sunk deep into the earth, and sprung up, and yielded fruit. There are many, on whom he thought he had bestowed labour in vain, who are trying to teach their children what *he* had taught *them*.

Many were the letters which showed how he was remembered by those who loved him: one by the Rev. Franklin Howorth, of Bury, is quoted as the testimony of a most faithful fellow-labourer.* "Christian conscientiousness seemed to me the basis of his character. . . . The love of Christ constrained him to oppose existing evils, at whatever cost: renouncing self, and faithfully following duty and principle. And all was accompanied with the grace of true Christian humility. His singleness of purpose, united with intellectual power, gave great force to his advocacy of truth . . . and his loving and large heart carried him onward in the fight for the great interests of humanity, with a zeal, an energy, and a persistency, that would never rest satisfied with compromise or expediency, or succumbing to difficulty. His great aim in life, like that of his Divine Master, was to be constantly doing good to the bodies and souls of men: hence his great economy of time, that every moment might be turned to account. . . . What a charm his holy and benevolent conscientiousness gave to his life,

* See Chapter III. and p. 249, etc.

shining forth in constant self-denying labours of love, and in cheering sweetness of social intercourse! Of him (more I think than of any one I ever knew) it might strictly be said, he was 'always abounding in the work of the Lord.'"

His nephew Estlin wrote (May 26, 1877): "Never was any one, I suppose, a more unwearied worker: never one who cared less for the common issues of work in repute, or ease, or wealth: never one who toiled more unreservedly for the work itself, whether religious or educational, social or scientific. . . . I knew him too short a time to learn the full depths of his nature, the full power of his spirit; but from the time that I first stayed at his house at Warrington, as a boy of nine or ten years old, I felt the spell of his intense earnestness, and the absolute sincerity of his religious utterance. He seemed to me like the good soldier who had trained himself by severe discipline to endure hardness: he minded not how much or how long: and if he was sometimes impatient that others did not bear it equally willingly, it was a sign of a noble ardour, which would not tolerate what he conceived to be falsehood or selfishness. . . . There is nothing more wonderful than the manner in which the unseen world becomes real to us, when some one deeply loved passes into it. That noble earnestness and devotion are not extinguished: they find their fitting place, their work, their objects, in another life: and there, perhaps, they prepare a place for us."

Into that unseen world another whose heart was full of love was about to enter. Soon after Philip's removal, I spent a few days with Mary at Red Lodge House. She had written to his wife that it should be her care to make his works known: while preparing these Memoirs I have had the support of her silent sympathy. His long absence from our sight helped us to think less of the exhausted body than of the living spirit. After I left her came the details of his last illness and of the funeral rites, which, she said, "seemed to carry me back from the serene state in which I had begun to regard him." Three weeks from his death—Thursday, June 14, 1877—she closed a day of active duty with the cheerful Good Night, and entered

into that rest which God hath prepared for them that love Him. On June 19 her body was laid in her mother's grave* in Arno's Vale (on the anniversary of *her* death, 1856), followed by a great company of those who loved and honoured her, including children of the four schools she had helped to found.

Philip had left Warrington for almost as long a time as he had ministered there: but in the August after his death, a meeting was held at the Town Hall, at which the Mayor presided, when it was resolved to raise some memorial of him. A drinking-fountain has been erected in the Town Hall Gardens, and a monumental tablet† in Cairo Street Chapel, bearing the following inscription:—

IN MEMORY OF

PHILIP PEARSALL CARPENTER,

B.A., London: Ph.D. New York.
Minister of this Congregation sixteen years:
A student of nature, a servant of God, and a lover of mankind.
As a preacher, he was simple, faithful, heartsearching.
As a student, untiring, ever learning that he might teach.
As a teacher, earnest, loving, and beloved.
His heart glowed with all personal affections,
And yearned for an ever closer walk with God.
He spent himself in the service of man,
With a devotion called by some foolishness,
But to himself the entrance into life eternal.
This tablet is placed here at the joint expense of many friends,
that what he lived for may not be forgotten in the place
where some of his worthiest work was done.
Born at Bristol, Nov. 4th, 1819.
Died at Montreal, Canada, May 24th, 1877.

The monument was unveiled at a special service, in which the Rev. R. Pilcher, B.A., and the Rev. H. W. Perris, of Norwich (the present and the late minister of the chapel), took

* On that side of her monument which contains Mary's name, Philip's is also inscribed:—"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

† The monumental tablet is a large slab of white marble on a ground of rouge grivotte marble, six feet long by four feet wide. The drinking-fountain is Late Gothic in style, with four ornamental basins: the material is the hardest York stone, with red granite pillars at the angles: with its platform, the total height is eight feet six inches.

part; and an address (since printed), in full accordance with the inscription, was delivered to this gathering of Philip's friends by his old fellow-student, Mr. W. H. Herford, B.A., some of whose reminiscences (see p. 21, etc.) have been already recorded.

Many with whom Philip worked have since entered with him on a scene of higher service. Among them is W. L. Garrison, who died on the second anniversary of Philip's death, May 24, 1879. Some of the verses written by the American poet, John G. Whittier, for the funeral of the Anti-slavery leader, so embody my own feelings for my brother, that they seem the fitting conclusion of these Memoirs :—

"Confirm the lesson taught of old—
Life saved for self is lost, while they
Who lose it in His service hold
The lease of God's eternal day.

"From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
We heard a tender undersong;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
From love of man thy hate of wrong.

"Now past and present are as one;
Thy life below is life above;
Thy mortal years have but begun
The immortality of love.

"Not for a soul like thine the calm
Of selfish ease and joys of sense;
But duty, more than crown or palm,
Its own exceeding recompense.

"Go up and on! thy day well done,
Its morning promise well fulfilled,
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,
To holier tasks that God has willed.

"Go, leave behind thee all that mars
The work below of man for man;
With the white legions of the stars
Do service such as angels can."

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